











THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

---

VOL. XCIV.

PUBLISHED IN

*DECEMBER, 1853, & MARCH, 1854.*

---

*London:*

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.

1854.

— — — — —  
**LONDON :** •

Printed by **WILLIAM CROWNS and Sons**, Stamford Street,  
and Charing Cross.  
•

---

# CONTENTS

OF

## No. CLXXXVIII.

ART.	Page
I.—Sterne Inédit ; Le Koran. Traduit par Alfred Hédouin, édition accompagnée de Notes	303
II.—The Life and Epistles of St. Paul. By the Rev. W. J. Conybeare and the Rev. J. S. Howson	353
III.—Memoirs of the Whig Party during my Time. By Henry Richard, Lord Holland. Edited by his Son, Henry Edward, Lord Holland. Vol. II.	384
IV.—1. Etudes sur la Situation Intérieure, la Vie Nationale, et les Institutions Rurales de la Russie. Par le Baron Auguste de Haxthausen. 3ième volume.	
2. The Shores of the Black Sea. By Lawrence Oliphant, Esq.	
3. The Russians of the South. (Traveller's Library.) By Shirley Brooks, Esq.	
4. La Russie Contemporaine. Par L. Leouzon le Duc.	
5. Der Russisch-Türkische Feldzug in der Europäischen Türkei 1828 und 1829. Dargestellt durch Freiherrn von Moltke.	
6. The Speech of the Earl of Shaftesbury in the House of Lords, on Friday, March 10th, on the Manifesto of the Emperor of Russia	423
V.—A Letter to the Lord Chancellor, containing Observations on the Answers of the Judges to the Lord Chancellor's Letter on the Criminal Law Bills of the last Session of Parliament. By C. P. Greaves, Esq., Q.C., and J. J. Lonsdale, Esq., Barrister at Law (Secretary to the late Criminal Law Commission)	461
VI.—Treasures of Art in Great Britain ; being an Account of the chief Collections of Paintings, Sculpture, Drawings, Illuminated Manuscripts, &c. By Dr. Waagen, Director of the Royal Gallery of Pictures at Berlin. 1854	467

CONTENTS.

ART.	Page
VII.—1. Correspondence relating to Turkey, presented to Parliament. Parts I. to VII. 1853—54.	
2. Lettres sur la Turquie. Tome II. Par M. A. Ubicini.	
3. Armenia: a Year at Erzeroom and on the Frontiers of Turkey, Persia, and Russia. By the Hon. Robert Curzon. 1854.	
4. A Year with the Turks. By Warrington W. Smyth.	
5. Journal of a Residence in the Danubian Principalities in 1853. By Patrick O'Brien.	
6. The Greek and the Turk; or, Powers and Prospects in the Levant. By Eyre Evans Crowe.	
7. Travels in Turkey, with a Cruise in the Black Sea. By Captain Slade, Admiral in the Turkish Fleet.	
8. Communications respecting Turkey made to Her Majesty's Government by the Emperor of Russia, with the Answers returned to them: January to April, 1853	509
VIII.—1. The Constitution of the United States compared with our own. By H. S. Tremenheere.	
2. The English in America. By (Mr. Justice Halyburton) the Author of 'Sam Slick,' &c.	
3. Parliamentary Reform: a Letter to Richard Freedom, Esq., on the Re-distribution, Extension, and Purification of the Elective Franchise. By a Revising Barrister (Sir J. Eardley Wilmot, Bart.).	
4. Minorities and Majorities, their relative Rights: a Letter to Lord John Russell, M.P., on Parliamentary Reform.	
5. Electoral Facts from 1832 to 1853, impartially stated; constituting a complete Political Gazetteer. By C. R. Dod, Esq.	558

Book Club Member



THE  
QUARTERLY REVIEW

---

ART. I.—*Sterne Inédit*; *Le Koran*. Traduit per Alfred Hédonin, édition accompagnée de Notes. Paris, 1853.

THE Koran, which is the affected title of a pretended autobiography of Sterne, was first published in English in 1775. M. Hédonin says he has proved in the *Revue de Paris* that a complete translation of the work has never appeared in France till now; it would have been more to the purpose if he could have proved that the original was the production of Sterne. Though it has recently been treated as genuine in two continental periodicals of authority—the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève*—no man of letters in England would hesitate to pronounce it a transparent forgery. The work is divided into three parts, of which the first is not only written in imitation of Tristram Shandy, but chiefly consists of the development of hints which are dropped in the parent fiction, or in the meagre account of his life, which Sterne drew up for the information of his daughter. The mannerism and licentiousness of the model are faithfully copied; the wit, the pathos, the eloquence, the delineations of character were beyond the mimicry of a bookseller's journeyman. The second and third parts are made up of the avowed sayings of eminent men and of miscellaneous opinions, professed to be original, but many of them plagiarised from familiar sources. Such, however, is the force of imagination, when under the influence of a name, that M. Hédonin discovers in this spurious production all the lineaments of the reputed parent. Some years since a learned Frenchman, M. Salverte, mistook Tristram Shandy itself for an authentic biography, and in his elaborate treatise ‘*Sur les noms d'hommes, de peuples, et de lieux*,’ quoted Shandy, of *Shandy Hall*, among the examples of persons who had derived their names from a place.

In one respect M. Hédonin adopts an original view of his author. He ranks him among the bold thinkers—Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau—who waged war in the eighteenth century against tyranny and intolerance; with this difference, that what, he says, especially characterised Sterne, was his *religious* sentiment!

sentiment! M. Hédouin has nothing to allege in support of a paradox which is equally refuted by the life and writings of a man who, though a great, and, in many respects a benignant genius, was, we are reluctantly compelled to acknowledge, a disgrace to his cleft. Mr. Thackeray, in the hasty sketch which he has given of him in his lectures, has remembered on the other hand little else than his profligacy, and has passed too lightly over the mental gifts which alone entitled him to a place in the gallery of 'English Humorists.'

Nothing is related of the family of Sterne's mother, except that her step-father, Mr. Nuttle, was of Irish extraction. That one or both of her own parents were of the same nation is in the highest degree probable from the Hibernian disposition that predominated in the character of her celebrated son. Roger, his father, who was the grandson of Roger Sterne, Archbishop of York, entered the army during Marlborough's campaigns. Of this army Mr. Nuttle was a sutler, and Lieutenant Sterne, having got into debt to him, propitiated his creditor by marrying the step-daughter, who was a widow. Laurence was their second child. He was born at Clonmel, the residence of the Nuttles, November 24th, 1713, a few days after his parents had arrived there from Dunkirk in consequence of the peace of Utrecht. The regiment of the lieutenant, whose commission was his fortune, was now disbanded, and until it was again re-established ten months later, he was compelled to quarter himself and his family upon his mother, who, as the daughter and heiress of Sir Roger Jaques, possessed the seat of Elvington, near York. Unfortunately those who wore the King's colours had incessantly to traverse the King's highway. From Elvington the Lieutenant was ordered to Dublin. From thence in a month he was sent to Exeter, and in another twelve months back again to Dublin. Here the hopeful soldier, who was transplanted every season, expected to take root. He furnished a large house, spent a vast deal of money in a short space of time, and had then to break up his establishment, which would doubtless otherwise have broken him, to join the Vigo expedition in the Isle of Wight. On his return his life was the same perpetual march as before, and in this removal from place to place his family were exposed to many dangers and hardships. These they shared with hundreds of the inglorious dead. The material circumstance is, that till he was ten years old, the author of *Tristram Shandy* lived a soldier's life—that his earliest world was the barrack yard, his earliest knowledge feats of arms, and that his earliest steps were made to the sound of fife and drum. The self-sown seed dropped by chance, and abandoned to nature, long overlooked, or only seen to be despised, often

often produces the noblest growth. The heroes of Blenheim, Ramilles, and Malplaquet, who entranced the little boy with their enthusiastic tales, could never have suspected that they were training a genius who would rival in letters the renown of Marlborough in arms.

When little Laurence was in his eighth year he fell under the water-wheel of a mill while it was going, and was taken out unhurt. The event occurred at Wicklow, and the country people flocked by hundreds to look at him—a truly Irish act—as if there could be anything to see in a child, whose sole peculiarity was to have had a narrow escape. In the autumn of 1723, or the spring of 1724, when the Lieutenant and his regiment were quartered at Carrickfergus, Laurence was removed from the tutorship of Marlborough's veterans, and sent to school at Halifax. In the brief memoir of himself, which is the principal authority for his life, he omits to state where he spent his vacations; but the opportunity to revisit his old companions and haunts at all events ceased in 1727, for his father was aiding that year in the defence of Gibraltar, and never returned to England. He quarrelled about a goose with a Captain Phillips, was run through the body, had a struggle for life, was sent to Jamaica with an impaired constitution, took the yellow fever, lost his senses, lingered on a harmless and complacent idiot for a couple of months, and then sat down quietly in an arm-chair and breathed his last in 1731. 'He was,' says Sterne, 'a little smart man, active to the last degree in all exercises, most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it pleased God to give him full measure. He was in his temper somewhat rapid and hasty, but of a kindly, sweet disposition, void of all design, and so innocent in his own intentions that he suspected no one, so that you might have cheated him ten times a day, if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose.' Nobody can doubt after this from what original Uncle Toby was drawn.

Sterne remained eight years at the Halifax school. He says that the master was able, and has furnished a proof that he was sagacious. The ceiling of the school-room had been newly white-washed, and Sterne emblazoned his name in capital letters on the tempting tablet. He was severely flogged by the usher for defacing the work; the superior however resented the punishment, declaring that the name was that of a genius, and should never be erased. It might have been expected that Sterne, in requital, would have recorded with the anecdote the name of the master who had done him such homage.

Sterne states that his cousin, the heir of Elvington, became a father to him, and sent him in 1733 to Jesus College, Cambridge.

There he formed a friendship, which lasted his life, with Hall Stevenson, the infamous author of *Crazy Tales*, and other doggrel ribaldry. The alliance seems to have been cemented by degrading sympathies, and chiefly by a propensity to laugh at topics which would have raised a blush with saner minds. A worthy companion would have done his utmost to persuade the author of *Tristram Shandy* to strain out the impurities from his rich flavoured humour, but Stevenson incited him to stir up the lees.

On leaving Cambridge in 1736, Sterne entered into orders, and his uncle Jaques Sterne, a pluralist with two prebendaries and two rectories, got him presented to the living of Sutton in Yorkshire. At York he fell in love with his future wife, who thought their joint-stocks insufficient for their comfort, and declined a present engagement. In the meanwhile she went to reside with a sister in Staffordshire. Four of the letters he addressed to her in her absence have been preserved, and, though they are artificial, rhapsodical compositions, they are strongly marked with the peculiarities of his maturer style. The lady returned to York, and nearly died of a consumption. 'My dear Lawrey,' she said to him one evening when he was sitting by her side, with an almost broken heart, 'I can never be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live; but I have left you every shilling of my fortune.' On her recovery she consented to make two lovers unhappy, and they were married in 1741. Whatever else may have tried their patience, they were not exposed to the misery which Mrs. Sterne apprehended of straitened circumstances. A friend of her own performed a promise he had made her of presenting her husband, if she married a Yorkshire clergyman, to the living of Stillington, which was luckily in the neighbourhood of Sterne's previous preferment, and his pluralist uncle about the same time had interest to get him appointed a prebendary of York. 'I thank God,' he wrote in 1760, 'though I don't abound, that I have enough for a clean shirt every day and a mutton chop; and my contentment with this has thus far, and I hope ever will, put me above stooping an inch for it.' Sterne was prodigal of money, and it was no contemptible income which purchased him shirts, chops, and contentment.

From the love epistles of his youth up to the eve of the publication of *Tristram Shandy*—a period of twenty years—not a single fragment of Sterne's correspondence appears to have been kept by any one of his connexions, which is much the same as to say that none of them suspected his genius, or anticipated that he would ever make a noise in the world. Throughout this long period he resided at Sutton, where his amusements, he tells us, were

were books, painting, fiddling, and shooting. His duties we may assume, without much want of charity, were confined to reading prayers and preaching on Sundays.

At the ripe age of forty-five he commenced *Tristram Shandy*. He had previously printed a couple of sermons—one preached for a charity-school in 1747, the other at York assizes in 1750—and he is supposed to have written politics in the Whig interest at the instigation of his uncle. They quarrelled, however, at last, because, as Sterne asserts in his *Memoirs*, he refused to pen party paragraphs in the newspapers, an employment he thought beneath him. An earlier account, which he gives in a letter while *Tristram* was in progress, presents his conduct in a different light. He there states that he was tired of employing his brains for other people's advantage; 'a foolish sacrifice,' he added, 'which I have made for some years to an ungrateful person.' Hence it would appear that he exerted his pen for years in his uncle's service, and only desisted because he had failed to reap the advantages he expected. Whatever was the nature of these occasional productions, they were not such as Sterne was ambitious to own after his reputation was established. Like many other authors he was long in discovering the real bent of his genius, and detected it suddenly at last. Even then he was ignorant of the full compass of his powers. He had produced at the outset a single tender scene, but, in spite of the pathos of the death of Yorick, it was upon his humour alone that he laid any stress, and it was not until he had got into the third instalment of his work that he learnt that he was possessed of a second string to his bow.

In January, 1760, the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy* were published, and had a signal success. 'At present,' wrote Horace Walpole in April, 'nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but what I cannot help calling a very insipid and tedious performance; it is a kind of novel, called "The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy," the great humour of which consists in the whole narration always going backward. It makes one smile two or three times at the beginning, but in recompense makes one yawn for two hours. The characters are tolerably kept up, but the humour is for ever attempted and missed.' The fastidious critic who thought *Tristram Shandy* vapid, could discover a vast deal of original wit in the flat and feeble verses of Stevenson, and protested that he should not have been so sick of authors if they had all possessed the parts and good sense of this licentious rhymester. It was generally the geese that were Walpole's swans. Love is not more blind to defects than envy is to merit, and all the geniuses of the age, who did not belong to his set,

set, were regularly enrolled in the Dunciad of Strawberry Hill.\* Great, indeed, must have been the triumph which was acknowledged by this drawing-room Diogenes to be complete. 'The town,' says Gray in a letter of the same month, 'are reading the King of Prussia's poetry. Tristram Shandy is still a greater object of admiration; the man as well as the book. One is invited to dinner, where he dines, a fortnight beforehand.' According to the testimony of Walpole the effect of so much popularity and attention was to turn quite topsy-turvy a head which was a little turned before.

Sterne said that he wrote not 'to be fed but to be famous.' His gains nevertheless were unusually large. He received 700*l.* for a second edition of his first two diminutive volumes, and for the copyright of two more which were not yet begun. Just then Lord Falconberg presented him with the living of Coxwold, and it was inferred that it was a testimony of the patron's estimation of Tristram Shandy. The imputation of bestowing so incongruous a reward was undeserved, for Sterne states in a letter that the preferment was a return for some service he had rendered. Another report which gained general belief was that Warburton, in the fervour of his admiration, had sent him a purse full of gold. Shortly afterwards it was asserted that Sterne had formed a design of satirising the author of the 'Divine Legation' under the guise of tutor to Tristram, and that the Bishop in alarm had paid the money to be spared the ridicule. The story in all its parts was a fiction, and Sterne wrote a letter to Garrick, which was evidently intended to be shown to Warburton, in which he expressed with affected extravagance great concern at the calumny, and great admiration of the Bishop. The Bishop replied that he was pleased to find that he had no reason to change his opinion of so original a writer, that he prided himself on having warmly recommended Tristram Shandy to all the best company in town, that he had been accused in a grave assembly as a particular patroniser of the work, and had pleaded guilty to the charge, and that if his enemies had been joined by the author he believed the latter would have 'been grieved to find himself associated with a crew of the most egregious blockheads that ever abused the blessing of pen and ink.' Walpole relates that Warburton especially eulogised the book to his episcopal brethren, and told them that Sterne was the English Rabelais. The Bishops, adds Horace, had never heard of such a writer. It is an obvious retort to this contemptuous pleasantry that it is just as well to be

\* This portion of Walpole's *Character* is well described in a chapter entitled 'Walpole's *World of Letters*' in Mr. Charles Knight's entertaining little work, 'Once upon a Time,' which is full of various knowledge, agreeably told.

ignorant

ignorant of works of genius as to read them, as Walpole did Tristram Shandy, and be insensible to their merits.

Warburton soon saw cause to withdraw his countenance. In a reputed letter of Sterne, but which is of doubtful authenticity, it is related that he remarked to a brother clergyman, who had read Tristram Shandy in manuscript, that he meant in correcting it to consider the colour of his cloth, and that the clergyman rejoined that with such an idea in his head he would render the book not worth a groat. Whether the conversation passed or not, Sterne acted on the opinion ascribed to his friend. Too much of his wit is the phosphoric light emitted by corruption. Amidst the applause which greeted his volumes an outcry was raised in consequence against the indecorum of parts, while the author affirmed in his defence that the very passages excepted against were those best relished by sound critics, which showed him, he said, the folly of mutilating his book to please prudish individuals. No sooner had he made, through Garrick, the acquaintance of Warburton, than the bishop backed up the representations of the objectors, and repeatedly warned him against any renewed 'violations of decency and good manners.' Sterne professed to thank him for the advice, though he had probably no intention of profiting by it. His life in London was an unceasing round of levity and dissipation, and Warburton wrote to Garrick in June, 'I heard enough of his conduct there since I left to make me think he would soon lose the fruits of all the advantage he had gained by a successful effort, and would disable me from appearing as his friend and well-wisher.' A few weeks before, two wicked and nonsensical poems, which Gray called 'absolute madness,' and of which the first is entitled 'To My Cousin Shandy on his coming to Town,' issued from the shop of the publisher of Tristram. They were notoriously written by Hall Stevenson, the bosom friend of Sterne, who had as notoriously approved them. With an effrontery, it is to be hoped unparalleled in the history of English divinity, he now followed up his volumes of Tristram with two volumes of Sermons, and presented a copy to Warburton. The bishop seized the opportunity to send him a final letter of remonstrance, full of the most cutting and artful sarcasm. Sterne had complained in the note which accompanied the Sermons that the scribblers used him ill. The bishop agrees that they are the pest of the public, and as an instance of their profligacy quotes their conduct with respect to the poems of Stevenson.

'Whoever was the author, he appears to be a monster of impiety and lewdness. Yet such is the *malignity of the scribblers*, some have given

given them to your friend Hall, and others, which is still more impossible, to yourself, though the first Ode has the insolence to place you both in a mean and ridiculous light. But this might arise from a tale equally groundless and malignant, that you had shown them to your acquaintances in MS. before they were given to the public. Nor was their being printed by Dodsley the likeliest means of discrediting the ‘calumny.’

Not less admirable is his reproof of Sterne, under the veil of a panegyric upon Garrick, for his spendthrift habits, his presuming on his present popularity, and his companionship with dissolute men of rank.

‘But of all these things I dare say Mr. Garrick, whose prudence is equal to his honesty or his talents, has remonstrated to you with the freedom of a friend. He knows the inconstancy of what is called public towards all, even the best-intentioned, of those who contribute to its pleasure or amusement. He, as every man of *honour* and *discretion* would, availed himself of the public favour to regulate the taste, and in his proper station to reform the manners of the fashionable world, while by a well-judged economy, he has provided against the temptations of a mean and servile dependency on the follies and vices of the great.’

‘I have done my best,’ said the bishop on forwarding a copy of the letter to Garrick, ‘to prevent his playing the fool in a worse sense than I have the charity to think he intends. I esteemed him as a man of genius, and am desirous he would enable me to esteem him as a clergyman.’ He proceeded on the contrary from bad to worse, and eighteen months afterwards the arrogant bishop, whose invectives had often no better warrant than his passions, pronounced him with reason ‘an irrecoverable scoundrel.’ While still paying court to him Sterne announced his intention of showing the world in the progress of his story ‘the honour and respect in which he held so great a man.’ Henceforth he abandoned the effort to conciliate him, and though he commemorated him in the final volume of *Tristram Shandy*, it was in a manner that, considering the protest of the bishop against the licentiousness of the work, seems rather intended to be offensive than flattering. ‘What,’ he says, ‘has this book done more than the ‘Legation of Moses,’ or the ‘Tale of a Tub,’ that it may not swim down the gutter of Time along with them?’ The gutter of Time is a suitable expression for the viler parts of Swift and Sterne, but Warburton hoped to sail upon the stream.

The Assize Sermon of 1750, which was printed separately at the time, and found, as the author tells us, ‘neither purchasers nor readers,’ was much admired when he inserted it in the second volume of *Tristram*, where, besides its intrinsic merits, it was largely set off by the interlocutory comments of the Shandys,

Shandys, Slop, and Corporal Trim. Horace Walpole asserted that it was 'the best thing in the book.' The reader was told that if he liked the sample a set of similar discourses were at the service of the world, and the interpolation of the specimen was, in fact, a cunning contrivance of Sterne, by which to connect his sermons with the anticipated popularity of *Tristram Shandy*, and turn to account a quantity of unsaleable goods which had been long upon his hands. They appeared in June, 1760, with a double title-page, the first purporting that they were by Mr. Yorick, 'to serve the purpose of the bookseller'—the second with the real name of the author, 'to ease,' he said, 'the minds of those who see a jest, and the danger which lurks under it, where no jest was meant.' Though he might think it prudent to insert this saving sentence, he had been careful, when drawing his own character in that of Yorick, to intimate that he selected the name as significant of his disposition, and it is equally apparent from many passages in his letters that he was prouder of his cap and bells than of his gown.

After a season of five months in London, during which he was the rage, he went into the country to prepare a fresh portion of *Tristram Shandy* for the ensuing winter. He fixed his residence at Coxwold, which he describes 'as a sweet retirement in comparison of Sutton.' The value of his new living was a hundred guineas a year, but the clear addition to his income was only seventy, he being now obliged to hire a substitute for Stillington and Sutton. From this we learn incidentally that the stipend of a Yorkshire curate, who had the sole spiritual charge of two parishes, was, in 1760, thirty guineas per annum, or twelve shillings a week. The wages of a labourer at the same period was from eight to nine shillings. But the curates of that day were commonly inferior both in descent and education to the beneficed clergy, and the clergy again in the North much below those of the other parts of the kingdom. The poor parson in *Tristram Shandy*, as in the novels of Fielding, spends his evening at the village ale-house, where the company, congenial to his plebeian tastes, must have been the attraction, or he would have smoked his pipe and sipped his beer by his own fire-side.

At the beginning of August Sterne had completed his third volume, and before Christmas its companion was off his desk. He hastened up to London with the manuscript, and had a second season of festivities more triumphant than the first. He tells his correspondents that he had not dined at home since he arrived, that he was committed to fourteen dinners in advance, that the invitations were more likely to increase than to diminish, and that where he had one friend last year who paid him honour

honour he had three at present. The invitations did, indeed, multiply at such a rate that, as Dr. Johnson had heard, he had at one time engagements for three months. ‘As to the main points in view, at which you hint,’ Sterne writes in the midst of this homage to one of his Stillington parishioners, Mr. Croft, ‘all I can say is that I see my way, and, unless Old Nick throws the dice, shall, in due time, come off winner.’ The ‘main point of all’ at which he aimed was to rise in the Church, and, incredible as it may sound, his friends had even hopes that he might obtain a mitre. For this doubtless he trusted to his interest with his aristocratic companions. He had paid court to Mr. Pitt, apparently without success, by dedicating to him the two first volumes of *Tristram Shandy*;\* but though the Great Commoner would not stoop to patronise him, he was on familiar terms with Charles Townshend, Lord Rockingham, and other influential political personages. Whatever his chances of becoming a dignitary of the Church might otherwise have been, an event fatal to his prospects had recently occurred. On the 25th of October, 1760, George III. ascended the throne. Sterne was among the first to record the reformation which ensued at court. ‘The King seems resolved,’ he wrote on Christmas-day, 1760, ‘to bring all things back to their original principles, and to stop the torrent of corruption and laziness. He gives everything himself, knows everything, and weighs everything maturely, and then is inflexible. This puts old staggers off their game. How it will end we are all in the dark.’ He was so much in the dark that he had as yet no suspicion that one result of the change was to put a gulf between the bench and men like him. On a false rumour being propagated at York that he was forbid the court, he said that he had the honour to stand so well with men of the first rank who were about the throne, that he feared no accident of the kind. The previous year he had been much noticed by the Duke of York, who was a very convivial personage, and he had contrived a niche both for him and the King in the present issue of *Tristram Shandy*. ‘Fanciful and extravagant as I may appear to the world in my opinion of Christian names,’ he makes the elder Mr. Shandy say, ‘and of that magic bias which good or bad names irresistibly impress upon our characters and conducts, Heaven is witness that in the warmest transports of my wishes for the prosperity of my child, I never once wished to crown his head with more glory and honour

\* In a letter from Paris (January 31, 1762) Sterne mentions that Mr. Pitt ‘has behaved to him in every respect like a man of good breeding, and good nature;’ but this refers merely to some trifling civility, which was doubtless asked and could not be refused, for facilitating Yorick’s intercourse abroad.

than what **GEORGE** or **EDWARD** would have spread around it.' But neither his own graceful compliments, nor the influence of his friends, if it had ever been exerted, would have induced **George III.** to commit the sacrilege of promoting Sterne. He who, twelve years later, wrote to **Archbishop Cornwallis** to reprove him for giving routs, and to insist upon their instant suppression 'as levities and vain dissipations, utterly inexpedient, if not unlawful, to pass in a residence for many centuries devoted to divine studies, religious retirement, and the extensive exercise of charity and benevolence,' would certainly not have been less resolute than **Queen Anne** in refusing to adopt the **Rabelais** of his reign.

Mirth was the only emotion which Sterne attempted to raise in his new volumes. His own opinion of them was high. 'I think,' he said, 'there is more laughable humour, with an equal degree of Cervantian satire, if not more, than in the last.' Some of his noble patrons, who were admitted to a private view, and whom he describes as 'of the first magnitude both in wit and station,' prognosticated success. He expected as a set-off to be pelted either from cellars or garrets—that is, to be attacked by all the poor authors who could not afford, like himself, to rent apartments in Bond Street upon the first floor, and who were often doubtful of a crust of bread for their dinner, while he himself was pledged three months deep to eat venison and drink burgundy with the peers and ministers of state who scrambled for him. The tenant of the garret was envious of the prosperous gentleman in the parlour, and the parlour lodger had a stately contempt for the indigent dweller above. In addition to hostile critics, experience had taught Sterne to expect a party of the public to be against him—people 'who do not or will not laugh,' but he avowed he should be contented if he could divide the world. The volumes were published on the 20th of January, and, according to his own account, the result at first was much what he predicted. 'One half of the town abuse my book as bitterly as the other half cry it up to the skies. The best is, they abuse and buy it, and at such a rate, that we are going on with a second edition as fast as possible.' Horace Walpole, who can only be heard as evidence on the sentiments of the opposition, thus professes to sum up the general opinion on the 7th of March. 'The second and third volumes of **Tristram Shandy**, the dregs of nonsense, have universally met the contempt they deserve: genius may be exhausted;—I see that folly's invention may be so too.' They were in reality thought a falling off, but, though the proportion of folly was larger than before, they contained some of the author's happiest scenes.

At the end of July, 1761, the truant pastor got back to his parsonage, and immediately set to work to furnish his annual Christmas fare. He had become conscious that the adverse tide had gathered strength, but he announced to his friend Stevenson his resolution to follow the whims of his own mind, and set his censors at defiance. ‘I am very valorous,’ he said, ‘and ‘tis in proportion as we retire from the world, and see it in its true dimensions, that we despise it,—no ‘bad rant’! It was rant, indeed, for a man to talk of despising the world, who was fresh from devoting an unbroken seven months to the pursuit of its frivolities, and who, in the very letter which contained the vaunt, was bemoaning his retirement and wishing himself back to town. He despised the world when the world was against him, but in everything in which he could obtain its favours it had no more obedient servant. The continuation of *Tristram* soon dissipated his discontent. He was one of the authors who gloated over his own conceptions, and who always thought his latest production his masterpiece. He had none of the painful misgivings which relax the energies and fret the minds of diffident men, and the very act of composition was therefore a delight. He said now that to write was his hobby, that he should continue it while he lived, that he was charmed with Uncle Toby’s imaginary character, and, as usual, expressed his conviction that the volumes on which he was engaged were his best. ‘My Lydia helps to copy for me, and my wife knits, and listens as I read her chapters.’ ‘My Lydia,’ his only child, was then a girl of fourteen, and that he set her to copy *Tristram Shandy*, is a proof at once that he believed it innocent, and that every feeling of decorum was dead within him. Whoever is fresh from the perusal of the book and recalls the scene that was passing in this country parsonage—the clergyman of the parish composing the work, his daughter transcribing, his wife hearing and applauding it—will at least agree that the proceeding was neither clerical nor feminine.

The matchless story of *Le Fever* in the sixth volume of *Tristram Shandy* gave a fresh impulse to the popularity of Sterne. The jest was growing stale and would scarcely have served for a third season, but the introduction of the pathetic element renewed in some degree the original excitement. At the same time that he varied his style he had the advantage of exhibiting his personal qualities to a new circle of acquaintances, having shifted his stage from London to Paris for the benefit of his health.

Sterne says that most of his father’s babies were of a delicate frame, not made to last long. Four out of seven died almost in infancy, and Laurence himself had the seeds of consumption inherent in his constitution. While an under-graduate at Cambridge

bridge a blood-vessel burst in his lungs, but he recovered his strength in the quiet of a country life, and for twenty years enjoyed comparative health. When his name was up in the world his malady returned, and he closed his fourth volume with a promise to reappear at the end of a twelvemonth 'unless his vile cough killed him in the mean time.' This catastrophe was not far from being realised. 'I am very ill,' he wrote in February, 1762, 'having broke a vessel in my lungs. Hard writing in the summer, together with preaching, which I have not strength for, is ever fatal to me, but I cannot avoid the latter yet, and the former is too pleasurable to be given up.' The feverish existence which he led in London, the late hours, and the luxurious living, were a much more probable source of the evil.

Sterne commenced his seventh volume with an account of his malady. 'Thou hast had a narrow escape,' said Eugenius, which is the name given to Hall Stevenson in *Tristram Shandy*. 'As thou seest Death has got me by the throat (for Eugenius could scarce hear me speak across the table), and that I am no match for him in the open field, had I not better, whilst these few scattered spirits remain, and these two spider legs of mine are able to support me—had I not better, Eugenius, fly for my life?' Eugenius advised it, and Tristram exclaims, that 'to escape the enemy he will gallop from place to place to the end of the world—'where, if Death follows me, I pray he may break his neck.' 'He runs more risk *there*,' said Eugenius, 'than thou.' This hyperbolical prediction of a literary immortality which was to survive death and time, 'brought blood into the cheek from whence it had been some months banished,' and, while still blushing from the compliment, Tristram bad adieu to Eugenius, and hastened (January, 1762) to Paris. It was the period when English literature and ideas were in vogue in France, and he found *Tristram Shandy* upon every table, and himself as much an object of attention as in London. A few days sufficed to re-establish his health, and we have the old story repeated of a fortnight's engagements to dinners and suppers.

In addition to the importance which Sterne derived from his reputation, it may be surmised that he was possessed of considerable powers of entertainment from the hold which, to the last, he kept upon society. No description has been handed down to us of his manners and conversation, but we learn from his own letters that his favourite vein was what he called *Shandism*, or the art of talking amusing nonsense. There can be little question, to judge from his writings, that he was excellent, also, at telling a story, that he indulged largely in *doubles entendres*, and that his repartees were rather plays upon words than

than genuine wit. From the account he gives of Yorick, in *Tristram Shandy*, it appears he had made many enemies by his satirical sayings, and had been astonished that his victims should shrink from the edge, instead of being dazzled by the glitter of the blade. That in his eagerness to sustain his character for humour he was not very scrupulous as to the means, is apparent from an anecdote related by M. Dutens, who once sat next him at the table of our ambassador, 'Lord Tavistock, in Paris. The conversation turned upon Turin, where M. Dutens, though a Frenchman, had recently been the English *chargé d'affaires*. Sterne, ignorant whom he was addressing, asked him if he knew M. Dutens. The company laughed; and Sterne, imagining that some ludicrous associations connected with M. Dutens were the cause of the hilarity, inquired if he was not rather odd. 'Quite an original,' replied M. Dutens. 'I thought so,' said Sterne, who immediately commenced telling several ridiculous traits of the *chargé d'affaires*, all of which were the coinage of his brain. The laughter which arose he mistook for a tribute to the comicality of his description, and entertained the circle for the rest of the evening with the absurdities of M. Dutens. When his butt retired, and Sterne was admitted into the secret, the guests pretended that the *chargé d'affaires*, though restrained at the moment by respect for his host, was an irascible man, who would demand reparation in the morning. Sterne sought him out to avert his anger, begged his pardon, pleaded in excuse the desire he felt to amuse the company, embraced him warmly, and requested the honour of his friendship. If the scene was not otherwise very creditable to Sterne, the praise of a fertile and ready invention, in extemporisising the imaginary eccentricities of M. Dutens, must at least be conceded to him.

The species of rhapsodical humour which he cultivated, bordering upon buffoonery, and often doubtless degenerating into it altogether, implied a fund of animal spirits. 'Every object,' wrote one of his French friends, M. Tollot, 'is *couleur de rose* for this happy mortal, and things which would appear to the rest of the world under a sorrowful and gloomy aspect, assume in his eyes a gay and smiling face. His sole pursuit is pleasure, and, unlike others who, when they have attained their wish, can no longer enjoy it, he drains the bowl to the last drop.' 'As for my spirits,' he says himself in *Tristram Shandy*, 'little have I to lay to their charge; nay, so very little (unless the mounting me upon a long stick, and playing the fool with me nineteen hours out of the twenty-four, be accusations), that, on the contrary, I have much, much to thank them for. Cheerily have ye made me tread the path of life with all the burthens of it (except its cares) upon

upon my back : in no one moment of my existence, that I remember, have ye once deserted me, or tinged the objects which came in my way either with sable or with a sickly green : in dangers ye gilded my horizon with hope, and, when Death himself knocked at my door, ye bad him come again ; and in so gay a tone of careless indifference did ye do it, that he doubted of his commission.' Swift's exclamation, '*Vive la bagatelle*,' was the forced effort of a man doomed to hopeless melancholy, and who trifled to avert despair ; with Sterne it was the true reflection of his temperament. The spirit of Shandeism within him would never, he said, suffer him to think for two moments together upon any grave subject. Hair-brained, light-hearted, and sanguine—pleased with himself, his follies, and his vices—he treated misfortune when it came as a passing guest, and even extracted amusement from it while it stayed. His merriment savoured more of Epicurean joviality than of a well-ordered cheerfulness, and its ceaseless flow must have deprived it of half its merit and its charm ; for any single emotion, however excellent in itself, which absorbs the mind to the exclusion of all other qualities, gives us, instead of the *sapiens teres atque rotundus*, only the fragment of a man. No one could read his own account of the endless frivolities, which would never stiffen him to think upon a serious subject, or engage in any pursuit except pleasure, without feeling that his mirth belonged to that description of laughter, of which Solomon said that it was mad.

• The joyous philosophy of Poor Yorick was often put to the test. He relates, in the dedication to Tristram Shandy, that he fenced by mirth against the infirmities of ill health, persuaded that every time a man laughed he added something to his fragment of life. At Paris he laughed till he cried, and believed that his lungs had benefited as much by the process as by the change of air. When he had been there six months, he brought up one night such a quantity of blood that his bed was full, and he nearly bled to death. He was joined by his wife and daughter shortly afterwards, and (in July, 1762) they removed to Toulouse. Here, in August, he was seized with a fever, which left him for six weeks with scarce a hope of recovery. If his spirits ever forsook him, his letters show that they revived the instant the present danger was past. 'I am now stout and foolish again as a happy man can wish to be,' he adds, after giving an account of his fever, 'and am busy playing the fool with my Uncle Toby, whom I have got soused over head and ears in love.' The tone of society on the other side of the Channel encouraged him to assume a greater licence than ever in the new volumes he commenced. He had reached that point of hardihood in which he took

took a pride in shocking the scruples of the virtuous, and having become acquainted at Paris with a French novelist more degraded than himself, the two worthies conceived a scheme, the jest of which was the excess of the impudence :—

‘Crébillon has made a convention with me, which, if he is not too lazy, will be no bad *persiflage*. As soon as I get to Toulouse he has agreed to write me an expostulatory letter upon the indecorums of T. Shandy, which is to be answered by recrimination upon the liberties in his own works.’ These are to be printed together—Crébillon against Sterne—Sterne against Crébillon—the copy to be sold and the money equally divided. ‘This is good Swiss policy.’

That Yorick the Jester should be utterly oblivious of the Rev. Mr. Yorick, prebendary of York, and vicar of Stillington, Sutton, and Coxwold, was too much a matter of course to excite surprise, but even the Jester, like the fool of James I., might justly have had his coat pulled over his ears for exceeding the privileges of his office.

For awhile Sterne made himself happy at Toulouse, ‘fiddling, laughing, singing, and cracking jokes’ with the English residents. But far from being enamoured of the French, he complained of their eternal platitude, their little variety, their no originality, and, what to him was the worst of all faults, their determined seriousness. The nation was, in fact, playing a borrowed part, and acted it ill. Montesquieu, writing in 1721 of the passion of the people for imitating their king, said sarcastically, that the monarch, if he undertook it, might even succeed in making them grave. It was this which they now attempted to become, not in mimicry of their sovereign, but of ourselves. When Horace Walpole visited Paris in 1765, he reported that they were another people from what he had found them five-and-twenty years before; that laughing was quite out of fashion, and that nothing was wanted but George Grenville to make the conversations the most tiresome upon earth. Solemn and pedantic, they were seldom, he said, animated unless by a dispute, and he could only venture to be merry in his own tongue. If Sterne had arrived at any other period, the proverbial liveliness of the nation would have given a spring to his own, and the shuttlecock would have flown backwards and forwards from morning to night without ever tiring him of the game. But he was disgusted with the insufferable insipidity of this unnatural effort to be dull; and in June, 1763, he set out, with his wife and daughter, for Bagnières, hoping to extract ‘amusement out of the concourse of adventurers which gathered together there from all the corners of the earth.’ October found him at Montpellier, where he spent the winter, and where, in January,

January, he had another 'scuffle with death, in which he suffered terribly.' It was again a fever, which had nearly cut short Yorick's life-long peal of laughter. But he was not to be depressed. While barely out of danger, and still weak and prostrate, he took up his pen to announce his resolution of going on to the end of the chapter 'as *merrily*, although as *innocently*, as he could.' 'It has ever,' he said, 'been as good, if not better, than a bishopric to me, and I desire no other.'

The medical theories of France were as antiquated as many of the other usages which kept their ground under the old *régime*. The physicians, whom Sterne calls the most ignorant of all pretending fools, gave him, to recruit his strength, *bouillons rafraîchissants*, which consisted of a cock that had been *flayed alive*, and a *male* crawfish (for a *female*, according to the Montpellier pharmacopœia, was more pernicious than strengthening) boiled with poppy-seeds, and pounded in a mortar. It is difficult to believe that the period when this enlightened practice prevailed on the other side of the Channel was the same in which John and William Hunter were flourishing in England. Sterne, who swallowed perhaps a female crawfish instead of a male, derived no benefit from the regimen, and as he originally went to the continent for his health, so he now hoped for the same blessing from a return to his native land. 'Every step I take that brings me nearer England will, I think, help to set this poor frame to rights.' He commenced his journey homewards in February, 1764—his heart, he said, had fled there a twelvemonth before—but he lingered in Paris till the end of May. He was induced to remain by finding an opportunity to indulge in his favourite amusement. He states in his letters, and repeats in his 'Sentimental Journey,' that he had been in love with some Dulcinea or other all his life, that it had sweetened his temper, softened and humanised his heart, and that he hoped to carry on these vagrant courtships till he died. He did not pretend that his attachments were Platonic, but he called them sentimental, and the idea that he affixed to the term will be best understood by his own account of his conduct in the present conjuncture:—

'I have been for eight weeks,' he writes to Stevenson, 'smitten with the tenderest passion that ever tender wight underwent. I wish, dear cousin, thou couldst conceive, perhaps thou canst without my wishing it, how deliciously I cantered it away the first month, two up, two down, always upon my *lanches* along the streets, from my hotel to hers—at first once, then twice, then three times a day, till at length I was within an ace of setting up my hobby-horse in her stable for good and all: I might as well, considering how the enemies of the Lord have blasphemed thereupon. The last three weeks we were every hour upon the doleful ditty of parting; and thou mayest conceive, dear cousin, how

it altered my gait and air, for I went and came, like any loudened carle, and did nothing but mix tears, and *jouer des sentiments* with her from sun-rising even to the setting of the same; and now she is gone to the South of France, and to finish the comedy, I fell ill, and broke a vessel in my lungs, and half bled to death. *Voila mon histoire!*<sup>1</sup>

There is his history disposed by himself in the light in which he wished it to be viewed by his friends, and there, upon the most favourable interpretation, is his condemnation.

During his stay in Paris he preached in the ambassador's chapel, before a concourse of all nations and creeds, who were drawn together to hear the celebrated Sterne, the last sermon his deplorable health ever allowed him to deliver. To the people of York his appearance in the pulpit had long been a scandal. Such was the infamy of his private character that when he came to the cathedral to preach, in his capacity of prebendary, many of the congregation rose from their seats, and walked away. How this would have affected Yorick is easily divined from the language he held on kindred occasions,—he would have scoffed at their scruples, and been thankful that he was a sinner and not a Pharisee.

When Yorick returned to England he left his wife and daughter abroad at their own particular request. The plea of Mrs. Sterne was ill health, but it is stated by Almon, in his 'Life of Wilkes,' that her real motive for remaining in France was 'to escape the daily provocations of an unkind husband.' His disposition is said to have been irritable, his conversation in his family was, as Almon intimates, too gross to be tolerated, and the appropriation of his volatile affections to an endless series of Dulcineas, may have proved a lenitive to his own temper, but must have been far from producing the same soothing effects on Mrs. Sterne. At Montpellier, where M. Tollot saw them together, he reports that she followed the good man everywhere, and '*voulloit être de tout.*' '*Ces dispositions dans cette bonne dame,*' he continues, '*lui ont fait passer d'assez mauvais momens. Il supporte tous ces désagréments avec une patience d'ange.*' M. Tollot was a disciple of the Yorick school, and thought it a hardship for a husband to be saddled with the society of his wife; but by Sterne's own testimony the '*patience d'ange*' was on the other side. '*She may talk,*' he observes, writing at this period from Toulouse, '*I will go my own way, and she will acquiesce without a word of debate on the subject. Who can say so much in praise of his wife?*' Another passage of a letter, addressed to Stevenson from Coxwold, in August, 1761, after he had unduly protracted his London season, is a proof that she was a placable and yielding person:—'*Curse,*' he says, in allusion to

the society he had left behind, the moment he finds himself at Mrs. Sterne's elbow, 'curse on absence from those we love.' 'As to matrimony,' he adds, in qualification of this emphatic outbreak, 'I should be a beast to rail at it, for my wife is easy, but the world is not; and had I staid from her a second longer it would have been a burning shame, else she declares herself happier without me. Not in anger is this declaration made, but in pure, sober good sense, built on sound experience.' Several times after their separation he expressed a desire that she should return to England—moved chiefly, no doubt, by his attachment to his daughter, which was ardent and sincere. Mrs. Sterne resisted the call till his days were drawing to a close, and the issue of the experiment showed that she had done wisely for their mutual comfort in keeping away. In the interim he always wrote of her with kindness, sometimes with apparent affection, and showed a practical anxiety that she should never be pinched for lack of means. 'My purse,' he remarks on one occasion, 'shall be as open as my heart.' 'Why do you say,' he asks at another time, 'that your mother wants money?—whilst I have a shilling shall you not both have nine-pence out of it?' This was not the proportion in which he divided his income; but his liberality was really considerable, insomuch that we are tempted to doubt the story so often repeated, that he preferred whining over a dead ass to relieving a living mother.

After recreating himself at York, Scarborough, and other places, he settled down at Coxwold in September, 1764, to get ready his commodities, according to the old custom, for the winter market. His two little volumes—the seventh and eighth—were this time entirely of a comic cast. 'I am fabricating them,' he said, 'for the laughing part of the world,—for the melancholy part of it I have nothing but my prayers.' They had been long in preparation, and were published early in 1765. It was three years since he had shown himself in London society, or printed a line, and it was probably due in some degree to this pause in his proceedings that he and his work were so well received. 'I have never had a moment,' he wrote of himself, 'which has not been broke in upon by one engagement or impertinence or another; for though he sojourned in London for no other purpose than to expose himself to these impertinences and engagements, he had the common weakness of attempting to enhance the civilities he received by pretending that they were thrust upon him against his will. Of his book he said, 'I have had a lucrative winter's campaign. *Shandy* sells well,—I am taxing the public with two more volumes of *Sermons*, which will more than double the gains of *Shandy*.' Nevertheless, the continua-

tion of Tristram, though displaying many of the qualities of the author's genius, was not equal to the first sprightly runnings of the cask. Several chapters on his journey abroad, which his flattering friends \* told him were executed with spirit, and which he informs us were meant as a good-tempered satire against coxcombical travellers, posterity has condemned as absolute nonsense. The grossness was more revolting than ever, and more thickly spread, and while his worst characteristics were gaining upon his best, the beauties themselves were not equal to many he had formerly produced.

The Sermons he mentions as making part of his ways and means for the year were written, or at least dressed up, for the occasion, and were not completed till the autumn of 1765. He published them by subscription, which, independently of the sale of the copyright, brought him upwards of three hundred pounds. His list he supposed to be the largest and most splendid an author ever obtained. After having procured the patronage of nearly all the nobility, and most other persons of note, he was ambitious to add the name of *David Hume*. He requested Mr. Foley, the banker at Paris, where Hume then was, to canvass him for the purpose, jocosely threatening if the historian refused, 'to quarrel with him, and call him *Deist*.' What are we to think of the creed of the Reverend Laurence Sterne when we find him eager for the honour of including a notorious infidel among the subscribers to his Sermons, and in the very act of inviting this insult to the religion he professed, treating the infidelity as a joke? Strange to say, in the Parisian circle in which Hume moved, *Deist* was really in danger of becoming a term of reproach in the opposite sense to what Sterne intended. In this very year of 1765 Walpole wrote home that Voltaire himself was too much of a believer for the male and female *philosophes* of France. 'Il est bigot,' said one of these lady atheists, 'c'est un *Deiste*.' At a party, in Paris, in which Sterne himself was maintaining the necessity of a First Cause, a young Count took him by the hand to the farthest corner of the room, to tell him his *solitaire* was pinned too straight about his neck. 'It should be *plus badinant*,' said the Count, looking down upon his own; 'but a word, M. Yorick, *to the wise*.' The scepticism of Hume was here as contemptible for its timidity as it was offensive in England for its daring. He remarked at a dinner at the house of the Baron d'Holbach, that he had never seen an atheist, and did not believe that one existed. 'You have been unfortunate,'

\* Sterne makes a good observation when replying to the panegyrics of a person who calls himself Ignatius Sancho: 'Tis all affectation to say a man is not gratified with being praised. We only want it to be *sincere*.

replied

replied the Baron, 'you now see seventeen at table for the first time.' To the historian, who had reduced his creed to the single article 'I believe in God,' the infidelity of those who erased it altogether, might be expected to be a jest; and having enumerated, in a letter to Dr. Blair, his literary acquaintances at Paris, he added that his clerical friends in Scotland would be glad to hear 'that there was not a single *Deist* among them.' Such was one of the portentous signs of that frightful reign of libertinism and impiety which preceded and prepared the French Revolution, and which was so little shocking to Mr. Yorick, that in announcing his intention of returning to the continent in 1767, he said he should 'enjoy himself a week or ten days at Paris with his friends, *particularly* the Baron d'Holbach and the rest of the joyous set,' which included, we may presume, the remaining sixteen atheists. What is stronger evidence against him still is the mocking application, in many of his letters, of the most sacred language. One example of horrible blasphemy, addressed to Stevenson, which seems inconsistent with any description of belief, will render needless an accumulation of passages which it is revolting to transcribe. The person mentioned in the extract, under the name of Panty, was the Rev. Robert Lascelles, a clergyman after Sterne's own heart:—

'Remember me sometimes in your potations; bid Panty pray for me when he prays for the Holy Catholic Church. Present my compliments to Mrs. Ferguson, and be in peace and charity with all mankind.

And the blessing of God the Father,

Son,

&

Holy Ghost be with you,

*Amen.* L. STERNE.'

To throw the words into the form of an ordinary conclusion to a letter, for the purpose of aggravating the profanity, was, in Sterne's estimation, to heighten the jest.

With the profits of Tristram and his Sermons Sterne started, in October, 1765, on another tour in search of health, and fresh materials for his works. He passed through France to Italy, where he visited all the principal cities, and got back to England in June, 1766. Both his objects were answered. He conceived the plan, and collected the incidents of the 'Sentimental Journey,' and his health improved so much that he believed he had added ten years to his life. From every place that he writes he speaks of the jovial hours he spends, and he sums up by saying, on his return to Coxwold, 'Never man, my dear Sir, has had a more agreeable tour than your Yorick.' La Fleur, whom he has immortalised in the 'Sentimental Journey,' said however that there were

were moments when his master seemed sunk in the deepest dejection, but he would shake it off, and cry out gaily, ‘*Vive la bagatelle.*’ There are many indications that the merriment which had once been spontaneous was often henceforth artificial,—the forced effort to keep at bay an encroaching melancholy, which was necessarily intolerable, since in making him a sadder it did not make him a wiser man. The contrast between the quiet of Coxwold, and the excitement of travelling, was rendered endurable by the preparation of the ninth and last volume of *Tristram Shandy*, which occupied him incessantly from July to Christmas. He had always been a slow composer, for there never was an author, as we are informed by Paley, whose works had cost him greater labour, and his ideas could not be expected to flow so rapidly as when he first began to draw upon the fund. ‘*Tristram goes on busily*,’ he says in December; ‘what I can find appetite to write is so so.’ But this disparaging admission, unusual with him, was wrung from him in a moment of vexation. ‘*You never*,’ he continues, ‘*read such a chapter of evils from me. I’m tormented to death by my Stillington Inclosure, and am every hour threatened with a journey to Avignon, where Mrs. Sterne is very bad, and, by a series of letters I have got from Lydia, I suppose is going the way of us all.*’ The expected decease of his wife appears to affect him in no other way than as it may involve an inopportune journey to Avignon, and it is therefore by a natural association of ideas that he couples it with the distractions which grow out of the Stillington Inclosure. Mrs. Sterne recovered partially, but he himself lost the ground he had gained in Italy. The bleeding from his lungs was worse than ever, and he talked of flying again over the Alps to escape from the clutches of death. In the meanwhile he went at the end of December to York, ‘because,’ he said, ‘I had rather, in case ‘tis ordained so, die there than in a post-chaise on the road.’ But, while conscious that he is probably within a step of his grave, he sets his face to the world, is as intent as ever to laugh and make laugh, plans amusements for months to come, and anticipates the jovial time he shall have of it when he joins the Baron d’Holbach and his atheistical crew.

Three days after Sterne had spoken doubtfully of his ninth volume he recovered his good opinion of it, and says to another correspondent, ‘*If the amours of my Uncle Toby do not please you I am mistaken.*’ When published at the beginning of 1767, he announced to M. Panchaud, at Paris, that in London it was liked the best of the set. This idea we suspect he derived from the deceitful compliments of personal friends. Bright flashes of genius were never wanting, but, if his ninth volume charmed

charmed the most, it must have been by its licence, and not by its genuine deserts. \*The hostile section, however, of the public were beginning to acknowledge the general merit of the entire work, a homage which Sterne ascribes to its reception in Italy, Germany, and France. It was rather, we think, due to the inevitable victory of genius over envy, which cannot for ever remain blind to the light it would fain have extinguished.

On his arrival in London, in January, 1767, Sterne made the acquaintance of the Mrs. Draper, upon whom he has conferred an unenviable celebrity. She was the wife of one Daniel Draper, a counsellor at Bombay, had come to England for her health, and was on the eve of returning, at the command of her husband, to India without having accomplished the object of her voyage. Her vanity, triumphing over her discretion, induced her to preserve ten letters which Sterne addressed to her between the end of March and the 3rd of April, when she sailed from Deal. These epistles are written in a strain of the most rapturous love, and contain damning evidence of the utter worthlessness of poor Yorick's character. A single extract will serve for the summary, as it is the climax, of his amatory apostrophes :—

‘ Talking of widows, pray Eliza, if ever you are such, do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy nabob, because I design to marry you myself. My wife cannot live long, and I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute as yourself. ’Tis true, I am ninety-five in constitution, and you but twenty-five—rather too great a disparity this,—but what I want in youth, I will make up in wit and good-humour. Not Swift so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Sacharissa, as I will love and sing thee my wife elect. Tell me in answer to this that you approve and honour the proposal, and that you would (like the Spectator’s mistress) have more joy in putting on an old man’s slipper, than associating with the gay, the voluptuous, and the young.’

It was no playful pretence that his wife ‘ could not live long.’ She was in a languishing condition, which made him really believe that she was hastening to the grave, and, if the general tenor of his epistles to Mrs. Draper permitted us to believe that the rest of the passage was a piece of jesting extravagance, it is impossible to explain away the utter heartlessness of the portion which relates to Mrs. Sterne. But this is not all. Some friends of Mrs. Draper charitably interposed to check the dangerous intimacy; an interference which filled him with the deadliest hatred to them. The object of their solicitude, on the contrary, honoured their motives while rejecting their counsel, and could not be brought to share his resentment. The scheme by which he ultimately succeeded in alienating her from her honest advisers

is related by himself with unblushing effrontery in a letter to a friend :—

‘ They are bitter enemies of mine, and I am even with them. La Brahmine [Mrs. Draper] assured me they used their endeavours with her to break off her friendship with me, for reasons I will not write, but tell you. I said enough of them before she left England, and though she yielded to me in every other point, yet in this she obstinately persisted. Strange infatuation ! But I think I have effected my purpose by a falsity, which Yorick’s friendship to the Brahmine can only justify. I wrote her word that the most amiable of women [a Mrs. James, for whom Mrs. Draper had an extreme regard] reiterated the request that she would not write to them. I said too she had concealed many things for the sake of her peace of mind, when, in fact, this was merely a child of my own brain made Mrs. James’s by adoption to enforce the argument I had before urged so strongly. Do not mention this circumstance to Mrs. James. ’Twould displease her, and I had no design in it but for the Brahmine to be a friend to herself.’

The letters in which Sterne unfolded his slanderous fiction are among the number preserved by the Brahmine.

‘ The —’s, by heavens,’ he says in the first, ‘ are worthless. I have heard enough to tremble at the articulation of the name. How could you, Eliza, leave them, or suffer them to leave you rather, with impressions the least favourable ? I have told thee enough to plant disgust against their treachery to thee, to the last hour of thy life ! Yet still thou toldest Mrs. James at last, that thou believest they affectionately love thee. Her delicacy to my Eliza, and true regard to her ease of mind, have saved thee from hearing more glaring proofs of their baseness. For God’s sake write not to them, nor foul thy fair character with such polluted hearts. *They* love thee ! What proof ? Is it their actions that say so ? or their zeal for those attachments which do thee honour and make thee happy ? or their tenderness for thy fame ? No—but they *weep*, and say *tender things*. Adieu to all such for ever. Mrs. James’s honest heart revolts against the idea of ever returning them one visit.’

‘ Adieu to all such for ever ! ’ Then first and foremost adieu to Yorick, who was the very type of that sentimental virtue which consisted in weeping and saying tender things, who was fabricating malicious falsehoods in the very act of talking of honest and polluted hearts, and who maintained that the affection of these people must be hollow and hypocritical unless they were zealous for the attachment of the husband of Mrs. Sterne to the wife of Daniel Draper. Fearing that his lie might not be sufficiently emphatic to take effect, he shortly after despatched a second edition, enlarged and improved :—

‘ The —’s, who verify the character I once gave of teasing or sticking like pitch, or birdlime, sent a card that they would wait on Mrs. [James] on Friday. She sent back, she was engaged. Then to meet’

meet at Ranelagh to-night. She answered, she did not go. She says, if she allows the least 'footing, she never shall get rid of the acquaintance, which she is resolved to drop at once. She knows them. She knows they are not her friends, nor yours; and the first use they would make of being with her, would be to sacrifice you to her (if they could) a second time. Let her not then; let her not, my dear, be a greater friend to thee than thou art to thyself. She begs I will reiterate my request to you, that you will not write to them. It will give her and thy Brahmin inexpressible pain. Be assured all this is not without reason on her side. I said I never more w<sup>ld</sup> mention the name to thee; and had I not received it, as a kind of charge, from a dear woman that loves you, I should not have broke my word. I will write again to-morrow to thee, thou best and most endearing of girls! A peaceful night to thee. My spirit will be with thee through every watch of it.'

To complete his self-condemnation, the man who had the hardihood to invent this audacious and circumstantial falsehood out of revenge for an attempt to keep Mrs. Draper from a discreditable intimacy, says to her himself in his very next letter, 'Be cautious only, my dear, of *intimacies*,' and then immediately adds, 'Love me, I beseech thee; and remember me for ever!' That his vehement passion for his Brahmine was not founded upon any genuine esteem for her character appeared, a little later, from what he wrote to his daughter:—

'The subject of thy letter has astonished me. She could know but little of my feelings to tell thee that under the supposition I should survive thy mother I should bequeath thee as a legacy to [Mrs. Draper]. No, my Lydia! 'tis a lady, *whose virtues I wish thee to imitate*, that I shall entrust my girl to—I mean that friend [Mrs. James] whom I have so often talked and wrote about. From her you will learn to be an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a sincere friend.'

Mrs. Draper, too, was wife, mother, and friend, and the lover had once called her 'the best of God's works'; but the father saw her with very different eyes.\* Yorick

\* Mrs. Draper again returned to England, and died at Bristol at the age of thirty-three. The editor of Sterne's Letters states that 'the circumstances which attended the latter part of her life are generally said to have reflected no credit on her discretion.' Raynal, who became acquainted with her after Sterne's death, has commemorated her in his 'Histoire Philosophique des deux Indes.' When treating of the English settlements on the coast of Malabar he suddenly launches out into this super-French piece of bombast: 'Territory of Anjinga, you are nothing; but you have given birth to Eli<sup>za</sup>. One day these commercial establishments founded by Europeans on the coasts of Asia will exist no more. The grass will cover them, or the avenged Indian will have built over their ruins; but if my writings have any duration, the name of Anjinga will remain in the memory of men. Those who shall read my works, those whom the winds shall waft to thy shores, will say—It is there that Eliza Draper was born; and if there is a Briton among them, he will hasten to add with pride,—and she was born of English parents.' There are three more pages of panegyric, increasing in extravagance as it proceeds, and which thus concludes: 'From the height of the heavens, thy first and last country, receive, Eliza,

Yorick soon consoled himself for the loss of his Brahmine, and, if an undated letter is rightly placed in the series, was making criminal love in April with all the heart he had to one Lady P. The old bleeding from his lungs returned in the dissipation of London, and the languor of sickness produced in him thoughts which, common as they are with others in similar circumstances, were rare with him :—

‘ I am impatient to set out for my solitude, for there the mind gains strength, and learns to lean upon herself. In the world it seeks or accepts of a few treacherous supports—the feigned compassion of one, the flattery of a second, the civilities of a third, the friendship of a fourth. They all deceive, and bring the mind back to where mine is retreating, to retirement, reflection, and books.’

He left town at the beginning of May, with an idea that he was taking leave of it for ever, and sick, he said, in soul as well as body. He quickly recruited his strength at Coxwold, and for a time his spirits, but there are repeated allusions to some mysterious source of disquietude which is nowhere explained.

‘ I have never been so well (he wrote to Stevenson in August) since I left college, and I should be a marvellous happy man, but for some reflections which bow down my spirits,—but if I live but even three or four years, I will acquit myself with honour,—and—no matter, we will talk this over when we meet.’

Indecorum and profanity mingle strangely with these pensive outbreaks, and oblige us to believe that it was a more vulgar trouble than that of conscience. In October, Mrs. Sterne and his daughter came from France, at his urgent request, to stay with him two or three months; but the increase to his comfort was not what he anticipated, for in December he wrote a ribald letter in Latin to Stevenson, informing him that he was more weary of his wife than ever, and mortally in love with somebody else. ‘ The child and darling of his heart,’ as he calls Miss Sterne, fulfilled however his utmost expectations. ‘ She was all,’ he said, ‘ Heaven could give him in a daughter.’ ‘ My heart bleeds,’ he wrote a little later, ‘ when I think of parting with her. ’ T will be like the separation of soul and body, and equal to nothing but what passes at that tremendous moment.’ The taint

---

Eliza, my oath,—“ I swear never to write a line in which the world shall not recognise thy friend.” According to M. Walckenaer, this apostrophe has been considered sublime by some and ridiculous by others. It can only have been the ridiculous that ever thought it sublime. Sterne and Raynal both agree that Mrs. Draper was plain. Raynal, meaning to compliment her, says that she was an extraordinary combination of voluptuousness and modesty. Sterne says, but it is to herself that he says it, that he had never seen so intelligent and animated a countenance, and that she had something more persuasive in her eyes and voice than any woman he had ever known. There can be no doubt that she possessed unusual powers of fascination.

which

which had infected the rest of his mind left this paternal feeling uncorrupted to the end.

The months he passed at Coxwold were bestowed in composing the ‘Sentimental Journey.’ ‘It is a subject,’ he said, ‘which works well, and suits the frame of mind I have been in for some time past. I told you my design in it was to teach us to love the world and our fellow-creatures better than we do, so it runs most upon those gentler passions and affections which aid so much to it.’ He affirmed that the excess of his emotions on the occasion had torn his whole frame to pieces. ‘Praised be God,’ he exclaims, ‘for my sensibility! Though it has often made me wretched, yet I would not exchange it for all the pleasures the grossest sensualist ever felt.’ His susceptible nature was easily hurried on in any track in which it once began to move, and he persuaded himself, and endeavoured to persuade his friends, that he was a Sentimental and not a Shandean being. Yet even while resigning himself to this tender mood his licentious imagination could not sleep, and the same fountain continued to send forth both sweet water and bitter. The incurable depravity of his taste is nowhere more apparent than in his latest work.

The ‘Sentimental Journey’ was published by subscription in February, 1768. He predicted that it would take with the generality, especially the women, ‘who will read this book,’ he said, ‘in the parlour, and Tristram in the bed-chamber.’ Horace Walpole himself was won over. He thought the volumes ‘very pleasing, though too much dilated, and infinitely preferable to the tiresome Tristram Shandy.’ When Sterne left London the preceding year in a half-dying state, he professed that he should be content to have only just so much strength and spirits as would enable him to execute his sumner’s task. His wish had been granted, but he was not destined to enjoy the consequent success. ‘What is the gratification of my feelings on this occasion?’ he wrote to his daughter on the 20th of February. ‘The want of health bows me down, and vanity harbours not in thy father’s breast.’ The spring before, when his patient and exorable creditor knocked at his door, he declared that the call was both unexpected and ‘unpleasant. Unpleasant it would always have been, but it should not have been unexpected to a man who had lived for years in the shadow of death. Hope still predominated in his sanguine breast, and he thought he should once more come off triumphant, though he admitted that the respite might not unlikely be of short duration. A fortnight afterwards the influenza, with which his sickness commenced, became complicated with pleurisy. By repeated bleeding and blistering the disease was subdued, and his medical attendant reported

reported him better; but poor Yorick had an inward monitor more sagacious than his physician. ‘My spirits,’ he said, ‘are fled—tis a bad omen.’ It was now that, about ten days before his death, he addressed a letter, the last he ever wrote, to his friend Mrs. James, a lady apparently of real worth, and for whom ‘he had a sincere and honourable admiration. ‘Dearest, kindest, gentlest, and best of women!’ he said, ‘may health, peace, and happiness prove your handmaids! If I die, cherish the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you so often condemned,—which my heart, not my head, betrayed me into.’ But it was to commend his daughter, and not himself, to her kind consideration, that, with a failing hand, he took up his pen. ‘Should my child, my Lydia, want a mother, may I hope you will, if she is left parentless, take her to your bosom? You are the only woman on earth I can depend upon for such a benevolent action.’ To groan over his maladies, whether of body or mind, was not among the weaknesses of Sterne. It had always been his policy to laugh down evils, and it tells a touching tale, that the letter which conveyed his dying request is subscribed ‘Your poor affectionate friend.’

There is a passage in ‘Tristram Shandy,’ which the event made memorable, in which Sterne declares that if he were in a condition to stipulate with Death, he would demand that the catastrophe should not occur in his own house. ‘At home,—I know it,—the concern of my friends, and the last services of wiping my brow and smoothing my pillow, will so crucify my soul, that I shall die of a distemper which my physician is not aware of; but, in an inn, the few cold offices I wanted would be purchased with a few guineas, and paid me with an undisturbed but punctual attention.’ He breathed his last at his lodgings in Old Bond Street,\* and few and cold enough were the offices that he received. Dr. Ferriar had heard that the hard-hearted attendants robbed him of his gold shirt-buttons as he lay helpless in bed. On the evening of the 18th of March there was a distinguished party assembled in Clifford Street, including, besides several persons of rank, Garrick, Hume, and Mr. James, the husband of the lady whom Sterne had ‘entreathed to adopt his Lydia. The sick man, who is said by the narrator to have been ‘a very great favourite with the gentlemen,’ naturally became a topic of conversation in a company where some were his intimate friends, and probably all his acquaintances, and their host sent the foot-

\* The number, as we learn from Mr. Cunningham’s ‘Handbook of Modern London,’ was 41,—then a silk-bag shop, and now a cheesemonger’s. It is one of the excellencies of this little volume that wherever genius has left a foot-mark Mr. Cunningham’s sympathies induce him to guide us to the track.

man to inquire how he did. The landlady, who opened the door, bid the messenger go up to the nurse. On entering the room he saw that the crisis was so near at hand that he waited for the end. When he had been there five minutes, Sterne exclaimed 'Now is it come!' and putting up his hand, as if to ward off a blow, expired in the act.\* The merry-makers in Clifford Street were grieved at the intelligence. Not one among them but must have remembered with sadness the moralising of Hamlet upon that 'fellow of infinite jest,' after whom their departed companion had called himself, and by whose name he was familiarly known among his associates. 'Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar?' The world for which Yorick had lived, and the inevitable hour which showed its vanity, were never brought into closer juxtaposition. He was privately interred in the burial-ground of St. George, Hanover Square, with no memento to mark the spot, which drew four lines from Garrick, complaining of a reproach that he took no steps to remove:—

‘Shall Pride a heap of sculptured marble raise,  
Some worthless, unmourn’d, titled fool to praise,  
And shall we not by one poor grave-stone learn  
Where Genius, Wit, and Humour sleep with Sterne?’

A couple of ignorant and vain-glorious freemasons at last came forward to supply the omission. They erected a plain headstone, with a paltry inscription, purporting that, ‘although Sterne did not live to be a member of their society, yet as his all-incomparable performances evidently proved him to have acted by rule and square, they rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after ages.’ His grave had better have remained undistinguished than been desecrated by this ridiculously false and offensively patronising epitaph.

The debts of Sterne amounted to eleven hundred pounds, his effects sold for four hundred, and his widow undertook the impossible task of discharging the difference out of a small estate of 40/- per annum, which was all that remained to her. Eight hundred pounds were collected for her in the race-week at York,

\* We are indebted for this account of Sterne's death to a passage from 'The Life of a Footman, or the Travels of James Macdonald,' quoted by Mr. Forster, with the statement that the book is based on facts undoubtedly authentic, in his recently published 'Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith,' which contains more delightful information, personal, literary, and anecdotal, than was ever, we believe, brought together before. Though these volumes are called a second edition, they are more than double the bulk of the original work, and, both in interest and execution, immeasurably superior. They are strictly what the title-pages promise—the history of Goldsmith's times as well as of his life, and the vast variety of knowledge they contain is only surpassed by the skill with which it is grouped, and the charm with which it is told.

and she raised a small additional sum by the subscriptions she obtained to some posthumous sermons and by the sale of the copyright. Wilkes and Hall Stevenson engaged to write a Life of poor Yorick for her benefit, and Miss Sterne addressed them some piteous letters, urging them, on the ground of the pecuniary distress of herself and her mother, to keep a promise, which they never performed. They may have felt on reflection that there was little to tell except faults and follies, which even his boon companions had too much sense to perpetuate. It was Miss Sterne herself, then become Mrs. Medalle, who in 1775 did the most to discredit her father's memory by publishing his correspondence. In one of her communications to Wilkes, she states that she and her mother are reluctant to display the letters to the world, but that if there is no other method of raising money they will send them to the press. Mrs. Sterne was dead when they appeared; and though her daughter pleaded her authority for the publication, it is in terms which do not amount to a permission to print the passages that tarnished the writer's name. What were the circumstances of Mrs. Medalle at the time is unknown. It is not likely that she was utterly destitute; and even if she had sold her father's reputation for bread, it would have been no justification of the crime.

Sterne was tall, thin, and pale. His face, he tells us, was as remarkable as his character, and the fine portrait of him by Reynolds attests the truth of the description. The countenance is eminently indicative of mirth and wit, but an unmistakeable and painful expression of evil mingles with the fun. He was beyond all question a profane and profligate man. M. Walcke-naer, who wrote the sketch of him in the *Biographie Universelle*, was told in England by several persons who had known Sterne, or his friends, that he was by nature selfish, and altogether a stranger to the sensibility so conspicuous in his writings. It is certain, however, that his feelings were quick and easily moved. La Fleur testifies that he sobbed aloud at the tale of the love-lorn Maria, and that he relieved, as well as pitied, the wretched objects he met in his travels. These casual acts of charity are no extenuation of his general conduct; and the proof that he was possessed of a sensitive mind only increases the guilt of defying its dictates. His highest aim in existence was

‘ To play the trifle life away;’

and without the least regard to character, or duty, he followed the impulse of the moment, whatever it might be. His mirth was moulded on the maxim, ‘ Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;’ his tenderness evaporated in love-making; his liberality mainly

mainly expended itself in sensual extravagance. His affection for his daughter, which is the best trait we know of him, was not sufficient to induce him to lay by a single sixpence for her provision out of the many hundreds he received for his works. 'If I live,' he wrote to her in 1766, 'the produce of my pen shall be yours. If fate reserves me not that, the humane and good, part for thy father's sake, part for thy own, will never abandon thee.' The virtue of such resolutions is in the performance. Had he been of the number of the 'humane and good,' his sole legacy to his daughter would not have consisted of a recommendation to the bounty of better men than himself.

'Nothing odd,' said Dr. Johnson in 1776, 'will do long. Tristram Shandy did not last.' The sensation it excited upon its first appearance of necessity died away, and much which attracted by its novelty at the beginning grew repulsive in the end; but the entire library of fiction contains no more delightful pages, and none which bear a more palpable impress of genius, than many which are to be found in 'Tristram Shandy.' Dr. Johnson, nevertheless, was not of the party who denied the talents of the author. He called him '*the man Sterne*', out of contempt for his character, but upon Goldsmith adding that he was 'a very dull fellow,' he was met by an emphatic 'Why, no, Sir,' from the dictator. Once, however, when Miss Monckton, afterwards Countess of Corke, was insisting that there were pathetic passages in Sterne, Johnson bluntly denied it. 'I am sure,' said she, 'they have affected me.' 'Why that,' replied the Doctor smiling, and rolling himself about, 'is because, dearest, you're a dunce.' When this lively lady, who was an especial favourite with him, reminded him afterwards of the speech, he answered, 'Madam, if I had thought so, I certainly should not have said it.' He probably thought as little what he asserted in disparagement of Sterne, and only spoke out of a spirit of contradiction. Goldsmith, who, we fear, read 'Tristram Shandy' with jealous eyes, was sincere in his censure. He attacked the work for its indecency in his 'Chinese Letters,' which would have been to his honour, if he had not as strenuously denied its ability, and called the author 'a blockhead.' Dr. Farmer rated the wit and pathos of Sterne no higher than he estimated the scholarship of Shakspeare. He begged one B. N. Turner to mark his words, and remember he had predicted that, in twenty years from that period (1763), the man who wished to refer to 'Tristram Shandy' would have to inquire for it of an antiquary. This, says the reporter in 1818, has proved truly prophetic. B. N. Turner must have measured the light of the world by the darkness of his burrow. The standard edition of Sterne's works had never failed to

to be reprinted at short intervals, and was again reproduced in 1819, a year after the prophecy had been completely fulfilled. The antiquaries may be permitted an exclusive property in Dr. Farmer, but, if they have a partiality for Sterne, they must be content to share him with the whole literary world. We wish that the defilement which stains the inside of his volumes was no greater than the dust which has gathered on the covers, or was as easily wiped away. One candid and admirable judge, to whose authority no exception can be taken, agreed with Goldsmith and Farmer: Sir James Mackintosh used to speak of his low opinion of Sterne as his single literary heresy,—a heresy for which we can only suggest the insufficient explanation that the extravagances of some parts had blinded him to the wonderful merit of others. It would be endless to enumerate the opposing testimonies. Paley used to say that to read ‘Tristram Shandy’ was the *summum bonum* of life.

The leading idea of Sterne was to represent his characters enthusiastic in pursuits which, either from their eccentric nature, or the disproportionate attention they engaged, appear ridiculous to ordinary people. In the phrase which he himself has engrafted into the English language, his principal personages had each their ‘hobbyhorse.’ Of all the creations of this description, Don Quixote is, perhaps, the first in time, and, beyond question, is the first in excellence. Sterne, while avowing that he took Cervantes for his model, did not attempt a feeble copy of an imitable original. He borrowed the conception of a man mastered by a fantastic passion, and gave it an application thoroughly novel. Uncle Toby is the happiest delineation in the group, and in accounting for his propensities Sterne has even outdone Cervantes. The madness of Don Quixote is beyond the limits of nature. That he should have heated his imagination with reading books of chivalry is sufficiently probable; that he should have resolved to imitate the heroes he worshipped is no incredible consequence: but that he should mistake windmills for giants, and flocks of sheep for armies; that he should act steadily upon such suppositions and never deviate from his delusion, exceeds, we believe, all the flights of insanity which are yet upon record. But grant Cervantes his premises, and nothing can be more truthful than his mode of applying them. Though Don Quixote is only crazed upon a single point, it is a point which affects the whole system of his life. In the complication of the poor knight’s acts and speeches, Cervantes draws the line between sense and lunacy with admirable skill; and the extravagances which the Don commits, and the rational sentiments which he utters, are never out of keeping. There is a consistency

sistency in his behaviour, relatively to the conditions which are stated at starting, most difficult to contrive and most unerringly preserved. Modern campaigns are to Uncle Toby what knight-errantry was to Don Quixote. Captain Shandy, however, is sane. His imagination has not got the better of his senses, and if his military enthusiasm almost rivals the chivalrous frenzy of Don Quixote, it is due to disease of the body instead of the mind. The genius of our author, often wild and wayward, has here displayed an exquisite tact, which becomes strikingly apparent when we disentangle the character from the rhapsodies and digressions in which Sterne has involved it.

Uncle Toby was wounded at the siege of Namur in his groin by a piece of stone splintered off from the fortifications. He returned to England, and a succession of exfoliations from the injured bones confined him to his room. His brother, with whom he was housed, conducted every visitor to his apartment that they might assist to beguile the anguish of the wound and the tedium of the confinement. The conversation naturally turned upon the accident, and the mode in which he met with it. From thence Uncle Toby proceeded to speak of the siege, and having no ideas which were not professional, he soon grew copious upon this single topic. The more he was minute the less lucid he became. He got so entangled in the technicalities of the fortifications, and in the dykes and streams of the surrounding country, that he lost himself and bewildered his hearers. The thought struck him to procure a military map for the illustration of his lecture, and the map again suggested an expansion of the scheme. He had before descanted chiefly upon that portion of the siege of which he was the eye-witness and the hero; he now purchased books to enable him to develope the entire history. Every taste of the spring increased the longing for a deeper draught. He bought plans of other towns, and more books to teach the art of attacking and defending them. Disabled for ever, without a possibility of turning his acquisitions to account, he was yet so entranced in his studies that he grudged to shave or change his shirt, and constantly forgot his dinner, his wound, and the world. The next stage to which he rode his hobby-horse brought him to the point which completed his happiness and gave piquancy to his character.

The maps, books, and instruments of Uncle Toby had outgrown his table. He ordered Corporal Trim to bespeak another twice the size, and the Corporal replied by expressing a hope that his honour would soon be well enough to leave London for his little estate in the country. There, upon a rood and a half of ground, Trim could execute a model of the fortifications, while

Uncle Toby sat in the sun and directed the works. The capabilities of the scheme developed themselves on the instant in the good enthusiast's brain. 'Trim,' said he, with a face crimson with joy, 'thou hast said enough.' But Trim enlarged on the hint. 'Say no more,' exclaimed the enraptured Captain, and the proud Corporal continued his discourse on the pleasures and advantages of the plan. 'Say no more,' reiterated Uncle Toby; and as often as he repeated the phrase, no cheers that ever greeted orator could have afforded equal encouragement to Trim to proceed in his harangue. Unable to contain himself, the Captain leaped upon his sound leg, thrust a guinea into Trim's hand, and bid him bring up supper directly. Supper came, but Uncle Toby could not eat. 'Get me,' he said, 'to bed; but Uncle Toby could not sleep. A delicious waking dream had filled his imagination, and absorbed all his faculties, mental and corporeal.

Hitherto Uncle Toby had borne his wound and imprisonment without a murmur. From the time he was fairly mounted on his hobby he had grown quite indifferent to his groin, except that he disliked the interruption of having it dressed; but on the morning which succeeded his supperless and sleepless night, he remonstrated with the surgeon on the protraction of the cure. With much pathos, and at great length, he expatiated upon the misery of four years of captivity, and declared, that unless for his brother's tenderness he must have sunk beneath the load. Uncle Toby was without guile; he understood no artifice, and would have disdained to practise it. He was the dupe of his own exaggeration when he applied to the whole of his sickness the feelings of impatience which were barely twelve hours old. His brother wept; the surgeon was petrified. For a man who never once had breathed a complaint, who seldom inquired after the wound, or concerned himself about the answer, suddenly to sum up into one grand total all the items of a four years' account was embarrassing in the extreme. When the surgeon was sufficiently collected to speak, he promised the Captain a speedy recovery, and named five or six weeks. To the feverish longing of the patient weeks and ages were the same. He determined inwardly to take the field without delay, and his mode of executing the resolve is an example of Sterne's delicate discrimination of character.

Uncle Toby was without a misgiving upon the importance of his pursuit, but he was sensible that the world was not upon his side. To relinquish a sick chamber at the risk of exasperating an ugly wound, and take a tedious journey into the country for the purpose of digging mimic fortifications in his garden, was what

what he could justify to no understanding besides the Corporal's and his own. He therefore decided to elope. A chariot and four was ordered for twelve o'clock when his brother was at the Exchange, and with his books, maps, instruments, and dressings, a pioneer's spade, a shovel and a pickaxe, he set off full speed to Shandy Hall. The whole vigour of his mind being directed to the toy in the bowling-green, his inventive faculties were continually suggesting some extension of the works. Now he bethought himself of providing batteries of miniature cannon, now of throwing a drawbridge over the ditch he called a moat, now of procuring a number of doll-houses, constructed according to the system of architecture prevalent abroad, and which he arranged in the form of whatever city was besieged by the allies. The war was carried on at Shandy in rigorous imitation of the war on the continent. When Marlborough dug a trench, Uncle Toby furrowed his bowling-green; when Marlborough opened his batteries, Uncle Toby's cannon kept up a ceaseless pop; and when Marlborough effected a breach, Uncle Toby's works met with a similar catastrophe. Between pulling everything to pieces in taking one town, and putting them together again preparatory to besieging another, the Captain was in a perpetual heat of excitement and delight; and having arrived at that pitch of fervour in which no suspicion of the futility of his proceedings ever troubled his pleasure, he had all the animation and pride of conquest without its dangers and fatigues.

The character of Uncle Toby is thus evolved naturally out of the circumstances in which he is placed, and has the merits so hard to unite of being as original as any monstrosity of the imagination, and as truthful as any transcript from commonplace life. He may be purely a creation of fancy, and may never have had an original, but he acts according to verified laws of the mind, and is like the countenance in an historical picture, which may resemble no one that ever lived, and yet be a perfect type of humanity.

The eccentricity, which is only laughable, raises no respect. One of the triumphs of the novelist's art is to dignify the ludicrous element by noble traits without breaking in upon the consistency of the character. Cervantes, who must certainly have been a delighted devourer of the books he satirized, and who employed his reason to make a jest of his tastes, has displayed much of this blending skill. In reducing the rhodomontade of fiction to a rule of conduct, the knight of La Mancha outchivalries chivalry. His romantic daring which no disasters can abate, his fortitude under suffering, his lofty principles, his generous zeal in the cause of the oppressed, qualify our laughter

with a compassionate respect. Sterne has redeemed his hero from farcical contempt—nay, has rendered him far more loveable than ridiculous, by combining with his professional whims an exquisitely winning benignity of disposition. A warmer and gentler heart than that which inspired the martial courage and enthusiasm of Uncle Toby never beat in a bosom, nor could any one have surpassed the author of *Tristram Shandy* in the taste and judgment with which he has portrayed the union of meek and manly qualities. There is nothing sickly, affected, or ostentatious. Uncle Toby's benevolence sits as natural upon him as his bravery. 'There never,' says Corporal Trim, 'was a better officer in the king's army, or a better man in God's world.'

The attendants of Don Quixote and Uncle Toby differ even more than their respective leaders. Two persons could not be represented as both insane upon the point of knight-errantry, nor could the Don's delusion have been so humorously exposed with a sympathising as with a dissimilar associate. Cervantes has, therefore, availed himself of the power of contrast;—selfishness and disinterestedness, cowardice and courage, gross sense and wild fancy, are brought out with augmented force from their unceasing collision. It is solely the credulity of ignorance which keeps Sancho Panza in the train of Don Quixote. He is sufficiently aware of many of the knight's misconceptions to be always laughing at him in his sleeve; but he is imposed upon by the higher flights of his master's extravagance; and, when he listens to his rhapsodical discourses, and witnesses his deeds of frantic daring, he is constrained to credit his pretensions. Trim, instead of being the opposite, is, in his notions, the duplicate of Uncle Toby. Every fresh access of the captain's military fever infected the corporal in a like degree; and, indeed, they keep up a mutual excitement, which renders both more eager in the pursuit than either would have been without the other. Yet, with an identity of disposition, the character of the common soldier is nicely discriminated from that of the officer. His whole carriage bears traces of the drill-yard, which are wanting in his superior. Under the name of a servant he is in reality a companion, and he is a delightful mixture of familiarity in the essence, and the most deferential respect in forms. Of his simplicity and humanity it is enough to say that he was worthy to walk behind his master.

The crude conception of the character of Uncle Toby's brother is clearly borrowed from that of the elder Scriblerus, but it is worked out with a dramatic skill to which the original has no pretension. Mr. Shandy had been formerly a Turkey merchant, and, from reading antiquated books in the intervals of business, had

had got his mind imbued with obsolete fancies and theories. To lose himself in these idle and intricate speculations, to urge them upon others, to apply them to the actual affairs of life, has become the single thought of his existence. A considerable amount of shrewdness and humour mingle with his absurdity. A leading article of his creed is, that the characters of mankind are influenced by their Christian names. 'Your son,' he would say to those that maintained that names were a matter of indifference, 'your dear son, from whose sweet and open temper you have so much to expect,—your Billy, Sir,—would you for the world have called him *Judas*?' 'I never,' adds Steine, 'knew a man able to answer this argument.' Though by native disposition a benevolent person, the kindness of Mr. Shandy never stands in the way of his systems. He has no more feeling on such occasions than the withered mummies of the ages from which he has fetched not a few of his notions; for his fantastical ideas are paramount above all things, and a good heart has been entirely vanquished by a maggoty head. He has a notion, supported by plausible reasoning, that the Cæsarean operation was favourable to the geniæ of the child. 'He mentioned the thing one afternoon to my mother, merely as a matter of fact; but seeing her turn as pale as ashes at the very mention of it, as much as the operation flattered his hopes, he thought it as well to say no more of it, contenting himself with admiring what he thought was to no purpose to propose.' Mrs. Shandy, in the question, is nothing more to him than a *corpus vile*. Sterne explains that his design in the character was to laugh learned dunces out of countenance. In this respect the satire is a failure. The speculations of Mr. Shandy are too remote from ordinary pedantry for the cap to fit. He must be considered as *sui generis*, an exceptional eccentricity; and, thus viewed, the portrait is conceived with infinite humour and tact.

The brothers have retired to their ancestral village, where they pass their lives together, and the action of one upon the other is managed with wonderful address. They both ride their hobby-horses incessantly, but it is in parallel lines, which never meet at a single point, or rather, they proceed in opposite directions and are constantly coming into collision. The elder Mr. Shandy can never get above a step or two in a demonstration before the use of a word, which is common to civil and military affairs, carries Uncle Toby off into a professional digression; and Uncle Toby's martial harangues are, in like manner, cut short by Mr. Shandy's scholastic commentaries. In general the captain looks upon his brother's abstruse speculations as beyond his comprehension, and contents himself with occasionally whistling

tling Lilibulero when something is advanced which shocks his common sense. Mr. Shandy, on the other hand, holds Uncle Toby's military mania in complete contempt, laughs at it when he is in good humour, and inveighs against it when he is in bad. The blending quality which binds these unsympathising enthusiasts into social and fraternal harmony is a benevolence of soul, in which again the dispositions of the brothers are nicely distinguished, for, while the heart of the captain overflows with affection, the modified return which Mr. Shandy makes to it is not so much spontaneous as generated by the excess of the quality in Uncle Toby. The strokes with which the portraits are drawn are altogether so deep and yet so delicate, so truthful and yet so novel, so simple in the outline, and yet so varied in the details, so laughable and yet so winning, that we question if, out of Shakspeare, there is a single character in English fiction depicted with greater or even equal power.

It was part of Sterne's scheme for the ridicule of pedantry, that all Mr. Shandy's notions should be thwarted, and the very opposite of what he wished ensue. He believed in the virtue of a substantial nose, upon which some old nonsensical writers have descended, and the first incident in young Tristram's history is that he suffers depredation in this essential part:—

‘ Prithee, Trim, said my father, who's in the kitchen ?

‘ There is no one soul in the kitchen, answered Trim, making a low bow as he spoke, except Dr. Slop.

‘ Why, I thought Dr. Slop had been above stairs with my wife, and so said you. What can the fellow be puzzling about in the kitchen ?

‘ He is busy, an' please your honour, replied Trim, in making a bridge.

‘ Tis very obliging in him, quoth my Uncle Toby, whose mind reverted at the word to the fortifications in the bowling-green; pray give my humble service to Dr. Slop, Trim, and tell him I thank him heartily.

‘ This unfortunate draw-bridge of yours, quoth my father,—

‘ God bless your honour, cried Trim, 'tis a bridge for master's nose. In bringing him into the world with his vile instruments, he has crushed his nose, Susannah says, as flat as a pancake, to his face, and he is making a false bridge with a pi'ee of cotton and a thin piece of whalebone out of Susannah's stays, to raise it up.

‘ Lead me, brother Toby, cried my father, to my room this instant.’

The grand affair of the name comes next, and it is only necessary to premise that Mr. Shandy thinks Trismegistus the most propitious name in the world, and Tristram the least:—

‘ Then reach me my breeches off the chair, said my father to Susannah.

‘ There is not a moment's time to dress you, Sir, cried Susannah. Bless, me, Sir, the child's in a fit.

‘ And

‘ And where’s Mr. Yorick ?

‘ Never where he should be, said Susannah, but his curate’s in the dressing-room with the child upon his arm, waiting for the name, and my mistress bid me run as fast as I could to know, as Captain Shandy is the godfather, whether it should not be called after him ?

‘ Were one sure, said my father to himself, scratching his eye-brow, that the child was expiring, one might as well compliment my brother Toby as not, and it would be a pity, in such a case, to throw away so great a name as Trismegistus upon him. But he may recover,—no, no, said my father to Susannah, I’ll get up.

‘ There is no time, cried Susannah, the child is as black as my shoe.

‘ *Trismegistus*, said my father. But stay, thou art a leaky vessel, Susannah, added my father, canst thou carry Trismegistus in thy head the length of the gallery without scattering ?

‘ Can I ? cried Susannah, shutting the door in a huff.

‘ If she can I’ll be shot, said my father, bouncing out of bed in the dark, and groping for his breeches.

‘ Susannah ran with all speed along the gallery. My father made all possible speed to find his breeches. Susannah got the start, and kept it.

‘ ‘Tis *Tris* something, cried Susannah.

‘ There is no Christian name in the world, said the curate, beginning with *Tris*, but *Tristram*.

‘ Then it is *Tristram-gistus*, quoth Susannah.

‘ There is no *gistus* to it, noodle ! ‘tis my own name, replied the curate, dipping his hand, as he spoke, into the basin. *Tristram*, said he, etc., etc., etc. So *Tristram* was I called, and *Tristram* shall I be, to the day of my death.

‘ My father followed Susannah, with his night-gown across his arm, with nothing more than his breeches on. She has not forgot the name, cried my father, half opening the door.

‘ No, no, said the curate, with a tone of intelligence.

‘ And the child is better, cried Susannah.’

It is morning, and Mr. Shandy and Uncle Toby have just come down stairs,—

‘ If my wife will but venture him, brother Toby, Trismegistus shall be dressed and brought down to us whilst you and I are getting our breakfasts together. Go, tell Susannah, Obadiah, to step here.

‘ She is run up stairs, answered Obadiah, this very instant, sobbing, and crying, and wringing her hands as if her heart would break.

‘ We shall have a rafe month of it, said my father, turning his head from Obadiah, and looking wistfully in my Uncle Toby’s face for some time. And what’s the matter, Susannah ?

‘ They have called the child *Tristram*, and my mistress is just got out of an hysterick fit about it. No ! ‘tis not my fault, said Susannah. I told him it was *Tristram-gistus*.

‘ Make tea for yourself, brother Toby, said my father, taking down his hat, but how different from the sallies and agitations of voice and members

members which a common reader would imagine ; for he spake in the sweetest modulation, and took down his hat with the genteest movement of limbs, that ever affliction harmonised and attuned together.

‘ Go to the bowling-green for corporal Trim, said my Uncle Toby, speaking to Obadiah, as soon as my father left the room.’

The nature is as perfect as the humour. The disconsolate exit of Mr. Shandy leaves the course clear for the captain to ride his own hobby, and it is with this thought in his mind that he sends for Trim into the parlour to talk over with him, as he breakfasts, the operations in the bowling-green. The corporal has his reasons for supposing that he is summoned on a different account, and the dialogue opens with that ludicrous misconception of each other’s meaning, which is a favourite species of humour with Sterne.

‘ Your honour, said Trim, shutting the parlour-door before he began to speak, has heard, I imagine, of this unlucky accident.

‘ O yes, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and it gives me great concern.

‘ I am heartily concerned too, but I hope your honour, replied Trim, will do me the justice to believe that it was not in the least owing to me.

‘ To thee, Trim ! cried my uncle Toby, looking kindly in his face ; twas Susannah’s and the curate’s folly betwixt them.

‘ What business could they have together, an’ please your honour, in the garden ?

‘ In the gallery thou meanest, replied my uncle Toby.

‘ Trim found he was upon a wrong scent, and stopped short with a low bow. Two misfortunes, quoth the corporal to himself, are twice as many at least as are needful to be talked over at one time. The mischief the cow has done in breaking into the fortifications may be told his honour hereafter. Trim’s casuistry and address, under the cover of his low bow, prevented all suspicion in my uncle Toby, so he went on with what he had to say to Trim as follows. \*

‘ For my own part, Trim, though I can see little or no difference betwixt my nephew’s being called Tristram or Trismegistus, yet as the thing sits so near my brother’s heart, Trim, I would freely have given a hundred pounds rather than it should have happened.

‘ A hundred pounds ! an’ please your honour, replied Trim. I would not give a cherry-stone to boot.

‘ Nor would I, Trim, upon my own account, quoth my uncle Toby ; but my brother, whom there is no arguing with in this case, maintains that a great deal more depends, Trim, upon christian-names than what ignorant people imagine, for he says there never was a great or heroic action performed since the world began by one called Tristram ; nay, he will have it, Trim, that a man can neither be learned, or wise, or brave.

‘ ‘Tis all fancy, an’ please your honour. I fought just as well when the regiment called me Trim, as when they called me James Butler.\*

‘ And

\* ‘ I must here inform you,’ says Sterne when first introducing Trim to the reader, ‘ that this servant of my uncle Toby’s had been a corporal in my uncle’s

‘And for my own part, said my uncle Toby, though I should blush to boast of it myself, Trim, yet had my name been Alexander, I could have done no more at Namur than my duty.

‘Bless your honour! cried Trim, advancing three steps as he spoke, does a man think of his christian-name when he goes upon the attack?

‘Or when he stands in the trench, Trim? cried my uncle Toby, looking firm.

‘Or when he enters a breach? said Trim, pushing in between two chairs.

‘Or forces the lines? cried my uncle, rising up, and pushing his crutch like a pike.

‘Or facing a platoon? cried Trim, presenting his stick like a firelock.

‘Or when he marches up the glacis? cried my uncle Toby, looking warni, and setting his foot upon the stool.’

The easy way in which uncle Toby and Trim make the mania of Mr. Shandy glide into their own is exquisitely managed. But the entire passage is a dramatic masterpiece. The next great event in the family is the death of Mr. Shandy’s eldest son. ‘Philosophy,’ remarks Sterne, ‘has a fine saying for everything. For Death it has an entire set.’ The memory of Mr. Shandy is stored with all the commonplaces of the ancients on the subject, and the opportunity of delivering them swallows up the grief for the loss of his heir. ‘The pleasure of the harangue was as ten, and the pain of the misfortune but as five. My father gained half in half, and consequently was as well again off as if it had never befallen him.’

‘Returning out of Asia,’ says Mr. Shandy in the course of his funeral oration, ‘when I sailed from Aegina towards Megara (*when can this have been? thought my uncle Toby*), I began to view the country round about. Aegina was behind me, Megara was before, Pyraeus on the right hand, Corinth on the left. What flourishing towns now prostrate upon the earth! Alas! alas! said I to myself, that man should disturb his soul for the loss of a child, when so much as this lies awfully buried in his presence.

‘Now my uncle Toby knew not that this last paragraph was an extract of Servius Sulpicius’s consolatory letter to Tully, and as my father, whilst he was concerned in the Turkey trade, had been three or four different times in the Levant, my uncle Toby naturally concluded, that in some one of these periods he had taken a trip across the Archipelago into Asia; and that all this sailing affair with Aegina behind, and Megara before, and Pyraeus on the right hand, was nothing more than the true course of my father’s voyage and reflections.

‘And pray, brother, quoth my uncle Toby, laying the end of his own company. His real name was James Butler, but, having got the nickname of Trim in the regiment, my uncle Toby, unless when he happened to be very angry with him, would never call him by any other name.’ The ‘unless when he happened to be very angry with him’ is one of those quiet strokes of nature in which Sterne excels.

pipe upon my father's hand in a kindly way of interruption, but waiting till he finished the account, what year of our Lord was this?

‘ ‘Twas no year of our Lord, replied my father.

‘ That's impossible, cried my uncle Toby.

‘ Simpleton! said my father, ‘twas forty years before Christ was born.

‘ My uncle Toby had but two things for it; either to suppose his brother to be the wandering Jew, or that his misfortunes had disordered his brain. May the Lord of heaven and earth protect him and restore him! said my uncle Toby, praying silently for my father, and with tears in his eyes. My father placed the tears to a proper account, and went on with his harangue with great spirit.’

The door is a-jar, and Mrs. Shandy overhearing the declamation of her husband stops to listen—‘ I have friends, I have relations, I have three desolate children, says Socrates.’—‘ Then, cried my mother, entering as she spoke, you have one more, Mr. Shandy, than I know of.’ ‘ By heaven! I have one less, said my father, getting up and walking out of the room.’ While Mr. Shandy is dealing out the choice morsels from Seneca and Cicero in the parlour, Trim is preaching a far more effective sermon in the kitchen. The servants consider the death under various aspects as it personally affects each, till the real feeling of the corporal masters the selfish instincts of their hearts, and compels them to pay the tribute due to mortality.

‘ My young master in London is dead! said Obadiah.

‘ A green satin night-gown of my mother's, which had been twice scoured, was the first idea which Obadiah's exclamation brought into Susannah's head. Well might Locke write a chapter upon the imperfections of words.

‘ Then, quoth Susannah, we must all go into mourning.

‘ But note a second time—the word *mourning*, notwithstanding Susannah made use of it herself, failed also of doing its office. It excited not one single idea, tinged either with grey or black. All was green,—the green satin night-gown hung there still.

‘ We had a fat, foolish scullion. My father, I think, kept her for her simplicity. She had been all autumn struggling with a dropsy.

‘ He is dead, said Obadiah, he is certainly dead!

‘ So am not I, said the foolish scullion.

‘ Here is sad news, Trim, cried Susannah, wiping her eyes, as Trim stepped into the kitchen. Master Bobby is dead and buried—the funeral was an interpolation of Susannah's—we shall all go into mourning.

‘ I hope not, said Trim.

‘ You hope not! cried Susannah earnestly.

‘ The mourning ran not in Trim's head, whatever it did in Susannah's. I hope, said he, explaining himself, I hope in God the news is not true.

‘ I heard the letter read with my own ears, answered Obadiah; and we shall have a terrible piece of work of it in stubbing the Ox-moor.

‘ Oh!

‘ Oh ! he’s dead, said Susannah.  
‘ As sure, said the scullion, as I’m alive.’

Mr. Shandy’s aunt Dinah had left him a legacy of a thousand pounds. He had a thousand schemes for expending it, the two favourite being to send his son to travel, and to bring into cultivation a large unenclosed piece of ground, attached to his estate, called the Ox-moor. Obadiah had constantly heard his master debating which of these projects deserved the preference, and as death had finally decided the matter, the decease of Master Bobby presents no other idea to the servant of all-work than a vision of laborious days in breaking up the stubborn moor. But it is now that Trim turns the current of their thoughts.

‘ He was alive last Whitsuntide ! said the coachman.

‘ Whitsuntide ! alas, cried Trim, extending his right arm, what is Whitsuntide, Jonathan (for that was the coachman’s name), or Shrovetide, or any tide or time past, to this ? Are we not here now, continued the Corporal, striking the end of his stick perpendicularly upon the floor, so as to give an idea of health and stability, and are we not—dropping his hat upon the ground—gone in a moment !

‘ Twas infinitely striking ! Susannah burst into a flood of tears. We are not stocks and stones—Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook-maid all melted. The foolish fat scullion herself, who was scouring a fish-kettle upon her knees, was roused with it. The whole kitchen crowded about the Corporal. There was nothing in the sentence. ‘ Twas one of your self-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day, and if Trim had not trusted more to his hat than to his head he had made nothing of it.

‘ Are we not here now, continued the Corporal, and are we not—dropping his hat plump upon the ground, and pausing before he pronounced the word—gone in a moment !

‘ The descent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it. Nothing could have expressed the sentiment of mortality, of which it was the type and forerunner, like it. His hand seemed to vanish from under it ;—it fell dead ;—the Corporal’s eye fixed upon it as upon a corpse ;—and Susannah burst into a flood of tears.

‘ Trim took his hat off the ground, put it upon his head, and then went on with his oration upon death in manner and form following :—

‘ To us, Jonathan, who know not what want or care is, who live here in the service of two of the best of masters,—I own it, that from Whitsuntide to within three weeks of Christmas,—’tis not long, ’tis like nothing ; but to those, Jonathan, who know what death is, and what havoc and destruction he can make before a man can well wheel about, ’tis like a whole age. O, Jonathan ! ’twould make a good-natured man’s heart bleed to consider, continued the Corporal, standing perpendicularly, how low many a brave and upright fellow has been laid since that time ! And trust me, Susy, added the Corporal, turning to

to Susannah, whose eyes were swimming in water, before that time comes round again many a bright eye will be dim.

‘Susannah placed it to the right side of the page. She wept, but she courtseyed too.

‘Are we not, continued Trim, looking still at Susannah, are we not like a flower of the field?

‘A tear of pride stole in betwixt every two tears of humiliation, else no tongue could have described Susannah’s affliction.

‘Is not all flesh grass? ’Tis clay, ’tis dirt.

‘They all looked directly at the scullion. The scullion had just been scouring a fish-kettle. It was not fair.

‘What is the finest face that ever man looked at?

‘I could hear Trim talk so for ever, cried Susannah.

‘What is it! (Susannah laid her hand upon Trim’s shoulder)—but corruption? Susannah took it off.’

No novelist has surpassed Sterne in the vividness of his descriptions, none have eclipsed him in the art of selecting and grouping the details of his finished scenes. And yet, next to Shakspeare, he is the author who leaves the most to the imagination of the reader. ‘A true feeler,’ he says in one of his letters, ‘always brings half the entertainment along with him; his own ideas are only called forth by what he reads, and the vibrations within him entirely correspond with those excited. ’Tis like reading himself, and not the book.’ Acting upon this admirable principle, he has the courage to leave the subtlest traits to produce their own effect. His work is full of interior meanings which escape the mind on a rapid perusal, and the interest is sustained, and the admiration increased, by the innumerable beauties which keep rising into view the longer we linger over it. It is a kindred merit that he excels in painting by single strokes. ‘I have left Trim my bowling-green, cried my Uncle Toby,’ to give one instance out of a hundred. ‘My father smiled. I have left him, moreover, a pension, continued my Uncle Toby. My father looked grave.’ But whatever rare quality Sterne possesses, he is sure to be conspicuous for the opposite defect. With all this abstinence from explanatory comment at one time, he indulges in it to excess at another. He constantly takes upon himself to act the part of a showman, and disagreeably reminds us that the characters are his puppets. It is the same with his style. It is frequently deformed by insufferable affectation; and then, again, is remarkable for its purity, its ease, its simplicity, and its elegance. The composition of the inimitable story of Le Fever is only second to its pathos. The marble leaves, the blank chapters, the false numbering of the pages to indicate that a portion is torn away, are, with a hundred puerilities, only so many proofs that it is possible for great genius to be combined with

with equal folly. His propensity to provoke curiosity for the mere pleasure of balking it, by running off into digressions, is a sorry jest unworthy a man of wit, and which, however much it might amuse the writer, excites no hilarity in the reader.

Sterne pretends in one of his volumes that there are no personalities in his work. 'I'll tread upon no one, quoth I to myself when I mounted. I'll take a good rattling gallop; but I'll not hurt the poorest jack-ass upon the road.' He has confessed the contrary in his letters, and Dr. Ferriar has proved that Dr. Slop had an original in Dr. Burton, a man-midwife at York, who, in the rebellion of 1745, was committed to jail, on suspicion of treason, by the uncle of Sterne. The Doctor of Medicine published a furious pamphlet against the Doctor of Divinity, and though the nephew afterwards quarrelled with his uncle, he did not, it appears, forgive the enmities he had contracted under his auspices. His vengeance was tardy, but it was terrible. The annals of satire can furnish nothing more cutting and ludicrous than this consummate portrait, so farcical and yet apparently so free from caricature. A book upon his art was put forth by Dr. Burton in 1751, with engravings of the instruments of torture ridiculed by Sterne, and among others of the newly-invented forceps with which Slop breaks down the nose of Tristram, and crushes the knuckles of Uncle Toby to a jelly, in the attempt to demonstrate the virtues of the contrivance. The work was thought worthy of being translated into French twenty years afterwards, but Dr. Ferriar says 'that the whole composition is calculated to produce in unprofessional readers mingled sensations of ridicule and disgust.' The real Dr. Slop was a Papist, like his representative; and all the mockery and denunciation of Roman Catholicism in Tristram Shandy are blows aimed at the Jacobite midwife.

It is to Dr. Ferriar that we chiefly owe the detection of the plagiarisms in Tristram Shandy. He naturally made the most of his discovery; but we are surprised that Sir Walter Scott should have considered that the plumage of Sterne owed any of its brilliancy to his petty pilferings from birds of inferior feather. The whole of the pretended parallel passages would barely suffice to fill a dozen pages, and of these part are inapplicable, and others furnished nothing more than a hint. Of the rest the principal are quotations from the classics, and the charge here reduces itself to the fact that Sterne drew his learning from 'Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy' instead of from the originals. He has copied a few sentences of another description, which, besides that they do not amount on the whole to above one, or at most to two of our pages, had never been numbered even among his secondary

secondary beauties. The best of them is the complaint against copyists, and the singularity of his plagiarising an invective against plagiarism has contributed more than anything else to give point and currency to the charge. The appropriation of three or four paragraphs without acknowledgment may detract from his candour, but not from his genius. In everything which has made his fame,—in his characters, his style, his humour, his pathos, there is no more original writer in the world. Where he imitates most palpably, they are defects that he copies. His admiration of Rabelais, of whom Pope well said that he oscillated between some meaning and no meaning, can be evidently traced; but it is in the flights of folly which he mistook for fun.

Rabelais may have done him another disservice. He may have emboldened him to give loose to the indecorums which were engrained in his nature, and which are his greatest offence. If his plagiarisms are unscrupulous, the mischief stops with himself; if his nonsense is tedious, it is nevertheless harmless; but his licentiousness is an injury done to the world, and all the greater, that it is interwoven with beauties which will not suffer it to die. The apology so often raised in similar cases, that the latitude belongs to the age and not to the man, is usually pressed, it appears to us, much further than it deserves. It is enough to convict Swift that he was the contemporary of Addison—of Sterne that he was the contemporary of Goldsmith and Johnson. The Rambler had ten years the start of Tristram Shandy. It is true that Swift has preserved some of the witticisms of his Stella, which show that the ladies of the reign of Queen Ann admitted words into their vocabulary which in the reign of Queen Victoria could be heard only from the lowest dregs of womankind. It is true, as Mr. Forster tells us in a page of his Life of Goldsmith, which is stored with curious particulars on the subject, that Dr. Doddridge, a few years before Sterne commenced his literary career, ‘thought it no sin to read the *Wife of Bath’s Tale* to young Nancy Moore, and take his share in the laugh it raised.’ But the freedoms of social life have never been the standard of what is permissible in published works. It is a poor excuse for the Swifts and Sternes that they have selected the oral grossness of their day to write it upon brass, while the Addisons and Johnsons were perpetuating the refinement and urging the reformation of their age. The author of ‘Tristram Shandy’ shocked even his contemporaries, and his sole defence was to call his assailants prudes and hypocrites, which is the invariable argument of all such offenders against taste and morals. When the defendant has no case he abuses the plaintiff. He has paid a heavy and a merited penalty. The exquisite conceptions, breathing the purest spirit

spirit of benevolence, with which he was inspired by his better genius, would have rendered his name a household word; but the demon which tempted him to sully his page has been as injurious to his literary as to his moral reputation.

'The "Sentimental Journey,"' says M. Walckenaer, who only re-echoes the general opinion of his countrymen, 'is incomparably the best of Sterne's Works.' A preference so singular, and so wide of the truth, must proceed from an inability to appreciate the dramatic portions of 'Tristram Shandy,' which are, perhaps, too national to be comprehended by the French. The 'Sentimental Journey' has some beautiful passages which are familiar to everybody, but a capital defect pervades the whole, which is embodied in the fact that it has brought the word *sentimental* into discredit, and made it the standard epithet for feelings that are sickly and superficial. The elaborate effort to work up every scene for effect is painfully visible, and, in spite of touches of genuine pathos, the general impression left by the book is that it is affected, morbid, and hollow. Not all the artistic skill and power of composition will ever compensate with healthy minds for this want of nature. Many of the incidents may be suspected to be fictitious. His family crest, which was that of a starling, selected for the punning approximation of its French name *Estourneau* to Sterne, doubtless gave rise to the celebrated chapter in which the imprisoned bird is described as exclaiming to the passers-by 'I can't get out.' Starlings formerly shared the privilege of speech with parrots, and no one will forget the threat of Hotspur—

'Nay, I will have a starling taught to speak  
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him  
To keep his anger still in motion.'

The 'Sermons' of Sterne were admired by Gray. The infidelity which prevailed at the beginning of the eighteenth century decided, for a long course of years, the character of our divinity, which, to meet the evil, turned more upon the evidences than the doctrines of Christianity. The practice continued when the cause had ceased, and, being caught up from published sermons addressed to educated men, descended to country parishes, where the objections had never been felt and the refutation was not understood. Gray held that these logical displays, which had been, he said, in fashion from the time of the Revolution, were not suited to the pulpit. He thought that fancy and warmth of expression, chastened a little by the purity and severity of religion, would be more persuasive, and that the discourses of Yorick, which showed, in his opinion, a strong imagination and a sensible heart, were in the right direction. It may be gathered from

from a passage in the portion of 'Tristram Shandy' which followed close upon the first set of sermons, that what Gray esteemed a merit had been attacked as a defect. Sterne there magnifies the overflowings of the heart, and speaks with contempt of the divinity which comes from the head :—

'To preach,' he adds, 'to show the extent of our reading, or the subtleties of our wit, to parade in the eyes of the vulgar with the beggarly accounts of a little learning tinselled over with a few words which glitter, but convey little light and less warmth, is a dishonest use of the poor single half-hour in a week which is put into our hands. 'Tis not preaching the Gospel, but ourselves. For my own part,' continued Yorick, 'I had rather direct five words point-blank to the heart.'

'As Yorick pronounced the word *point-blank*, my Uncle Toby rose up to say something upon projectiles.

When Mr. Wickens, a respectable draper in Lichfield, produced to Johnson the sermons of Sterne, 'Sir,' said the Doctor, do you ever read any others?' On Mr. Wickens replying that he read Sherlock, Tillotson, and Beveridge, Dr. Johnson rejoined, 'Ay, *there*, Sir, you drink the cup of salvation to the bottom: here you have merely the froth from the surface.' Considered strictly as *sermons*, the estimate of them by Dr. Johnson is to our thinking juster than that of Gray. They contain very little of the doctrines of Christianity, nor is its morality set forth with fullness and precision. Their merit is in the occasional bursts of rhetoric, and in pretty sentiments very sweetly expressed. The charming protest against solitude is an example :—

'Let the torpid monk seek heaven comfortless and alone. God speed him! For my own part I fear I shquld never so find the way. Let me be wise and religious, but let me be man. Wherever thy Providence places me, or whatever be the road I take to get to Thee, give me some companion in my journey, be it only to remark to, how our shadows lengthen as the sun goes down; to whom I may say, "How fresh is the face of nature! How sweet the flowers of the field! How delicious are these fruits!"'

Cowper, the happier part of whose life is epitomized in these words, and who had practically more of the feeling they express than the genius who conceived them, attempted to compress the idea into verse, and marred it in the process :—

'I praise the Frenchman,\* his remark was shrewd,  
How sweet, how passing sweet, is solitude!  
But grant me still a friend in my retreat,  
Whom I may whisper—Solitude is sweet.'

The deceit practised upon Jacob by Laban in imposing Leah upon him in the place of Rachel, suggests some exquisite reflections :—

*‘And it came to pass in the morning, behold it was Leah ! and he said unto Laban, What is this that thou hast done unto me ? Did I not serve thee for Rachel ? Wherefore then hast thou beguiled me ?*

‘Listen, I pray you, to the stories of the disappointed in marriage, collect all their complaints, hear their mutual reproaches ; upon what fatal hinge do the greatest part of them turn ? “They were mistaken in the person.” Some disguise either of body or mind is seen through in the first domestic scuffle ; some fair ornament, perhaps the very one which won the heart—the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit—falls off. *It is not the Rachel for whom I have served, why hast thou then beguiled me ?* Be open, be honest ; give yourself for what you are ; conceal nothing, varnish nothing ; and, if these fair weapons will not do, better not conquer at all than conquer for a day. When the night is passed ’twill ever be the same story, *And it came to pass, behold it was Leah !*

‘If the heart beguiles itself in its choice, and imagination will give excellencies which are not the portion of flesh and blood ; when the dream is over, and we awake in the morning, it matters little whether ’tis Rachel or Leah. Be the object what it will, as it must be on the earthly side, at least, of perfection, it will fall short of the work of fancy, whose existence is in the clouds. In such cases of deception, let no man exclaim, as Jacob does in his, *What is it thou hast done unto me !* for ’tis his own doing, and he has nothing to lay his fault on, but the heat and poetic indiscretion of his own passions.’

In his sermon on Paul before Felix, after relating the apostle’s triumphant refutation of the Jews who accused him, Sterne breaks out into this fine exclamation :

‘There was, however, still one adversary in the court, though silent, yet not satisfied. Spare thy eloquence, Tertullus ! roll up the charge ! A more notable orator than thyself is risen up—’tis AVARICE, and that too in the most fatal place for the prisoner it could have taken possession of,—’tis in the heart of the man who judges him.’

He is treading on the confines which separate eloquence from bombast, but keeps within the boundary. His character of Shimei—which he considers to have been that of a time-server—is in more questionable taste, though still evincing an unusual power and felicity of expression :—

‘In every profession you see a Shimei following the wheels of the fortunate through thick mire and clay. Haste, Shimei ! haste ! or thou wilt be undone for ever. Shimei girdeth up his loins, and speedeth after him. Behold the hand which governs everything takes the wheels from off his chariot, so that he who driveth, driveth on heavily. Shimei doubles his speed, but ’tis the contrary way ; he flies like the wind over a sandy desert, and the place thereof shall know it no more.

Stay, Shimei ! 'tis your patron, your friend, your benefactor ; 'tis the man who has raised you from the dunghill. 'Tis all one to Shimei. Shimei is the barometer of every man's fortune, marks the rise and fall of it, with all the variations from scorching hot to freezing cold upon his countenance that the smile will admit of. Is a cloud upon thy affairs ? See it hangs over Shimei's brow. Hast thou been spoken for to the king or the captain of the host without success ? Look not into the court calendar, the vacancy is filled up in Shimei's face. Art thou in debt ? though not to Shimei, the worst officer of the law shall not be more insolent. 'What then, Shimei, is the guilt of poverty, so black, is it of so general a concern, that thou and all thy family must rise up as one man to reproach it ? When it lost everything, did it lose the right to pity too ? Trust me, ye have much to answer for ; it is this treatment which it has ever met with from spirits like yours which has gradually taught the world to look upon it as the greatest of evils, and shun it as the worst disgrace.'

There are not many pages so striking as those we have quoted, but there is much of the same description, which pleases at the outset and finally cloy.

Gray mentions among the characteristics of the sermons of Mr. Yorick, that he seems 'often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience.' It is chiefly at the opening of his discourses that he manifests this disposition. He takes for his text the verse from Ecclesiastes, '*It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting* ;' and his first words are, 'That I deny. But let us hear the wise man's reasoning upon it,—*for that is the end of all men, and the living will lay it to his heart. Sorrow is better than laughter*—for a crack-brained order of Carthusian monks, I grant ; but not for men of the world.' After proceeding for a page or two in the same strain, it appears that he is speaking in the name of the sensualist, and that it is only an artifice to startle the wondering reader. Such arts are as much below the dignity of genius as the solemnity of the pulpit. His tricks to astonish, and the exaggerations of his rhetoric, attracted additional notice by their strangeness when they were new, but they have been almost fatal to his permanent reputation ; and no writer in the language of equal excellence has suffered so much from the want of a continuous faith in the power of sense, simplicity, and nature.

The lives of men of genius have been constantly a deplorable struggle with circumstances. It was otherwise with Sterne. He started in manhood with a happy home, a competent income, a profession which more than any other placed him above the strife and anxieties of the world. He had married the lady of his choice ; no misfortune had ever visited him ; he was blessed

blessed with a sanguine disposition and extraordinary talents. With every opportunity to use his gifts he had likewise the rare felicity of leisure to enjoy them. Yet with these multiplied advantages there is no more melancholy history, and it can only be read with mingled feelings of pity and indignation. For years the most popular author of his day, and ranking still among the geniuses of his country, he has curiously verified the singular prediction which Eugenius, in 'Tristram Shandy,' made to Yorick—or, to translate fiction into fact, which Hall Stevenson made to Sterne:—'The fortunes of thy house shall totter; thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it; thy faith questioned, thy works belied, thy wit forgotten, thy learning trampled on.'

---

ART. II.—*The Life and Epistles of St. Paul.* By the Rev. W. J. Conybeare and the Rev. J. S. Howson. 2 vols. 4to. London, 1850.

THE appearance of a work \* like that which stands at the head of our pages, besides its own intrinsic merits, is useful, as reminding us of the present condition of the branch of knowledge, to which it is a contribution, and of which it is a landmark. Its chief characteristic undoubtedly consists in this, that it is a result—to some it may perhaps appear even an exaggerated result—of that union of history and geography which has been so happy a change in the study of both those noble sciences, and not least in their relation to the greatest of all histories—the most instructive of all geographies—that of the Bible. We do not underrate the other aspects in which the joint labours of Mr. Howson and Mr. Conybeare may be viewed, or the substantial gain to our theological literature from any work conducted with the fairness, the courtesy, the learning, and the high moral and religious tone which pervades these volumes. But the authors would probably themselves admit that it is in the geographical branch of their undertaking that the most solid addition has been made to our existing means of realising, and understanding the Apostolical age, and will not complain if we take this opportunity of considering the previous history, the leading principles, and the probable results, of the progress of Sacred Geography, as thus brought before us in what is—at least in this country—its latest development.

In its widest sense, the term of Biblical Geography would in-

\* It is a curious fact, that an abridgment of this work into Dutch has already appeared—'Paulus, voorgesteld door Nicholas Beets.'

clude all the countries from the primeval cradle of the human race in Central Asia to the graves of the Apostolic martyrs beside the Appian Way and beneath the shade of the Vatican. But for any practical as well as compendious treatment of the subject, a large portion of these regions must be struck off our list. Mesopotamia, and even Egypt, though closely associated with the patriarchal history,—Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy, though hallowed by the footsteps of Apostles,—yet have been so much more conspicuously the scenes of other histories than that contained in the Sacred Volume, that, although the study of their physical features is indispensable to a complete knowledge of the Biblical narrative, and has, as such, been profitably pursued in the work now before us, yet the writers on these countries are of a separate class, and the results to be looked for are of a different kind. Layard and Rawlinson, Champollion and Lepsius, Leake and Chandler, though valuable auxiliaries to Biblical topography and history, must, in any discussion of the subject as a whole, be viewed as incidental rather than as necessary contributions to the main course of our investigations.

It is to the geography of Arabia and of Palestine—with the countries we have just named as its eastern, southern, and western outskirts,—that we now wish to call the attention of our readers; and not the less because the course of events in the Turkish Empire is probably bringing us to the eve of a great change in our relations to these regions, geographical as well as moral, scientific as well as political. It may be that the curtain which for the last fifty years has been partially held up from the Holy Land, is about to be drawn round it again more closely than ever; or it may be that it will be entirely rent asunder, never more to be closed. In either case it is well for us to know what we and our fathers have done, or ought to have done, in the most instructive and wonderful regions of the earth. It may be interesting, in either case, for some of the hundreds—for so they may now be reckoned—who have traversed the wilds of Arabia and Syria, to see in a compendious form the results of the vast literature which has grown up round that marvellous journey, to be reminded, if only by names and dates, of those days of glorious recollection—with Egypt and its monuments receding in the distance, and the Desert with its manifold wonders unfolding before them—and the wilderness melting into the hills of Palestine—and the glory of Palestine ‘fading away’ into the ‘common day’ of Asia Minor and Constantinople—yet still with gleams, in the scenes of apostolical labours and of ancient councils,

‘From that imperial palace whence we came.’

On

On this journey itself, so dramatic in its unity and progress, so romantic and inexhaustible in its details, we do not enter. Its general results may be approached with less enthusiasm perhaps, but also with less diffidence and difficulty.

Even in its merely outward and natural aspect, the geography of Syria and Arabia contains elements of interest not to be surpassed. The Isthmus of Suez, the bay of Issus, as the connecting links of vast continents—the range of Sinai, as one of the most remarkable of geological formations—and, above all, that mysterious cleft to which there is no parallel on the face of the earth, the deep fissure along which the Jordan flows through its three lakes, with the battlefield of geographical speculation in the valley of the Arabah—all these would make us turn gladly to any researches in those parts, even though they had been as barren of human interest as the interior of Africa and Australia. But to this singular conformation of the country we have to add the fact that it has been the scene of the most important events in the history of mankind ; and not only so, but that the very fact of this local connexion has produced a reflux of interest, another stage of history, which intermingles itself with the scenes of the older events, thus producing a tissue of local associations unique not only in magnitude of interest and length of time, but also in its extraordinary variety and complexity. Greece and Italy have had, and always will have, a geographical interest of a high order. But they have never provoked a Crusade ; and, however bitter may have been the disputes of antiquaries about the Acropolis of Athens or the Forum of Rome, they have never, as at Bethlehem and Jerusalem, become matters of religious controversy—grounds for interpreting old prophecies or producing new ones—cases for missions of diplomatists, for the war of civilised nations, for the fall of mighty empires.

In proportion to the interest of *Sacred Geography* has been the amount of materials which elucidate it. We must, with due reverence, give the first place to the Scriptures themselves. From Genesis to the Apocalypse there are—even when not intending, nay, even when deprecating, any stress on the local associations of the events recorded—constant local allusions, such as are the natural result of a faithful, and, as is often the case in the Biblical narrative, of a contemporary history. There is, besides, one document in the Hebrew Scriptures to which, we imagine, no parallel exists in the topographical records of any other ancient nation. In the Book of Joshua we have what may without offence be termed the *Domesday Book* of the conquest of Canaan. Ten chapters of that book are devoted to a description of the country, in

in which not only are its general features and boundaries carefully laid down, but the names and situations of its towns and villages enumerated with a precision of geographical terms, which invites and almost compels a minute investigation. And, although this particularity of description is confined to the Old Testament, yet the history of the New Testament connects itself with the geography of the scenes on which it was enacted, by a link arising directly from the nature of the Christian Religion itself. That activity and practical energy, which is its chief outward characteristic, turns its earliest records into a perpetual narrative of journeys to and fro, by lake and mountain, over sea and land, that belongs to the history of no other creed. Had the first Founder and the first propagators of Christianity led a secluded life like some Eastern sages, or reigned in a single city like Mahomet, there would have been but little need to study the countries which were the scene of their labours. But no child can understand the life of Him who '*went about* doing good,' without acquiring some knowledge of the main divisions of Palestine. And what Bengel says of St. Paul's Second Epistle to the Corinthians may be said of his whole life:—'*Tota Epistola—tota vita—itinerarium sapit.*' The journeys of our Lord form the simplest introduction to the geography of Syria. The voyages and travels of St. Paul form our closest association with the geography of Asia Minor.

Side by side with the Sacred Volume we have what may be called a running commentary on its contents, composed by a resident native for the western world of his day. Such was the express intention of the 'Antiquities' of Josophus with regard to the Old Testament; such, in effect, with regard to the New Testament, is his 'History of the Jewish War,' by its very nature extending into and elucidating every corner of that narrow territory.

Nor must we forget that—although Herodotus has told us nothing, or next to nothing, of his passage through Palestine—this country and Arabia have received the important attention of Strabo and Pliny, the two chiefs of ancient geography and natural history. Tacitus also has described it, briefly indeed, but in the only formal geographical description which is contained in either of his two great historical works. And of the first fathers of the Christian Church, the three most learned—Origen, Eusebius, and Jerome—sought deliberately, and on the spot, to gather up the topographical traditions of Palestine as existing in their own time.

With them what may be called the documentary history of the sacred localities was closed for many centuries. But already

already before the time of Jerome had set in the flow of the great tide of travellers, from whom the main bulk of our subsequent information is derived, and whom we shall now proceed to track through the different ages and classes into which, for the sake of perspicuity, they must be divided.\*

1. The earliest is that of the pilgrims, of whom the Empress Helena may fairly be considered the mother and foundress. To her journey into Palestine is to be attributed that selection of the 'Holy Places' which has more or less guided all future generations in their curiosity or their devotions. The pilgrim travellers may be divided into two groups—those during the period of the Roman Empire, and those during the period of the Crusades. The works of the former are little more than mere itineraries. The journey of the Pilgrim of Bordeaux in the fourth century, of Paula the companion of Jerome in the fifth, and of Antoninus Martyr in the sixth, though exceedingly useful in enabling us to distinguish between the growth of the earlier and of the later traditions, and to identify the sites at that period, would never now be read except by professed historical students. But the influx of pilgrims from Europe after the conquest of Palestine by the Mahometans assumed a new character. The difficulties, the dangers, the length of the journey, gave it a romantic aspect, which under the settled government of the Byzantine Empire it had altogether wanted. Friends and kinsmen were anxious on the return of the adventurous wanderers to hear a little more than the bare enumeration of distances and sacred objects, and thus to the mere reminiscences of the pilgrim began to be added something of the lively descriptions of the traveller.

The best of these writers have been recently republished in Mr. Bohn's very useful and compendious collection of 'Early Travels in Palestine.' Of the others, perhaps one of the most interesting is Phocas, a Greek monk who travelled through Palestine in 1185, and whose journal is published in the second volume of the *Acta Sanctorum* for May. It has the merit, at least in one instance, so rare in ancient or mediæval writers, so highly to be prized wherever found—of endeavouring to convey a representation of unknown places by a comparison to known, when he likens the valley of the Jordan to one of his own glens in Macedonia. From

\* It need hardly be said that in a rapid sketch like this it is impossible to do more than select a very few specimens out of the most voluminous mass of geographical literature that the world has produced. An excellent *catalogue raisonné* of the works on this subject, down to 1841, may be seen in Robinson's 'Biblical Researches,' vol. iii. Appendix A, and one still more complete, down to 1850, in Ritter's 'Palestine,' vol. i. pp. 28-90.

the simple stories of Arculf and Willibald, through the more digressive and extensive tours of Benjamin of Tudela, of Maundeville, and of Brocquière, though with considerable modifications from the characters of the individuals, the state of the countries, and the changes of successive centuries, there yet runs on the whole the same *naïveté* and racy ignorance which is at once the social charm and the scientific defect of all their narratives. We are delighted with the exquisite unconsciousness with which pilgrim after pilgrim relates how the inhabitants of Rhodes, which possessed the 'great idol called Colossus, are the Colossians to whom St. Paul wrote his Epistle ;' \* and how 'at Babylon in Egypt' 'Nebuchadnezzar the king caused the three children to be thrown into the fire' †—how there are in Egypt 'the seven barns of Joseph, four in one place and three in another, which looked at a distance like mountains ;' ‡ 'some men say that they were sepulchres of great lords that were formerly, but that is not true, for all the common rumour and speech of the people there, both far and near, is that they are the granaries of Joseph.'

Yet, in spite of these and a thousand similar mistakes, they are very useful as indicating the shifting state of the traditional sites, and sometimes as giving us the exact figure or dimension of edifices since altered or destroyed. To Arculf we owe, for example, the most accurate account of the Chapel of the Holy Sepulchre before its destruction by Hakem. By the silence of all these early visitors to Nazareth, on the house of the Virgin, we are enabled to perceive that the origin of the story of its existence is not earlier than its alleged appearance at Loretto.

Most interesting too are some of the personal traits of the individual and the age of these old travellers. What a picture is presented to us by the few words at the close of Arculf's narrative which tell us that his story was told to Adamnan, Abbot of Iona, to whose shores he was driven by contrary winds—the French Bishop fresh from his long travels, fresh from the driving spray of the Atlantic, seated within the ancient monastery of the holy island by the graves of the Scottish kings, and the Celtic abbot eagerly catching his words, making him sketch out his plan, and (as we see from the narrative) asking for his story, not in any regular order, but in the rapid expression of interest in which the objects presented themselves to his own mind. What a delight in the pages of Brocquière suddenly to encounter in the bazaars of Damascus our old friend Jacques Cœur, the princely merchant of Bourges, the lord of that most interesting of all mediæval houses, the hero and the victim of one of the most singular

\* Stewulf, p. 33; Maundeville, p. 140.

‡ Maundeville, p. 154.

† Maundeville, p. 144.

dramas of modern times, worthy of a Shakspearian hand to treat it rightly. How affecting and how curious to see in his account of Constantinople, twenty years before its capture, the same prospect of inevitable doom which after a lapse of four hundred years has been so often thought to be impending over the captors; the Turks already in possession of Scutari, the weak points in the defences actively canvassed, the Imperial troops exercising themselves in the archery of the Turks as the Turks now exercise themselves in the gunnery of the Franks. Or, if we come down a little later, how amusing to see in the 'very devout journey' of Zuallart, the Flemish pilgrim of the sixteenth century, directions for the choice of a diagoman (trucheman, as the word was then spelt, more nearly in conformity with its origin), for the management of the Mukari (the muleteers) and of the Arabs, that might with advantage be transcribed into a handbook of the present day.

2. The class of pilgrim writers, that is to say, those who are merely attracted to Palestine by the sacredness of the localities, has of course never ceased, and probably never will. In its more reasonable form it pervades more or less (with a very few exceptions) all the travellers who have since visited those regions. In the credulous spirit in which it first began it has still also continued to send forth a race both of Protestant and Roman Catholic writers, who differ only from their predecessors in receiving, in spite of recent discoveries, what the Crusaders received in simple ignorance. The Roman Catholic pilgrims of modern times (of whom Geramb and Mislin may be taken as fair specimens) are still useful as containing a more lively and systematic collection of the accumulated traditions than can be found in earlier authors.

But we have now approached another element in the history of sacred geography. Already in the writings of the pilgrims of the fifteenth century the scientific traveller begins to appear. So long, indeed, as they were actuated chiefly by the desire of fulfilling a religious vow, or of visiting localities whose sacredness and identity could not be questioned without frustrating the very object of their journey, no great freedom of inquiry could be expected. But in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries we find writers whose professed object is the acquisition of knowledge. In all cases that object is quickened by the devotional interest of the Holy Places, but the devotional interest is no longer so exclusive as to preclude the notice of other features not directly connected with it.

Of course the traditional belief is far more lively in the Roman Catholic than in the Protestant travellers. Still in both this belief is united with a wider view than was enjoyed by the pilgrims of

the

the middle ages, with a better knowledge of ancient literature, sacred and profane, and therefore with a better knowledge of what they were or were not to expect. If, out of the vast mass of materials which now begins to grow upon us, we confine ourselves to our own countrymen\*—Sandys, Maundrell, Shaw, and Pococke—the change is at once apparent. Already the discussion of theories of the passage of the Red Sea, doubts of the localities of Sinai, and even of some of the traditional sites of Palestine, are beginning to creep in. Notices, rude indeed, but not uninteresting, of the geology and botany of the different countries diversify the mere itinerary of their predecessors, and the whole is set off by the dry humour peculiar to that age, which furnishes the only condiment of a style otherwise plain and unadorned even to dulness. In this, as in his singular precision and accuracy, Maundrell stands pre-eminent. But these travellers still describe merely what came in their way; they rarely digress for the sake of any remarkable object, natural or architectural; and their view did not extend beyond the limited vision of their age. The appreciation of natural beauty, and the corresponding power of presenting a picture of striking scenes, was not among their gifts. Customs, ceremonies, spectacles, are often described by them with such minuteness as almost, in spite of themselves, to produce a graphic narrative, as in the case of Maundrell's account of the Greek Easter. But, as a general rule, no reader could rise from any of these writers with a more lively image of the scenes of the East than if they had never been there, or could ever be sure whether some feature essential to the whole character of the physical geography and actual survey of the country had not been altogether omitted by them. One instance will suffice. Of all the views in the East—we might almost say in the world—none is more imposing than that of Mount Serbal from the adjacent valleys. Yet Pococke passes by without noticing that magnificent pile, towering before his very eyes, and not less remarkable for its grandeur than for the relation in which, under any hypothesis, it stands to the Sinai of the Exodus.

3. It was not till the close of the eighteenth century that there arose a new class of travellers, who may be called the Discoverers:—men in whom the promotion of science and the enlargement of geographical knowledge was not the subordinate, but the chief, object of their journeys, and who therefore were induced, for

---

\* Amongst foreign travels we may select those of Van Egmont and Heyman, the Dutch ambassador and professor, in the first half of the eighteenth century. Their account of Saphet may be mentioned as remarkably complete. Rauwolf, the learned physician of Augsburg, and Hasselquist, the pupil of Linnæus, are also remarkable as the first direct investigators of the natural history and science of Syria.

the first time, to desert the 'beaten track, and see for themselves, without regard to Scripture or tradition, what they conceived to be worth seeing. Of these, first in importance and in the impulse given to future discovery is the Danish traveller Niebuhr, father of the celebrated historian, who is then followed in rapid succession by Seetzen, Burckhardt, Irby and Mangles. We place these writers together, though separated by an interval of more than half a century, because they belong essentially to the same class, characterized by the same adventurous spirit, by the same love of truth, by the same accuracy and simplicity of description. To them we owe the first complete account of the Peninsula of Sinai, and of the eastern side of the Jordan. 'It makes me weep when I see the ruins of Wady Mousa,' was the exclamation recorded by Seetzen from the mouth of his Bedouin guide, which roused the adventurous Burckhardt, in the disguise of an Arab beggar going to sacrifice a goat on the tomb of Aaron, to reveal to the world for the first time the wonders of Petra. For strict fidelity of description and quickness of observation this race of travellers has never been surpassed. Burckhardt's account of Petra, seen in the hurry of concealment and danger, and therefore under the impossibility of taking a single note or in any way awakening the attention of his watchful and suspicious guides, yet so accurate that not a single detail has been corrected by subsequent travellers, is one of the most remarkable instances on record of the power and the tenacity of an observant eye and a retentive mind. In one other point of view these travellers are pre-eminent. The circumstances under which they travelled necessarily threw them more directly into contact with the wild life of the Desert than has been the case with any of their successors. The merely geographical works of Burckhardt will doubtless be superseded by subsequent explorers; but his 'Notes on the Bedouins' \* will probably remain for ever the standard work on the character and life of that singular race.

4. But, admirably qualified in many ways as these travellers were for their mission, there was still the need of another class before those regions could be regarded as thoroughly explored. Vigorous in body and active in mind, they were hardly to be called literary. In some respects this was an advantage, as it enabled them to record their observations with a more complete freedom from partiality or prepossession. Still, in countries where

\* In this enumeration we have confined ourselves to such works as relate to Syria and Arabia. But we cannot (in connexion with Burckhardt's Bedouins) omit to notice Lane's *Modern Egyptians*. Although bearing that name, it is, in fact, a treatise on the manners and customs of Mahometans in the East, and, considering the minute details into which it enters, is perhaps the most faithful representation of Eastern life that has been ever given to the world.

there are no guides but the most illiterate of the human species, a man who travels unprepared must be under considerable disadvantages ; he knows not what to look for, and, not looking, he misses it altogether. Niebuhr, indeed, took with him questions from Michaelis ; but if Michaelis had gone himself he would doubtless have been able to obtain an answer to his own questions better than through the medium of even such an observer as Niebuhr, who (to give two instances) forgot on the spot to make inquiries about the manna of the Sinaitic desert ; and omits all mention of the plain of Er-raheh—the one vital point in the question of the localities of Sinai. Irby and Mangles, had they been better acquainted with Scripture geography, could never have been misled themselves, and therefore, so far as in them lay, misled others, to transfer the Valley of Ajalon from its proper place in the west of Judea to the eastern side of the Jordan. Those well acquainted with the literature of the ancient world, with the text of the Scriptures, and with the growth of later traditions, could alone see and discriminate between the various localities which claimed their attention. Such men were not wanting. The earliest—who, perhaps, for some reasons might be placed with the class we have just dismissed—is Volney : a singular exception to most of the visitants of the Holy Land, as almost wholly indifferent, if not hostile, to the events which have invested Palestine with such transcendent interest. His book is chiefly important for its clear classification of the several populations which inhabit the country. There is another account of Palestine, also written at this period, and in the same spirit of entire disregard of sacred associations, but which must stand alone, unique alike in the character of its author and the excellence of its description—the brief ‘Note on Syria,’ in the *Memoirs of the Emperor Napoleon*.\* From this time forward, all literary men who have visited those regions have been animated more or less by the desire to verify Scriptural sites, aided by whatever stores of learning the increased knowledge and intelligence of our age has supplied. Of these the most important are Dr. Clarke, M. Leon de Laborde, Lord Lindsay, Mr. Williams, and Dr. Robinson. Dr. Clarke’s learning is often ill-digested, his remarks partial, and his conclusions hasty ; yet there is a union of knowledge, of freedom, and of lively discussion which make his book an era in the knowledge of the East. Laborde travels like a French nobleman and a Catholic pilgrim. His account of Petra is hardly worthy of the great opportunities which he enjoyed of exploring all its

\* *Memoirs of the Emperor Napoleon*, vol. ii. pp. 296-302. The whole description of Egypt and of the East, to which this Note is appended, is well worth perusing for its extraordinary ability and perspicuity.

recesses. But his works—especially his ‘Commentary on Exodus and Numbers’—must always be deemed an important contribution to the understanding of the Israelite wanderings in the wilderness. Lord Lindsay’s travels, thrown off in the form of domestic letters, perhaps hardly deserve the name of a scientific investigation. Still, journeying as he did, with a redundancy of sentiment indeed, yet with a knowledge wonderful for the age at which he made the expedition; with a religious zeal worthy of the Crusaders, and a spirit of enterprise worthy of Burckhardt, he has won for himself a permanent place amongst the travellers of the world. His journey was the more important, as being the only one made during the golden opportunity afforded by the brief occupation of Syria by Ibrahim Pasha, when the Bedouin tribes were beaten down by the fear of that terrible name, and when consequently for the first time the east of the Jordan was thrown open with perfect security to the English traveller. Other parts of that region have been explored with more or less success by previous and subsequent travellers; but Lord Lindsay’s Letters contain the only description—most valuable on that account, as well as for its intrinsic excellence—of the *whole* of the eastern shores of the Lake of Gennesareth. Mr. Williams, in his ‘Holy City,’ has perhaps collected more fully than any other writer all that can be said on the history and topography of Jerusalem. His book is disfigured by clumsiness of execution, and, in his first edition, by an excess of zeal against his topographical opponents, for which he has since made honourable amends by a free and ample apology. It can never, however, be lightly set aside, and may be regarded as the best extant defence of the ancient Patristic and mediæval sites. To this special work we may add his important contributions on the Holy Land generally to Dr. Smith’s ‘Dictionary of Ancient Geography.’ We have placed Dr. Robinson last, both because his second and forthcoming edition will make him really posterior in order of time to all those whom we have mentioned, and also because of the supreme importance of his work in sacred topography. With a learning equal to that of a German professor, with a manly dignity of thought and style equal to that of an English divine, the American traveller combined the advantage, through his friend Dr. Eli Smith, of a thorough knowledge of Arabic, which enabled him to pursue to the utmost—what is, in fact, the clue to his great success—the native Arab nomenclature of the towns and villages of Palestine. Knowing by his long previous preparation where to seek for localities, his own accurate observation, his rare ‘geographical faculty,’ and his friend’s conversations with the peasants of the country, gave him the power of determining with precision some of the most important

portant sites of the Scriptural history ; and the complete collection of all the passages of ancient and modern authorities on the various places with which he comes into contact give to the Biblical Researches a value far beyond that of any mere travels or geographical work that has yet appeared on the subject. Two defects are obvious. One is that which necessarily resulted from his hurried journey, and which we trust his second edition will in a great measure rectify—namely, the great inequality of his information. That cannot be called a perfect work on Palestine which has no detailed notice of Acre, Carmel, Jaffa, Ascalon, or the Transjordanic tribes. The second is one on which opinions will vary. We do not mean to arrogate more authority to the monastic legends than he has assigned to them ; but they form too curious a passage in the geography of the most famous country in the world to have been (if we may use the expression) so deliberately overlooked as they often are by Dr. Robinson. It was surely a strange neglect in the chief opponent of the identity of the Holy Sepulchre never but once to have entered the church, and then only for a few minutes.

These are, we have said, the chief travellers of this school ; yet we must not omit some others of considerable, though subordinate merit. In later times, amongst those who have treated of the general geography we may select the Scotch minister Dr. Wilson, the German physician Dr. Tobler, and the French engineer M. de Saulcy. The first has the advantage over Dr. Robinson in the extent of his journey, and perhaps in his scientific acquirements ; but the spirit of his work is greatly lowered by irrelevant discussions, and by unworthy carpings at the success of his predecessor. The works of Dr. Tobler on the Holy Places at Jerusalem and Bethlehem are the most complete on that special subject that we have met. The conjectures of M. de Saulcy, though delivered in the midst of a rattling and discursive journal which grates harshly against an English ear, are such as in many points deserve serious attention. His attempt to deny the existence of Egyptian sculptures on the Lycus is indeed wholly unsupported ; and his burial of the kings of Judah beyond the walls of Jerusalem, and his transposition of Pisgah to the west of the Jordan, are difficult if not impossible to reconcile with the statements of the sacred narrative. But (to omit lesser points) his position of Capernaum is well defended, and, whether or not he has actually verified the sites of the ‘ five cities of the plain,’ he has certainly established the point that there is no ground in history, or in the localities, for the comparatively modern theory of their submersion.

In a purely scientific point of view the narrative of Schubert is specially important, both for the natural history and for the observation

vation of the elevations of Palestine and Arabia ; and it is, moreover, enlivened by that genial enthusiasm, both poetical and religious, which is so happy an ingredient in giving warmth and unity to the dry bones of mechanical research. The 'official' account of Lieutenant Lynch's expedition contains the fullest and most accurate notice of the physical structure of Palestine, which, with the short though valuable description of the Sinaitic peninsula by Rüppell and Russegger, are the only authentic statements we possess on the subject from professed geologists. The most authentic account of the modern population and products of Palestine is that given in the Parliamentary 'Report on the Commercial Statistics of Syria,' published in 1840.

Some works must be mentioned from their illustration of more special scenes. Lynch's personal narrative of his expedition to the Jordan and the Dead Sea, though spoiled by the false rhetoric which distinguishes the writings of many of his countrymen ; Colonel Churchill's 'Lebanon,' though unpardonably diffuse, are standard works on these important localities. Buckingham's account of the scenes of the east of the Jordan is an almost indispensable supplement to Burckhardt's outline of the same district. Dr. Lepsius's letters contribute an essential element to the consideration of the disputed localities of the Peninsula of Sinai. Mr. Rowlands' Letter on the site of Kadesh, in Mr. Williams's 'Holy City,' is the only full account of the desert immediately south of Judaea. Dr. Richardson, who travelled as physician to Lord Belmore in 1816, and whose general observations are often exceedingly just, has the peculiar interest of being the first Christian traveller who penetrated into the Mosque of Omar. From this account, illustrated by that of the Portuguese renegade Ali Bey, and the valuable notes and plans of Messrs. Catherwood and Bonomi, published in Mr. Fergusson's able 'Essay on the Topography of Jerusalem,' we can now form a tolerable notion of the most important points in the enclosure which, beyond question, covers the area of the ancient Temple. The descriptions of the Mosque of Hebron by Ali Bey, and, although coming to us in a doubtful form, by Mr. Monro, are the only published accounts of the interior view of the platform, which in all probability conceals the cave of Macpelah.\*

\* Any detailed research on special localities would be repaid by consulting the brief notices on Arabia and Syria scattered throughout the periodicals of our own and other countries—the 'Bibliotheca Sacra' of the United States, the 'Zeitschrift der Deutschen Morgenländischen Gesellschaft,' and the Journal of our own Geographical Society. Nor must we forget that some of the most secluded districts on the east of the Jordan and in the Hauran have been most thoroughly explored by one or two enterprising travellers who have never given the results of their journey to the world.

5. The travellers whom we have last mentioned (with the exception of Volney) all fall within the present century—most within the present generation. With the last century and with the present generation has begun that torrent of travels which have become not merely in quantity but in quality the bane of our increased knowledge of the East. It is impossible not to lament the recklessness with which the recollections of travellers are poured on the world; it is, perhaps, still more lamentable to see the recklessness with which great opportunities granted are often thrown away, by those who are close within their reach—how mistakes a thousand times repeated are repeated yet again by those who will not take the pains to turn to the pages of their predecessors to see what ground there is for what they have to tell. But after all there is no greater tribute to the interest of these countries than the fact that there is hardly a volume of the hundreds thus published, however dry or superficial, however superstitious or profane, in which there does not transpire some one incident or impression worth retaining, in which the observation of an eye-witness does not give a new turn to some old association or a new illustration of some Scriptural scene or custom. This is the real justification of the infinite multiplication of the books of Eastern travel, though it is none for the negligence with which too often the travels themselves are made and the books written. Out of this mass of literature, some few emerge of interest and importance equal to any that we have yet mentioned. There is one general merit more or less applicable to all, and which they possess not by virtue of themselves, but of their age. We have noticed before, how, with all the excellences of the first learned and scientific travellers, there is hardly any attempt at a picture of what they saw. The plans which they give of cities and mountains are hardly more unlike to the reality than the meagre description which they endeavour to convey in words. Nor in spite of some graphic touches in Hasselquist, in Burckhardt, and in Irby and Mangles (see especially their description of Petra), is this defect materially mended by their immediate successors. Even Dr. Robinson, though occasionally by the mere force of grave and perspicuous language, as in the passage describing his approach to Sinai, something like a vivid image is struck out in spite of himself, rarely condescends to *show* us what he has seen. Laborde, who sometimes aims expressly and with great success at picturesque effect, is so far from making it a continuous object, as to pass through the Wady Wetir—one of the most magnificent scenes in the East—with-out a single comment. But the tendency to pictorial representation, which is at once the vice and the virtue of this age, has

has at last taken possession of oriental travellers; and therefore it often happens that from a mere glance of a hasty wayfarer we now gain a more complete notion of what passed before the eyes of Moses and David than from hundreds of ponderous tomes of preceding times. Perhaps the earliest dawn of this new light in the East (to use an expression like their own) was in the pilgrimages of Chateaubriand and Lamartine. They first really applied themselves to paint as well as to enumerate the objects which they witnessed. But in this attempt, as was natural in the first endeavours, and those endeavours made by French poets, the colours are often overcharged, the outlines incorrect.\* The one work which stands pre-eminent in this new department—we must in justice confess it, however much we may lament her crude theories and her narrow prejudices, or the want of Christian reverence which pervades too many even of her best passages—is Miss Martineau's 'Eastern Life.' She is the first of oriental travellers who deliberately attempted both to be accurate and to be graphic, and to a great extent she has in both succeeded. Her colours are better than her forms, and she excels in giving the details of a particular scene rather than in presenting a general image of the country. But on the whole, and with an allowance for a slight, and at times more than slight, vein of exaggeration pervading the entire book—especially the Egyptian portion of it—it is the most vivid extant representation of the scenes of the East. We may especially name the Wady El Ain, Petra, the entrance into Palestine, and Damascus.

Besides the delineations of scenery thus presented to us by Eastern travellers, we also gain occasionally delineations of manners, and general impressions, from the observation of men of greater and more varied experience of life, and therefore of more acute perception and of richer powers of comparison than could be expected from the simpler travellers of science or enterprise when the East was less accessible to civilized society. The 'Crescent and the Cross' is hardly worthy of the interest which it will long derive from the lively style and the amiable character of its accomplished and unfortunate author. But there is a permanent value in several works of this class, in spite of obvious drawbacks to their excellence: 'Eôthen,' still unrivalled in his line; Milnes' 'Palm-Leaves,' and not least the Preface; Cuzon's 'Monasteries of the Levant,' and D'Israeli's 'Tancred.' Nor can we forbear to notice here a work which, though by one who

\* The inaccuracy of Lamartine may be judged by the extracts given in a work by his country man, M. Mislin, on the 'Lieux Saints' (see especially vol. iii. p. 320), who not without reason assigns to him the unenviable distinction of having written 'la plus inexacte description qui ait jamais été faite de la Palestine.'

never visited the East, has perhaps materially contributed to all our early associations of it—Sir Walter Scott's 'Talisman.' Two impressions, we think, it will not fail to leave on the mind of any Eastern traveller. First, the extraordinary disregard of all possibilities of geography and topography in relation to the history of Richard's crusade; but, secondly, the no less extraordinary insight into the minute lights and shades of the oriental character as depicted in Saladin.

Of lesser value, but each with some merit of its own, may be mentioned Olin's Travels in the East, especially his account of the colours of the Desert and of the soil of Palestine; Lord Nugent, whose arguments on the Holy Places are almost always sound and judicious; Sir Frederick Henniker, who in one or two graphic sentences has, perhaps, done more to reproduce Mount Sinai than any other traveller, and who had the singular—shall we say good or evil?—fortune of exemplifying in his own person and on the very same road the adventure described in the parable of the Good Samaritan. For a similar reason, Mr. Fiske's travels deserve mention, as containing a simple and striking account of his adventure with the Mezayne Arabs, and its tragical close, interesting both in itself and as illustrative of the customs of the Sinaitic tribes; and we may add (what we noticed on a previous occasion) Tischendorf's account of the great Bedouin festival around the tomb of Sheykh Saleh. Every visit to Petra has the advantage of giving us a momentary insight into the domestic character and history of the wild dynasties which occupy the site or the approaches of the deserted city. It is impossible not to feel an almost personal interest in the 'Father of Olives,' who, after having persecuted Iby and Mangles in his youth, re-appeared in his old age to waylay Dr. Robinson, and has now left a hideous son, worthy of himself, to pursue the same trade. In like manner the famous Sheykh Husseyen, who first becomes known to us in the vigour of life through Mr. Stephens and Lord Lindsay, is brought before us in the successive stages of his age and character in every later journey; and the young Mohammed, his high-spirited son, whom we first see as a spoiled child in the adventures of Mr. Kinnear, becomes the active guide of Mr. Bartlett, and will probably ere long appear as his father's successor, '*melior patre*,' in the chieftainship of their powerful clan.

6. One class of writers still remains—those who, partly from their own experience, partly from the experience of others, have composed, not travels, but learned works on the geography of Palestine. Such in earlier times—the culmination, as it were, of the age of pilgrims—is Quaresmius, the Franciscan friar of

the

the convent at Jerusalem, the great depositary of all monastic traditions down to the sixteenth century.\* Such, in the second period, is the Dutch Reland, the learned preceptor of our own William III., and author of what is still the standard work on the names and divisions of Ancient Palestine. Such in our own times is the great German geographer Ritter, in whose four volumes on Sinai and Palestine, in the magnificent series of the 'Erdkunde,' is a complete digest of all the labours of previous travellers, arranged with an order and accuracy which only needed the ocular inspection of the localities by its distinguished author to make it the masterwork of the whole subject, and which renders the mere table of contents a valuable study in itself. Here, as in the actual results of travel, the catalogue, if continued, would have been infinite. Yet we must specially name the works of Rohr and Raumer on the 'Historical Geography of Palestine,' in Germany; 'Palestine' by Munck, in the great French work entitled 'L'Univers'; and in our own country, the valuable geographical notices in the various works edited or composed by Dr. Kitto, and in that which is now before us—the account of the *Voyages and Travels of St. Paul.* †

From

\* The first volume consists merely of general arguments in defence of his positions. It is the second which contains the facts.

† An account of the geography of Arabia and Palestine must be incomplete unless it furnishes a notice, however brief, of the most important maps and views of these countries. Kieppert's Map of Palestine, chiefly framed from Robinson's accounts, is still the best, and will doubtless be much improved by the additional information collected by that traveller in his tour of 1852. Russegger's geological map of the Peninsula of Sinai and South of Judea is, we believe, the only one of its kind, and is on the whole trustworthy. The two physical maps of Palestine in Petermann's *Atlas* are, as far as they go, very useful.

Zimmerman's map—published on a large scale to accompany Ritter's work—is hardly worthy of its great pretensions. It rarely represents the physical configuration of the country, and, although profuse in its names of places, often fails to give them their true relative position. An honourable exception is to be found in its full and accurate representation of the almost unexplored villages of Mount Carmel.

Of particular portions, we may especially notice the small maps of the cluster of Mount Sinai, of the environs of Jerusalem, and of the Sea of Galilee, in Dr. Robinson's Researches, and (in spite of the error which has been undoubtedly detected in the representation of the western wall of the Mosque of Omar) the Ordnance Survey of Jerusalem, published by permission of the Ordnance Office as an accompaniment of Mr. Williams's Holy City—the desert valleys between Serhai and Sinai in Laborde's Commentary on Exodus and Numbers—and that portion of Palmer's map of 'Arabia Petraea and the Holy Land,' which represents the Peninsula of Sinai, and which, though disfigured by theories, antiquated or uncertain, of the Israelite wanderings, is executed with remarkable precision, and also has the advantage of faithfully recording the soundings of the Red Sea from the chart of Lieut. Careless of the Palinurus.

The best views are those of Mr. Bartlett in his unpretending but useful books' entitled 'Forty Days in the Desert,' 'Walks about Jerusalem,' and 'Footsteps of our Lord and his Apostles.' Mr. Tipping's Illustrations of Dr. Trail's *Josephus* should also be mentioned as giving accurate likenesses of Syrian scenes

From the materials of sacred geography we now proceed to the leading results to be looked for—we mean the leading results in regard to sacred history. The purely geographical or geological conclusions will, of course, be arrived at by the same process and according to the same principles as in any other country. But the historical conclusions, though similar or analogous to those which have been obtained elsewhere, need, in consideration of the peculiar importance which has been in this instance attached to them, a special statement.

There must be two distinct processes of investigation here as in any other scenes of a dead as distinguished from a living history. The first is that of comparing the actual features of the country with the contemporary records, and thus forming an independent judgment. Thus, and thus alone, did Colonel Leake at Athens, and Bunsen and Canina at Rome, discover the localities in those two great cities, of which all at Athens and most at Rome had, during the darkness of the middle ages, completely lost their real nomenclature. It is for the same reason that the Bible, as has been often observed, becomes as truly the Englishman's Handbook in Palestine, as our good friend's Handbook is sometimes facetiously called the Englishman's Bible in Europe. But in order to ascertain the extent to which this can be surely followed out, it is necessary to ask how far the local notices in the Bible are sufficiently precise, how far the countries to which they apply are sufficiently marked. We have already indicated how extensive a part the geographical element plays both in the Old and the New Testament. We must add that the geographical terms in the original Hebrew are definite and various to a degree only paralleled in the provincial phraseology of European countries, always richer and more exact in those points than is the language of conversation and of literature. But a

scenes not commonly depicted. Many of the views of Petra and the Desert in the great works of Laborde and Roberts are faithful representations, so far as any views can be which fail adequately to represent the most peculiar feature of those wonderful regions—their colour. The same defect of course applies to Mr. Bartlett's, though it is of less consequence in Palestine than in Arabia. Lieutenant Wellsted gives some views of the less explored parts of the Sinaitic peninsula which, we believe, are not to be found elsewhere.

In one respect only do the illustrations of ancient travellers excel those of the modern. Utterly useless as are their maps and pictures, much time may be saved and much instruction gained by studying the *plans*, both external and internal, of the traditional localities and sacred edifices, which are contained in Sandys, in Zuallart, in Bernardino Amico, and in Quesemius. In recent works these are usually omitted. Excellent plans, however, of the churches of Bethlehem and Jerusalem are to be found in Tobler. And nothing of this kind in ancient or modern times has been produced with regard to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Mosque of Omar so complete as those contained respectively in Professor Willis's *Essay*, attached to Mr. Williams's *Holy City*, and the plans of Mr. Catherwood, published for the first time by Mr. Fergusson in his work on the topography of Jerusalem.

great

great distinction must be drawn between the various parts of the Sacred Volume. The localities of the Palestine of the Patriarchs, of the Conquest, and of the Monarchy, are probably laid down as fully in the books which treat of those periods as those of Greece in the time of Herodotus or Thucydides; whilst the numerous allusions in the prophetical writings supply what in other countries would be furnished by the illustrations of poets and orators. In the New Testament, on the other hand, such allusions are exceedingly slight; and if it were not for the occurrence of the same names in the Old Testament or Josephus, it would perhaps be impossible to identify them. Still, even there, when the general locality is ascertained, the mere vividness of the narrative often renders it possible to detect the particular scenes alluded to. Whether, therefore, in the Old or the New Testament, but especially in the Old, this mode of investigation must always precede any other. Nor have its results been incommensurate with its importance. By this process alone have the ancient names been assigned to the mountains, rivers, and valleys. Of these (with the exception of Lebanon, and perhaps Carmel and Gilead), not one name has been preserved by local tradition; yet neither is there one of which there is any doubt. Hermon, Tabor, Gilboa, Olivet, Gerizim, Ebal, the Jordan, the Kishon, the plain of Esdraclon, and the valley of the Kedron, are as certain as Snowdon or the Thames, as Glencoe or Salisbury Plain. And even with regard to lesser localities the same is true, whenever the natural features of the country serve as a guide. Such—not merely without, but in defiance of tradition—is the view of Jerusalem, in the Triumphal Entry, on the road from Bethany, and (in all probability) the cliff overhanging the Maronite convent of Nazareth as the scene of the intended precipitation. It is not, however, to be denied that there is a limit to this mode of investigation; and in Palestine the features are not marked with anything like the distinctness which belongs to almost all the famous localities of Greece. The hills, the plains, the valleys, are of a much more complicated as well as uniform character—the boundaries between tribe and tribe far less obviously perceptible. Therefore, although we doubt not that a tolerably accurate map of Palestine might be constructed without regard to any tradition, it is in some cases necessary, in almost all satisfactory, to have it at least as a guide.

But when we speak of tradition, it must be recollected that we are using that word in the largest sense, to imply the whole mass of historical consciousness (as the Germans would call it) which has accumulated in Palestine since the extinction of the living national existence of its old inhabitants. This includes, in

in the first place, that almost inevitable continuation of the names of famous cities, by which Rome, and Athens, and Constantinople, are, without a question, identified with the cities which bore those names formerly, and which, though subsequently occupied by people of another race or language, have never ceased to be known, if not to their immediate inhabitants, at least to neighbouring nations, by the ancient appellation. Such is the certainty which belongs to the general site of Jerusalem, of Hebron, of Damascus. The towns may have changed their proportions and their exact positions. They may have exchanged their Hebrew names for corresponding Arabic terms—El Khods, El Khalil, Es-Sham. But this no more affects the general proof of their identity than the fact that modern Rome has retired from the Seven Hills, or that Constantinople is now called Stamboul, invalidates the continuity of existence of those illustrious cities. Secondly, this also applies, though in a lesser degree, to the names of towns or villages of smaller note.\* Here, of course, the facility for a change of name is much greater. The migration of a village population in the unsettled state of Eastern countries may (as is believed to be the case at Marathon, and appears to have been the case in ancient Palestine with regard to Luz and Dan) have carried the name of their village with them. The convenience of some neighbouring monastery may have transferred the name of a distant village celebrated in history, to one standing in closer proximity with accessible parts. ‘Ladron,’ from the legendary Castle of the Penitent Thief—El-Lazarieh, from the convent over the alleged tomb of Lazarus—have superseded the names of Modin and Bethany. But these are rare exceptions. Even where a new name is affixed in the parlance of pilgrims, it has rarely dislodged the name used by the common people. Ramleh may be called by the monks Arimathea, and Tell-Hum, Capernaum; but the places themselves continue to be Ramleh and Tell-Hum, not Arimathea or Capernaum. Kana-el-Jelil, and not Kefr-kenna, may be the Cana of Galilee, but the names of both are equally genuine. Perhaps the most remarkable instance of the tenacity of a native and ancient name, in spite of a foreign and modern substitute, is that of Acca (Acre), which, as Dr. Clarke well observes,† has preserved the Canaanitish ‘Accho,’ through many centuries of the Greek ‘Ptolemais,’

\* This unchanging character of the names of towns is evident, even when overlaid by the traditions of Christian pilgrims, in those curious itineraries of Jewish pilgrims, of which a valuable French translation and collection has been published by M. Carmoly.

† *Travels*, iv. 121.

imposed upon it by the Macedonian kings of Egypt. In almost all cases, therefore, where the ancient Hebrew name is found to linger as the habitual Arabic appellation of a town or village, we may as fairly conclude it to be authentic—especially if there has been no special motive for inventing or transferring it—as in the analogous cases of the Celtic and Saxon names, which in England, or the Hellenic names which in Greece, have in so many instances stemmed the successive tides of Danish and Norman, in the one case, of Sclavonic and Turkish conquerors in the other. It need hardly be observed that the facility of preservation is much increased by the fact that the present spoken language (Arabic), though different in dialect from that in which the names were first given, is still of the same Semitic family. Nor is the identity of the appellations impaired by the slight alterations made, as is so common in barbarous countries, for the sake of giving some apparent meaning to a word whose original signification is forgotten. Thus Beth-lehem (the house of bread) is now Beit-lahm (the house of flesh), Beth-horon (the house of caves) is now Beit-ur (the house of the eye), Beersheba (the well of the seven) Bir-es Seba (the well of the lion), Tiberias (the city of Tiberius) is Tabaria (spelt). Many instances might be addled, but these will suffice. It is by the exploration of this native nomenclature, combined with a careful attention to the original names and features of the country, that Dr. Robinson has acquired such a lasting hold on the gratitude of Eastern geographers. And it may be added, that the results of this combination are doubly satisfactory, as proving the success of each mode—the truth of the original records on the one hand, and of the native tradition on the other hand. Often as the foreign and later nomenclature comes into collision both with the features of the country and with the Scripture narrative, there is, we believe, no case in which this has been found to be the case with the native tradition or with that narrative itself. It is to this method that we owe within the last twenty years the discovery of Bethel, Shiloh, Anathoth, Beth-horon, Ziph, Maon, and many names equally celebrated in sacred history.

But, besides this unconscious tradition which exists in every country that has ever been inhabited, there exists in Palestine, as there also exists in every country that has once been famous, traditions suggested by the endeavour to retain a recollection of the events which have there taken place. These are of various kinds. The most authentic, of course, and that with which all the others attempt to identify themselves, is a tradition, indigenous and local, derived from the immediate contemporaries of the events in question, and thus second only in fidelity and trustworthiness

worthiness to the unconscious nomenclature of towns and villages just mentioned. Such we believe to be the case with most of the historical traditions of Scotland. The scenes of the murders of James III. and of Rizzio will occur to every one. These spots must have lived in the recollection of their respective inhabitants from the time of the events, and are thus of almost the same authenticity as the names themselves of Sauchieburn and of Holyrood. But Scotland is a rare instance of an unbroken historical consciousness in a peasant population: and such traditions, when relating to events of remote antiquity, are obviously for the most part beyond the reach of verification, and can only receive entire credence when there is something in the natural features of the place which gives them certainty or probability. Such, if any, in Palestine, are the scenes of Elijah's sacrifice on Carmel, and of the tanneries of Simon's house at Joppa; in both instances maintained irrespectively of ecclesiastical aid, and confirmed by the unchanging features of their respective localities. Such are usually those which attach to the ancient wells, and, in a less degree, to the ancient sepulchres of the whole country, of which the most signal instances are Jacob's well at Shechem and the cave of Macpelah enclosed within the mosque of Hebron. Such, too, although it must be doubtful whether they reach up to the events themselves which they commemorate, are the traditions which identify the grotto at Bethlehem with the scene of the Nativity, and the cave on Mount Olivet with the scene of our Lord's last conversations. They may not be authentic, but they are indigenous; and they must have arisen, the first within one century, the latter within two centuries, of the times to which they refer.

If all the traditions of Palestine were of this character there would, of course, have been but little controversy on the subject. This, however, is not the case. With the exceptions we have just mentioned, all the identifications of the special localities of the Old and New Testaments, except so far as they are involved in the actual sites of towns and villages, date from later times, and may be resolved into three distinct epochs. There are, first, those which appear in the age of Constantine, and continue under the sanction of the Greek and Latin clergy, who then began to settle round the holy places in Palestine. Of this kind are the traditions of Gethsemane, of the site of Calvary and the Sepulchre, of the scene of the Transfiguration on Mount Tabor, and of various spots of lesser importance in different parts of the country. There are next, those of the age of the Crusaders, amongst which must be classed the elaborate specification of every conceivable locality in the history

tory of the Passion along the *Via Dolorosa*, and in the precincts of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There are, lastly, those of the Arab and Turkish conquerors, including the various spots connected with the nocturnal journey of Mahomet to Jerusalem, and the innumerable sepulchres of saints common alike to the Old Testament and the Koran. In every case these traditions claim to be original, and in some cases, as we have said, they may be. To take one out of each class, the Constantinian site of Gethsemane is at least probable; the Crusaders' Mount of the Beatitudes has much in its favour; the Mussulman Tomb of Rachel is almost certainly identical in situation with that indicated in Genesis. Others again in each class are in the highest degree improbable, not to say impossible. The 'Cenaculum' at Jerusalem is barely credible; the pillar on which the cock crew is evidently imaginary; the tombs of Noah and Seth, in the vale of the Lebanon, are absolutely inconceivable. In all these cases the silence of previous travellers and pilgrims throws such a doubt on their antiquity, and therefore on their genuineness, that, as a general rule, none should be accepted, except so far as they are confirmed by the results of that independent investigation of which we first spoke. In all cases they rest under the necessary disadvantage of proceeding from strangers—not natives—often not speaking the language of the country, and labouring under the pressure of the constant demand of pilgrims, which they were obliged to supply as best they could. It is solely with regard to the localities resting on this foreign tradition that the local controversies of the Holy Land have arisen. So far as the topography of Palestine rests on the processes described above (and this includes by far its larger part), it is involved in no more doubt than that of Greece and Italy, except so far as the difficulties of travelling, and, above all, the difficulties of excavation, render those solutions impossible in Judea and in Jerusalem, which fifty years ago would, for the same reason, have seemed equally impossible in Athens and in Rome, but which there are now attained beyond the possibility of a doubt, and which similar facilities in the Holy Land would probably clear up also.

With these materials, and under these principles, let us now see what connexion exists between the history and the geography of Palestine, sufficient to make the study of the one necessary or useful to the understanding of the other.

I. The most important results of an insight into the geographical features of any country are those which elucidate in any degree the general character of the nation to which it has furnished a home, and the general course of the history which has grown

grown up within its limits. ‘God hath determined the bounds of the habitation of all nations to dwell on the face of the earth.’ So said the Apostle in his speech on the Areopagus. It is indeed a subject not unworthy of the solemnity of such words. If there be anything in the course of human history which brings us near to the ‘divinity which shapes men’s ends, rough-hew them as they will,’ which indicates something of the prescience of their future course even at its very commencement, it is the sight of that framework in which the national character is enclosed, by which it is modified, beyond which it cannot develop itself. And such a view of this connexion becomes deeply interesting in the case of those nations which have played so great a part on the stage of the world as to entitle us to look there, if anywhere, for that prophetic forecast of a nation’s destiny which can be seen nowhere so clearly as in the hills, the plains, the rivers, the seas, which cradled and fostered its birth and its infancy. Such a forecast, as every one knows, can be seen in the early growth of the Roman commonwealth, and in the peculiar conformation and climate of Greece. The question which the geographer of the Holy Land, which the historian of the chosen people has to propose to himself is, ‘Can a connexion be traced between the scenery, the features, the boundaries, the situation of Sinai and of Palestine, on the one hand, and the history of the Israelites on the other?’ It may be, as is our own belief, that there is much in one part of their history, and little in another; least of all in its close, more in the middle part, most of all in its early beginnings. But whatever be the true answer, it cannot be indifferent to any one who wishes—whether from the divine or the human, from the theological or the historical point of view—to form a complete estimate of the character of the most remarkable nation which has appeared on the earth. If the grandeur and solitude of Sinai was a fitting preparation for the reception of the Decalogue and for the second birth of an infant nation; if Palestine, by its central situation, by its separation from the great civilized powers of the Eastern world, by its contrast both with the Desert and with the Egyptian and Mesopotamian empires, and by the variety of its climate and scenery, presents a natural home for the chosen people; if the poverty of its local features deprives it of some of the main accessories of local religions, and thus renders it an obvious cradle of a faith that was intended to be universal; its geography is not without interest in this its most general aspect, both for the philosopher and theologian.

II. Next to the importance of illustrating the general character of a nation from its geographical situation is the importance of ascertaining

ascertaining how far its leading ideas, its poetry, its philosophy, its forms of worship, have been affected by it. In Greece this has been eminently the case. Was it so in Palestine? It is not enough to answer that the religion of the Jewish people came direct from God, and that the poetry of the Jewish prophets and psalmists was the immediate inspiration of God's Spirit. In the highest sense, indeed, of the words this is most true. But it must be remembered, that as every one acknowledges that this religion and this inspiration came through a human medium to men living in those particular 'times' of civilization, and in those particular 'bounds of habitation,' which God had 'before appointed' and 'determined' for them, we cannot safely dispense with this or with any other means of knowing by what local influences the Divine message was of necessity coloured in its entrance into the world. Again, as there are some who would exaggerate this local influence to the highest, and others who would depreciate it to the lowest degree possible, it is important to ascertain the real facts, whatever they may be, which may determine our judgment in arriving at the proper mean. And lastly, as there was in the later developments of the history of Palestine, in the rabbinical times of the Jewish history, in the monastic and crusading times of the Christian history, an abundant literature and mythology of purely human growth, it becomes a matter of at least a secondary interest to know how far the traditions and the institutions of those times have been fostered by, or have grown up independently of, local and geographical considerations.

III. In the two points we have just noticed the connexion between history and geography, if real, is essential. But this connexion must always be more or less matter of opinion, and, for that very reason, is more open to fanciful speculation on the one side, and entire rejection on the other. There is however a connexion less important but of more general interest, because more generally accessible and appreciable, that, namely, which, without actually causing or influencing, explains the events that have occurred in any particular locality. The most obvious example of this kind of concatenation between place and event is that between a battle and a battle-field, a campaign and the seat of war. No one can thoroughly understand the one without having seen or investigated the other. In some respects this mutual relation of action and locality is less remarkable in the simple warfare of ancient times than in the complicated tactics of modern times. A single combat, or a succession of single combats, such as the Homeric battles, may be fought indifferently on any ground; whereas in later strategics a rise or a depression of ground, however slight,

in the theatre of war, may decide the fate of empires. But, on the other hand, the course of armies, the use of cavalry and chariots, or of infantry, the sudden panics and successes of battle, are more easily affected by the natural features of a country in simpler than in later ages, and accordingly the conquest of Palestine by Joshua and the numerous battles in the plain of Esdraelon must be as indisputably illustrated by a view of the localities as the fights of Marathon or Thrasymenus. So again the boundaries of the different tribes, and the selection of the various capitals, must either receive considerable light from a consideration of their geographical circumstances, or, if not, a further question must arise why in each case such exceptions should occur to what is else the well-known and general rule which determines such events. It is to the middle history of Palestine and of Israel, the times of the monarchy, where historical incidents of this kind are related in such detail as to present us with their various adjuncts, that this interest especially applies. But perhaps there is no incident of any magnitude, either of the New or Old Testament, to which it is not more or less applicable. Even in those periods and those events which are least associated with any special localities, namely, the ministrations and journeys described in the Gospels and in the Acts, it is at least important to know the course of the ancient roads, the situation of the towns and villages, which must have determined the movements there described in one direction or another.\* Mr. Howson's labours in this respect are amongst the most important contributions which have been made to the subject.

IV. Those who visit or who describe the scenes of sacred history expressly for the sake of finding confirmations of Scripture, are often tempted to mislead themselves and others by involuntary exaggeration or invention. But this danger ought not to prevent us from thankfully welcoming any such evidences as can truly be found to the reality and faithfulness of the sacred records. One such aid is sometimes sought in the supposed fulfilment of the ancient prophecies by the appearance which some of the sites of Syrian or Arabian cities present to the modern traveller. We need not go over again\* the reasons which make us regard many of these attempts as fraught with mischief to the cause they intend to uphold. Rather we may hail the present aspect of these sites as proofs that the spirit of prophecy is not so to be bound down. The continuous existence of Damascus and Sidon, the ruins of the revived cities of Ascalon, Petra, and Tyre, after the extinction of the empires or the races which they

\* See Quart. Rev., vol. lxix. p. 182.

represented,

represented, are standing monuments of the important truth that the warnings delivered by 'holy men of old' were aimed not against stocks and stones, but then, as always, against living souls and sins, whether of men or of nations. But there is a further and more satisfactory 'evidence' to be derived from a view of the sacred localities, which has perhaps hardly been regarded sufficiently by those who have written on the subject. Facts, it is said, are stubborn, and geographical facts happily the most stubborn of all. We cannot wrest them to meet our views; but neither can we refuse the conclusions they force upon us. We would not strain the argument beyond what it is worth. But it is impossible not to be struck by the constant agreement between the recorded history and the natural geography both of the Old and New Testament. To find a marked correspondence between the scenes of the Sinaitic mountains and the events of the Israelite wanderings is not much perhaps, but it is certainly something towards a proof of the great truth of the whole narrative. To meet in the Gospels allusions so transient and yet so precise to the localities of Palestine, inevitably suggests the conclusion of their early origin, while Palestine was still familiar and accessible, while the events themselves were still recent in the minds of the writers. The complete and detailed harmony between the incidents of the life of David and the hills and vales of Judæa, or between the voyages of St. Paul and the known facts of the navigation of the Mediterranean Sea are indications, slight it is true, yet still important, that we are dealing not with shadows, but with realities of flesh and blood. Such coincidences are not usually found in fables, least of all in fables of Eastern origin.

V. Lastly, even where there is no real connexion, either by way of influence or explanation, between the localities and the events, there still remains the charm of more vividly realizing the scene. Even when, as in that last period of the Sacred History, local associations can hardly be supposed to have exercised any the slightest influence over the minds of the actors, or over the course of the events, it is still to most persons an indescribable pleasure and assistance to know what was the outline of landscape, what the colour of the hills and fields, what the special objects, far or near, that met the eye of those who took part in those momentous acts. And this is a pleasure and an instruction which of course is increased in proportion as the events in question occurred not within perishable or perished buildings, but on the unchanging scenes of nature; on the Sea of Galilee, and Mount Olivet, and at the foot of Gerizim, rather than in the house of Pilate, or the inn of Bethlehem, or the garden

garden of the Holy Sepulchre, were the localities now shown as such ever so genuine.

This interest is one which pervades every stage of the Sacred History, from the earliest to the latest times, the latest times perhaps the most, because then it is often the only interest, but the earliest in a high degree, because then the events more frequently occurred in this connexion with the free and open scenery of the country, which we still have before us. It is also an interest which extends in some measure beyond the actual localities of events to those which are merely alleged to be such, a consideration not without importance in a country where so much is shown which is of doubtful, or more than doubtful, authenticity, yet the objects of centuries of veneration. Such spots have become themselves the scenes of a history, though not of that history for which they claim attention ; and to see and understand what it was that has for ages delighted the eyes and moved the souls of thousands of mankind is instructive, though in a different way from which those who selected these sites intended.

In one respect the sight and description of Eastern countries lends itself more than that of any other country to this use of historical geography. Doubtless there are many alterations, some of considerable importance, in the vegetation, the climate, the general aspect of these countries, since the days of the Old and New Testament. But, on the other hand, it is one of the great charms dwelt upon by Eastern travellers that the framework of life, of customs, of manners, even of dress and speech, is still substantially the same as it was centuries and ages ago. Something, of course, in representing the scenes of the New Testament, must be sought from Roman and Grecian usages now extinct, but the Bedouin tents are still the faithful reproduction of the outward life of the patriarchs—the vineyards, the corn-fields, the houses, the wells of Syria still retain the outward imagery of the teaching of Christ and the Apostles ; and it is for this reason that the mere passing notices of Oriental customs which occur in ordinary travels, much more the detailed accounts of Lane and of Burckhardt, contain a mine of Scriptural illustration which it is an unworthy superstition either to despise or to fear.

It is to this last result of sacred geography, that of reproducing the scenes rather than of explaining or illustrating the actual course of sacred history, that the chief part of Mr. Howson's work is necessarily confined. Of all the great characters that have ever appeared in the world few probably have been so little affected by local influences as that of the Apostle of the Gentiles. Still, as we have observed, there is always a pleasure in the sight and description of the mere outlines and colours

colours which met the eye, however unconsciously, of one in whose life we feel an interest; and, even if no actual results are produced, there is, as one of the profoundest historical students \* of our day well observes, a satisfaction and instruction in treading the soil and breathing the atmosphere of the illustrious dead, if only to be sure that we have left no stone unturned, no step unapproached, by which we can be brought more nearly into contact with what is now the only unchangeable witness of the events which have themselves passed away. It is true that this feeling is easily carried to excess, and we cannot but think that in many instances Mr. Howson's illustrations are chargeable with the error of overshadowing, not elucidating, a narrative which for the most part flies with the lightest possible touch over ground which in these pages is described with a minuteness appropriate only to historical events drawn on the largest scale.

There are, however, scenes in the Apostle's life, such as the address on the Areopagus, the tumult in the theatre of Ephesus, the rescue on the staircase of the Antonian fortress, the shipwreck at Melita, in which the sacred narrative not only admits but invites every elucidation of topographical details. This, in all these cases, Mr. Howson has amply and faithfully furnished; † and even where the need is less urgent, much will be forgiven, and much even required, by the intense and universal interest which attaches to every portion of such a life. We have already intimated that the chief instruction to be derived from this work lies beyond the immediate scope of our essay in which we have chiefly dwelt on the central and essential scenes of sacred history in Syria and Arabia. Something indeed of an enduring connexion must always exist between the Apostle's life and the two great cities of Damascus and Antioch, ‡ which witnessed its two most critical moments. The night journey, too, from Jerusalem to Antipatris is reproduced by Mr. Howson from the narrative of Dr. Eli Smith with a vividness as new and interesting as it is exact and certain. § But it is not on Palestine but on Asia Minor and the Mediterranean Sea that the geographical labours of St. Paul's biographer must be chiefly expended. We gladly close our rapid sketch by turning for a moment to those regions—the true complement of the wide sphere of sacred geography. There is hardly a headland, or bay, or island in the long coast of unrivalled beauty from the Bay of Issus to the Triopian

\* Palgrave's History of Normandy and England.

† Vol. i. pp. 402-406; vol. ii. pp. 83, 259-262, 347-351.

‡ Vol. i. pp. 95-97, 131-137, 143. The traditional site of the conversion at Damascus (which is elaborately discussed by Quarēsmius) is perhaps one of the few points of the kind which Mr. Howson has not exhausted.

§ Vol. ii. pp. 275-277.

promontory which has not received a passing glory from the most illustrious native of that vast peninsula. And we may safely say that in the elucidation of those missionary journeys, first of their kind in the world's history, there is no resource of topographical knowledge from Chandler and Beaufort, from Tournefort and Hamilton, from numismatic collections or Admiralty charts, that Mr. Howson has not successfully ransacked. Classical no less than biblical scholars may turn with advantage to his pages for the intricate divisions, never before so clearly set forth, of the provinces of Asia Minor, the graphic descriptions, never before so fully compiled, of the deep glens of Cilicia and the wild upland hollows of Pisidia and Lycaonia.\* The passage of the Apostle from Troas to Tyre, alternately by land and sea, is faithfully portrayed in every particular, as every modern traveller who embarks from Beyrouth to Constantinople can testify: and with that attention to the times of the year, the month, and the week, which always gives so much vividness to a narrative where they can be recovered, Mr. Howson † has enabled us to see the successive points in the coast on the precise day, and in all probability by the precise lights and shades of sunlight and moonlight under which they were presented to the Apostle. Most of all he deserves our gratitude for having set before us, with all the additional illustrations which his own learning and observation has supplied, the joint results of the independent investigations of Admiral Penrose and Mr. Smith of Jordan Hill, with respect to the last voyage from Cæsarea to Puteoli. It would be impossible to speak of this in detail. It may be sufficient to refer to the ingenious explanation of the difficulty of Phœnix, 'the haven of Crete,' which 'lieth toward the south-west and north-west,'‡ and to the lucid summary of the arguments by which the identity of Melita with Malta § is set at rest for ever.

There are two remarks suggested by Mr. Howson's labours which may form a not unsitting conclusion to this "inadequate retrospect of Sacred Geography." We constantly hear complaints, as elsewhere so in this department of knowledge, that the advance of science destroys that pleasing intercourse with the past, especially with the sacred past, which was unhesitatingly enjoyed by all who lived in the days of crusades and pilgrimages. We would not wish for a better answer than to open Mr. Howson's pages, and contrast his illustrations, whether pictorial or written, with the pictures and descriptions which

\* Vol. i. pp. 52, 177-182.

‡ Vol. ii. pp. 331-333.

† Vol. ii. pp. 209-236.

§ Vol. ii. pp. 351-357.

used

used to occupy the Sunday evenings of our own and our fathers' childhood in Calmet's 'Dictionary of the Bible,' or Scheuchtzer's 'Physique Sacrée.' Can any one doubt for one moment the nearer approach, so far as local knowledge can give it, to the scenes of the patriarchal or apostolical history which is made by the one class of representations than by the other? And what is thus true of the mere outward image presented, is also true of the spirit in which that image is approached. To speak of the older travels, and of some modern travels, as written in a 'better' and 'more religious' frame of mind, because they endeavour to believe every tradition, or to seize at every confirmation of scriptural events or prophecies without regard to evidence and reason, is a mere abuse of language. The unhesitating reception which was natural in the days of our fathers has become impossible, and, if impossible, unlawful and irreligious. The discrimination of the actual from the imaginary scenes of sacred events, which is practicable now, has for that very reason become a duty and a privilege, and its reward is to be found in the truth, the vividness, the accuracy of representation and of realization, and the incidental proofs of genuineness thus conveyed, which to our predecessors were almost unknown.

Another remark of a different kind occurs on closing these volumes. If they are constructed on too elaborate a scale, they have at least this advantage, that they exhaust their subject. The existing geographical resources for St. Paul's life have been ransacked to the utmost, and it is improbable that any further materials will be added by lapse of years. But this cannot be said of the special field of sacred geography, of which, as we said at first, the coasts of Asia Minor and Greece are but the outskirts. The central region and the sea-coast of Palestine have perhaps been sufficiently explored; but in the desert of Sinai hardly any travellers since Burckhardt have left the beaten track—the country east of the Jordan is known only through a few hasty incursions—the southern frontier of Judæa, including some of the earliest patriarchal scenes, has been investigated by but one single traveller—the key to the main topographical problems of Jerusalem lies buried under the unexcavated accumulations of many centuries—the mysterious rock, which rises in the centre of Mount Moriah, has never been satisfactorily explained—the origin of the Dead Sea and its connexion with the catastrophe of the cities is still an open question. The roll of Oriental discovery is not yet closed—there is still room for the energy of another Burckhardt, for the science of another Niebuhr, for the learning of another Robinson. And if, by the peculiar circumstances of our time, the zeal of the crusader and

the missionary are alike denied to the Eastern wanderer, yet we know from the records of the past, and we may therefore hope for the future, that there is a sphere of duty and of influence which these regions specially present—the opportunity of leaving behind such an image of the union of courage and vigour with calmness, pureness, justice, reverence, as even the vacant mind of the Syrian peasant and of the Arab chief will long retain as the likeness of an Englishman and a Christian.

---

ART. III.—*Memoirs of the Whig Party during my Time.* By Henry Richard, Lord Holland. Edited by his Son, Henry Edward, Lord Holland. Vol. II. London. 1854.

OUR former exposures of the partiality, and, in some instances, culpable misrepresentations\* of Lord Holland's earlier volumes might seem to absolve us from the necessity of taking any notice of this new one, which is, as might be expected, *ejusdem farinae*—of the same light, loose, and adulterated stuff. But, on the other hand, we think our readers have a claim upon us for the continuation of a discussion once begun, and which is not altogether destitute of historical interest. Indeed, a regard for historical truth renders it not a choice but a duty, that a new dose of the poison should be met by a proportionate application of the antidote.

We must, however, renew our protest against the inconvenient practice of publishing in broken parts works which might and should be given to us in their complete state. We can very well understand the extreme reluctance that any judicious friend might have had to publish Moore's *Memoirs* in their present shape, or those of Lord Holland in any shape, but we cannot imagine any creditable reason why whatever was to be published at all should not have been published all together. It is strange that two noble Lords should have simultaneously

---

\* See especially the cases (as detected in our former article) of the discussion with Lord Bathurst in the House of Lords (Q. R. v. lxxxviii. p. 520)—of Mr. Windham's opinion of Burke's 'Reflections' (v. xci. p. 227)—of the pleasure with which Mr. Pitt, Mr. Burke, and Mr. Windham saw the murder of Louis XVI. (p. 224)—of the forged note imputed to Lord Hervey (p. 237)—of Bishop Stock (p. 253)—of the double case of Quigly and Fonthes (p. 252)—of Mr. Pitt's insolence to Lord Wycombe (p. 258)—of the imputation against Walter Scott (p. 262). In all these cases Lord Holland has advanced, as *facts* within his own personal observation and knowledge, calumnies which are proved by the evidence of dates and other incontestable circumstances to be *downright misstatements*. Under what delusion his lordship could have permitted himself to make such assertions, his editor, after two years' leisure for inquiry, does not attempt to explain, and it is no business of ours to account for.

assumed the title, with such a notorious disregard of the duties, of editors. Lord John Russell, as we have had too much occasion to complain, has done worse than nothing; but Lord Holland has done nothing at all, beyond putting into the hands of the printer manuscripts which we cannot but think that—if he had even read them—he must have seen could do little credit to his father.

We are ready, however, to admit that some of the more offensive characteristics of the former volumes are mitigated in this, though the innate habits of inaccuracy and the spirit of misrepresentation and detraction are in no degree amended. There is nothing to be complained of on the score of indecency, the rancour of Jacobinism is somewhat subdued, and even the tone of personal animosity seems less acrimonious. The reason is obvious. The former volumes referred to periods when Lord Holland was a young man, very much heated, indeed intoxicated, with the revolutionary politics of his uncle—quite a Jacobin—almost, if we are to believe himself, a traitor. In this new volume he presents himself at the soberer—or what should have been the soberer—age of thirty-three, and in the enjoyment of that great specific for smoothing down the asperities of *patriots*—place and power, and, above all, in a *coalition* Cabinet, the majority of which—Grenville, Windham, Addington, &c.—had been the *bêtes noires* of his earlier life and of his former volumes. This association does not seem to have quite overcome his personal dislike to those new colleagues, but it necessarily restrained his pen and limited his censures. He could no longer reproach Windham for his coalition with Grenville, nor Grenville with his anti-Gallican policy, nor Addington with his subserviency to the Court. These halcyon days of office were however of short duration, and a great portion of the volume is occupied with regrets on his own part and blame against almost everybody else, friends and foes, for the mismanagements which deprived him of a longer enjoyment of the emollient influences of Downing Street. The consequence is, that, whereas in the former volumes the Tories engrossed all his anger, in this his Whig friends come in for a considerable share of his ill humour. But, notwithstanding this partial diversion of his wrath,

‘ His great revenge has stomach for them all,’

and his vexation with his associates and colleagues by no means stifles the inveterate bias of his mind to misrepresent and depreciate—whenever he can find or make an opportunity—his old political adversaries. Indeed, the only feature of the volume from which anything like amusement is to be derived is the

petty yet laborious arts by which he is for ever striving to distort and discolour every fact and every character that in any way traverse his own preconceptions.

Lord Holland's countenance and manners were strongly indicative of good humour and good nature, and his personal friends assure us that his private life accorded with these amiable appearances; but unfortunately these *Memoirs*, so acrimoniously penned, and now so rashly published, prove the complete mastery which party prejudices and political antipathies had obtained over his better feelings. Even when he enters on a subject with some appearance of moderation, he is never able to maintain that temper for half a page—*surgit amari aliquid*—it speedily melts away, like a ‘dissolving view,’ into something of a very contrary character; what at first sight looked like praise vanishes into censure, affected candour into calumny, and men, whom all the rest of mankind have for more than half a century honoured, dwindle under his optical delusion into knaves and blockheads. We are very ready to admit that there are lights and shades in every character, and that they will seem weaker or stronger respectively as seen from the different positions of even candid spectators. It is not to be expected that the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* *Reviews* should estimate Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt with equal favour, or perhaps equal fairness, and there are few cases, either personal or political, in which it might not be safest to conclude with Sir Roger ‘that much may be said on both sides;’ but the peculiarity of Lord Holland is the *degree* to which he exaggerates and abuses the natural tendency of party feelings, and the dexterous, or indeed rather sinistrous, art with which he twists his subject into the opposite direction from that he seems to take. Of him it may be said, *nil tetigit quod non exacerbavit*—the kind of praise that he sometimes allows to his victims is coarse in its nature and mischievous in its object, and always turns out to be very much like the manufacture, well known to petty dealers in acidities, of *brown sugar into vinegar*.

Before we proceed to exhibit some of these strange transformations, we must call the attention of our readers to a circumstance which we noticed before, but which, as it is repeated, we must mention again. He places at the beginning, not only of each volume, but of each chapter, such an advertisement as this:—

‘Written originally between the years 1812 and, 1816; and now transcribed and revised from the second green morocco book in 1824.

‘VASSALL HOLLAND.’

Such nice and scrupulous accuracy looks very commendable. It would afford a kind of chronology of an author’s opinions, and a guarantee

guarantee that we were about to read the sincere impressions of the moment, unsophisticated and ungarbled by subsequent and extraneous considerations. It would be, no doubt, a great safeguard for truth. But Lord Holland, while he seeks to avail himself of the *prestige* of such accuracy, slyly escapes from the reality; for, though he is so punctilious as to distinguish in this volume his additions made in 1824 and two or three dated 1836, from the original text of 1812 and 1816, he takes no notice of interpolations made at later periods. We shall have to allude specially to one of these cases hereafter, but we notice the general fact here as marking the habitual inaccuracy and indifference to exact truth which pervade all his Lordship's attempts at history.

The volume commences with an account of some eminent persons—Lord Chancellors Rosslyn and Thurlow, Lord Nelson, Mr. Pitt, and some others—who had died in the last year of Mr. Fox's life, and whom Lord Holland subjects, altogether gratuitously, to that transformatory style of portrait-painting to which we have alluded.

First comes Lord Thurlow:—

'Lord Thurlow had been Lord High Chancellor for fourteen years; and had then and since enjoyed *great reputation* for depth of thought and reach of understanding, for erudition in classical literature and learning in his profession, for inflexible integrity and sternness of character, which assumed the appearance of austerity and occasionally even of brutality. As a judge, he was revered throughout the country, especially by churchmen and magistrates. As a debater, he was dreaded in Parliament for near twenty years; and even to the period of his death, the slightest word that dropped from his lips, though but to suggest an adjournment or move a summons, was greeted by a large portion of the House of Lords as an oracle of departing wisdom or a specimen of sarcastic wit unrivalled in any assembly.'—pp. 4, 5.

So far we have the usual conventional portrait of Lord Thurlow—but mark! this was only Lord Thurlow's '*reputation*;' the reality was very different, for

'he had, in fact, *little* but a rugged brow and sagacious countenance, a deep yet sonorous voice, some happiness of expression without much perspicuity of thought, some learning more remarkable for its singularity than its accuracy or practical use, and a large portion of ponderous but impressive wit, supported by a studied contempt and scorn for his adversary and his audience. . . . His language, his manner, his public delivery, and even his conduct, were all of a piece with his looks; all calculated to inspire the world with a high notion of his gravity, learning, or wisdom; but *all assumed for the purpose of concealing the real scantiness of his attainments, the tipidity as well as obscurity of his understanding, and the yet more grievous defects of his disposition and principles.*'—pp. 5, 6.

And

And much more, in a still worse style, charging his private and even his domestic life with most odious imputations, to which, knowing some and believing all to be calumnious, we refrain from giving currency. Lord Holland endeavours to enliven his libel by quoting a pleasantry of Mr. Fox's on Thurlow, which, strange to say, he mangles sadly:—

‘Mr. Fox said once, with equal simplicity and drollery, “I suppose no man was ever so wise as Thurlow looks, for that is *impossible*.”’—p. 6.

Mr. Fox could not have talked of an *impossibility* being only a matter of *supposition*. The version we remember to have heard of the joke was much neater, ‘*I wonder whether any man was ever as wise as Thurlow looks*.’

If any reader should inquire why Lord Holland should thus have vilipended Lord Thurlow, it is only necessary to remind them of an important fact which we noticed so lately as our last March Number, that *Lord Thurlow's* was the powerful hand which, in conjunction with Lord Buckingham, drew up and presented to George III. the celebrated memorandum of the 1st of December, 1783, which knocked on the head the profligate coalition of Fox and North, and opened to Mr. Pitt that long course of success and superiority under which Mr. Fox struggled in vain till the death of his great antagonist allowed him to reappear in the position from which he had fallen three-and-twenty years before.

Of Lord Chancellor Rosslyn Lord Holland had in his first volume spoken so harshly that there was little room for anything like approbation here, but he admits that—

‘he had been a very popular speaker in the House of Commons, and even in his decline bore the marks of an accomplished orator. He shone in perspicuous arrangement and narrative, artful statement and pointed invective. . . . He was, however, affectionate in private, liberal to his family, and friendly to his dependents. If his encouragement of literature had been confined to his zeal in procuring a pension for Dr. Johnson, he would have deserved well of every lover of English genius; but he seems, both from taste and system, to have cultivated the society and promoted the studies of men of letters.’—p. 14.

But, *per contrà*, after confessing that ‘*he knew him very little*,’ he goes on to abuse him very much.

‘His character for sterling abilities was *never high*; for public virtue, *still less so*. He was a man of *little political principle*, and, as far as I could perceive, of *shallow understanding*. . . . In vigour of thought, in depth of knowledge, and in correctness of judgment, he was *lamentably deficient*. He had likewise more *malignity* than became a man with so little predilection for any party or principle.’—pp. 13, 14.

Again,

Again, it may be asked, could there be any party bias to warp Lord Holland's judgment against this great lawyer, to whom he attributes so 'little predilection to *any party*'? That very expression is a sneer which reveals Lord Holland's secret motive, which is just the same that had influenced his character of Thurlow. Lord Rosslyn, then Lord Loughborough, was, after Mr. Burke, the chief mover and the most active and influential leader in the great secession of the moderate Whigs from *Mr. Fox* in 1793. *Inde iræ!*

Sixteen pages of affected admiration and real malevolence are expended on Lord Nelson—because, says Lord Holland, '*many particulars of his life and character are worth preserving*,' a truism which seems not to have required Lord Holland's posthumous corroboration—

'There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave  
To tell us this.'

All the particulars of Lord Nelson's life and character—both his merits and his faults—have been long enough, and the last too freely, exhibited to the world, and Lord Holland has nothing—absolutely nothing—to add. But what his Lordship really thought 'worth preserving' were his own paradoxical estimate of Nelson's character and the unfounded insinuations against other persons which he contrives as awkwardly as maliciously to associate with Nelson's name. His process is to applaud Nelson's professional merits almost to extravagance, for the sake of exposing the ingratitude and even dislike which he imputes to George III. and his ministers against so great a hero, and then, by a sudden turn, his Lordship's well-known sympathy with the revolutionary insurrection at Naples induces him to degrade his hero into 'the meanest, weakest of mankind.'

'Throughout the last eventful minutes of his life, he was the same zealous, enthusiastic, and affectionate man, as well as consummate seaman and kind yet vigilant commander, he had ever been. Of his person there are many representations, and will be nearly as many descriptions. *It was insignificant, and announced none of the qualities of a commander.* . . . His greatness (for who shall gainsay the greatness of the conqueror of Aboukir, Copenhagen, and Trafalgar?) is a strong instance of *the superiority of the heart over the head, and no slight proof that a warm imagination is a more necessary ingredient in the composition of a hero than a sound understanding!* Nelson was indeed a perfect seaman. . . . His courage, the natural consequence of a boundless love of glory, and a devotion to his duty bordering on superstition, enabled him in the moment of danger to apply all the knowledge and exercise *all, the judgment he possessed!* . . . His powers of mind seemed to rise, because in action they were comparatively greater; and that circumstance procured for him, from such

such as had witnessed him in those moments, a *reputation for abilities which never appeared in his conversation, correspondence, opinions, or conduct elsewhere, and which, in truth, nature had not conferred upon him!* . . . It is perhaps no ill office to the memory of Nelson to correct *any favourable* opinion that may be entertained of his understanding; for what justification can be found for one period of his public life, if he was aware and capable of judging of the nature of the transactions in which he was engaged? But his violation of good faith and justice at Naples, which, *if he were considered as a man of sense*, would tarnish all his glories, and hand him down to posterity as a pernicious politician, a bloody and relentless persecutor, is to be accounted for and can alone be palliated by *the weakness of his understanding*, by the ascendancy which an artful and worthless woman had obtained over a mind unversed in politics and ignorant of the world; and by the *general violence with which the calamities and intolerance of the times* had infected men less susceptible of delusion and bigotry than himself.'—pp. 19-22.

On these sardonic compliments we can only repeat that Nelson did not need Lord Holland's praises, even if they had been uncontaminated by such insidious blame. But his estimate of Lord Nelson's understanding was superficial and essentially erroneous. We have nothing to say in extenuation either as to manner or morals of the correspondence with Lady Hamilton, so improperly published in 1814 (Q. R. v. xi. p. 73). 'It is not given to man to love and be wise,' and some such trifles and some such trash might be raked out, we dare say, of the secret and confidential *épanchemens* of wiser and graver men than our naval hero ever pretended to be; but the publication of the Nelson Despatches by Sir Harris Nicolas prove beyond all question that much of the obloquy thrown on the Neapolitan affair was unmerited, and that, in spite of that trivial correspondence, Nelson possessed sagacity, judgment, extensive information, and enlarged views, much beyond the limits of mere professional ability, and infinitely superior to what might have been expected from either the technical specialties of a naval education, or the opportunities and occupations of his maturer life.

It has been often remarked that an individual man has sometimes a diversity of character which makes him seem like two entirely different persons. This, we have many reasons to believe, was peculiarly Lord Nelson's case, to which we are not sorry to have an opportunity of producing a testimony in the highest degree authoritative and characteristic. It is well known that the Duke of Wellington once met Lord Nelson, accidentally and but for an hour, at the Colonial Office in Downing-street; and we have been favoured with a note of the Duke's description of that, as it has now become, remarkable interview, which, valuable

valuable as it must always have been, is additionally interesting in contrast with Lord Holland's superficial chatter:—

‘Walmer, October 1, 1834.

‘ We were talking of Lord Nelson, and some instances were mentioned of the egotism and vanity that derogated from his character. “Why,” said the Duke, “I am not surprised at such instances—for Lord Nelson was in different circumstances two quite different men, as I myself can vouch, though I only saw him once in my life, and for, perhaps, an hour. It was soon after I returned from India [in 1805]. I went to the Colonial Office in Downing-street, and there I was shown into the waiting-room on the right hand, where I found, also waiting to see the Secretary of State, a gentleman whom, from his likeness to his pictures and the want of an arm, I immediately recognised as Lord Nelson. He could not know who I was, but he entered at once into conversation with me—if I can call it conversation—for it was almost all on his side, and all about himself, and in really a style so vain and so silly as to surprise me. I suppose something that I happened to say may have made him guess that I was *somebody*, and he went out of the room for a moment, I have no doubt to ask the office-keeper *who I was*, for when he came back he was altogether a different man both in manner and matter. All that I had thought a *charlatan* style had disappeared, and he talked of the state of this country, and of the aspect and probabilities of affairs on the Continent, with a good sense and a knowledge of subjects, both at home and abroad, that surprised me equally and more agreeably than the first part of our interview had done; in fact, he talked like an officer and a statesman. The Secretary of State kept us long waiting, and certainly, for the last half or three-quarters of an hour, I don’t know that I ever had a conversation that interested me more. Now, if the Secretary of State had been punctual and admitted Lord Nelson in the first quarter of an hour, I should have had the same impression of a light and trivial character that other people have had; but luckily I saw enough to be satisfied that he was really a very superior man. But certainly a more sudden and complete metamorphosis I never saw.’—(*MS. Note.*)

But it was not Lord Nelson, nor Lady Hamilton, nor what he was more interested in than either—the overthrow of the Neapolitan Jacobins—that stirred Lord Holland’s bile on this occasion. He had more immediate and deeper and higher enmities to gratify; and accordingly, after having stigmatised Lady Hamilton, he suddenly becomes her champion, for the purpose of raising a kind of charge against Mr. Pitt.

‘ Whether the *Government*, which had not the virtue to disown the bad actions that Lady Hamilton had seduced Lord Nelson to commit, did right to neglect his *dying injunctions* in her favour or not, is a nice question for political casuists, which I do not pretend to decide. Certain it is that she died near Calais in 1814, in great distress and even want.’—p. 18.

•

Mark

Mark the inconsistency, and, we must add, worse than inconsistency, of this charge. *The Government* during which the Neapolitan transactions of 1799 took place had ceased to exist four or five years before Nelson's death ; and although Mr. Pitt was again in office when this event took place, and when Nelson wrote 'his dying injunctions,' Lord Holland forgets or conceals that Mr. Pitt was himself on his deathbed before Lord Nelson was buried, and died within a fortnight ; and if, therefore, any *Government* is to be reproached for neglecting these 'dying injunctions,' it is Mr. Pitt's successors, Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville, and even Lord Holland himself, who came into the Cabinet that same year. Mr. Fox and Lord Grenville did what was quite right,—they wisely and justly declined to aggravate a scandal already too public, and they endeavoured to alleviate it by granting the neglected *Lady Nelson* an adequate pension. This was one of the first acts of *their* administration ; and the rejection of whatever claims may have been made on the part of poor Lady Hamilton was equally their act. What now becomes of the '*political casuistry*' by which Lord Holland endeavours to throw blame on Mr. Pitt for this affair, in which he could have no share, but, had he lived, would probably have acted as his successors did ?

But there was another person whom Lord Holland hated more than Thurlow or Rosslyn, or even Pitt—and still for the same reason—the failures of Mr. Fox—King George III. ; and so constant and inveterate is his malice, that even on this occasion his Majesty is introduced to be sneered at and maligned. Lord Nelson, he says,—

'was never a favourite at St. James's. His amour with Lady Hamilton—if amour it was—shocked the King's morality ; and though the *perfidies and murders* to which it led were perpetrated in the cause of royalty, they could not wash away the original sin of indecorum in the eye of his Majesty.'—p. 30.

We need not point out the inconsistency and calumnious indecency of this extraordinary paragraph, which certainly deserves the very harshest censure that our language can supply, and which is followed up by another of those mischievous inaccuracies so familiar to Lord Holland.

'*Lord Nelson's reception at Court after the victory of Aboukir was singularly cold and repulsive.*'—p. 30.

No appearance of Lord Nelson at Court could have had any such immediate relation to the battle of Aboukir as is here suggested, for the battle was fought on the 1st of August, 1798, and Lord Nelson did not return to England till the 8th of November, 1800, nearly two years and a half after—during which interval he had received the highest marks of royal favour  
—a peerage

—a peerage—a pension of 3000*l.* a year—and permission to accept the dukedom and estate of Bronté. He no doubt attended a levee, to kiss hands for these honours—probably on Wednesday, either the 12th or 19th of November, the king's next ordinary levee-days, before he took his seat in the House of Lords on Thursday the 20th. We do not pretend to guess the degree of affability with which Lord Nelson may have been received by the sovereign; but we know that his Majesty was never deficient in courtesy even to the most ordinary attender at his levee, and that the grant of those great favours for which Nelson came to kiss hands was the most substantial proof of the sovereign's approbation. It further appears that in the course of the following year the King consented to his advancement to a Viscountcy, and some time after expressed, as we read in Lord Sidmouth's 'Life,' a cordial personal concurrence to an additional obligation, and that of a nature about which he was always peculiarly scrupulous—namely, the extension of Lord Nelson's peerage to his collaterals. There is, therefore, not the slightest colour for Lord Holland's invidious imputation, and it is really a surprising instance of party blindness that Lord Holland should not see that—even if his own calumnious premises were true, viz. that George III. discountenanced the victory of Aboukir and approved the subsequent transactions at Naples—it would follow that the more *recent* as well as (*ex hypothesis*) more acceptable service must have predominated in his Majesty's mind, and ensured to the perpetrator of those *perfidies and murders* a most gracious reception. The whole story is a tissue of malignant absurdity.

But Lord Holland produces Nelson's own evidence to the coldness of his reception.

'He was presented at the same time as Sir James Pulteney, fresh from his *disgrace* at Feriol; "and yet" (observed Nelson at dinner that *very* day) "the King spoke to Sir James for twenty minutes together, but to me not *two*." He was more surprised than hurt at this slight. He spoke of it with disdain rather than resentment.'—p. 30.

We know but too well how morbidly sensitive Nelson was, and how ready to complain of imaginary slights; and though we should place no reliance at all on Lord Holland's unsupported evidence, we think it very likely that Nelson may have fancied that he saw on the countenances of both the King and the Ministers some reflection of the dissatisfaction that evidently and very naturally existed in his *own* mind at the great change of circumstances since the battle of 'Aboukir.' He could not but feel that his great victory had already lost much—might we not say all?—of both its practical and political importance—that in truth little more

more remained of it, but the *glory*? The failure of all his exertions, the laudable as well as the blameable, at Naples—the expulsion of that royal family—the exile of the Queen, to whom he was so devoted, to Vienna, whither he had accompanied her, only to suffer the additional mortification of seeing her ‘neglected’ in her native Court—the return of Buonaparte to France—his elevation to the Consulate—the battle of Marengo—the total subjugation of Italy, and indeed of continental Europe—all these events, which had happened between the battle of Aboukir and his presentation at St. James's, must have touched Nelson’s susceptibility in a very acute degree. The mode too of his return to England, without as it seems previous permission, and not in his flag-ship, but across Italy and through Germany, in company with Lady Hamilton, and occupying nearly four months, was not a topic likely to be agreeable to the King or even to Nelson himself. For all these reasons we are disposed to believe that Nelson may have expressed something of dissatisfaction at his audience, and the rather because we ourselves do really not see on what subjects the King *could* at that moment well have dwelt, without the risk of giving pain. Even ‘Aboukir’ would have been to Nelson a subject almost as delicate as *Borodino* was to Napoleon after *Moscow*, or *Dresden* after *Leipsick*.

Nor could it have been thought any slight to Nelson that the King’s conversation should be longer with Sir James Pulteney than with himself. Sir James was but just returned from actual operations (which indeed were not yet terminated), and the King would naturally inquire about this, which was really a *current business*; and as Sir James’s share in it was what Lord Holland chooses to call a ‘*disgrace*,’ it was consistent with the justice and the delicacy which the King always showed on any such occasions\* to mark that what was in reality hardly to be called a *failure* should not be treated as a *disgrace*. Sir James Pulteney was not a Nelson, and still less a Wellington, but nobody can now doubt that he acted very much as either of them would have done, in abandoning at once, and without any loss, an enterprise not only injudicious and indeed hopeless in itself, but which, if persisted in, might have had the worst immediate consequences, and perhaps prevented that ultimate deliverance of Europe, which arose from the conflict in the Peninsula under happier auspices six years later.

Two other instances of the same disposition to sneer at the

\* See *Quarterly Review*, vol. xcii. p. 521, George III.’s reception of Sir Arthur Wellesley, when he went to Court in the midst of the popular clamour which had been raised on the subject of the Convention of Cintra.

King wind up the Nelson episode of Lord Holland's '*Memoirs of the Whig Party.*'

'Lord Nelson had accepted a Neapolitan order without the usual form of demanding leave to wear it; and when he was *cautioned* not to wear the foreign star above the English Order of the Bath, he neglected the advice, saying, that English had always been there, pointing to the place; and as the King of Naples had put the other above it, so he would keep it where he had been graciously pleased to place it. It required *many Aboukirs to atone for such offences.*'—pp. 30-31.

We totally disbelieve this story. Lord Nelson could not have been guilty of such a gross insult to his sovereign and his country, and we adopt seriously Lord Holland's ironical judgment, that it would be difficult to atone for such an offensive breach of gratitude, decency, and duty. That he might have so worn the Neapolitan order at the Neapolitan Court, if the King of Naples had so placed it, is probable, and would have been proper; but that he should have done so *at St. James's, and after being cautioned,* is morally impossible, and it is we think satisfactorily disproved by our seeing that in Sir William Beechey's standard picture of Nelson, painted for Lord St. Vincent, in and with all his orders, the British Bath is conspicuously *over* all the others.

Lord Holland proceeds to say that Nelson's 'splendid funeral was not supposed to be approved of at Windsor. *Such national marks of gratitude in the opinion of George the Third should be exclusively paid to royalty,* and not lavished on men who direct the councils or fight the battles of their country.'—p. 31.

This, besides its obvious malice, is also a gross misstatement. Where is Lord Holland's authority for attributing to George III. so absurd and so invidious an opinion as that 'a public funeral as a mark of national gratitude should be exclusively reserved for royalty?' George III.'s reign was the longest in our British annals. Where could Lord Holland find one single *public funeral* of a royal personage in his reign? except indeed the funeral of his grandfather George II., who was buried with the same ceremonies as all our Kings and Queens have been, neither more nor less. His royal uncle the Duke of Cumberland, whose public services, as well as his personal attachment to the King, would have fully justified some distinction, was 'privately interred' (Gent. Mag. 1765, p. 536), as were his brothers the Dukes of York, Cumberland, and Gloucester. The funerals of princes have of course some degree of state and parade beyond those of private gentlemen or even of peers, from the attendance of their own and the King's Households, of the officials of the Garter when they belong to that order, sometimes of military

military and naval aides-de-camp, friends or attendants, when they have happened to be of those services ; but they are no more public funerals than those of a Duke of Somerset or a Duke of Bedford, and in no way 'marks of national gratitude ;' while, on the other hand, the only really public funerals that we remember to have taken place in that reign were of persons not royal, but who 'had directed the councils, or fought the battles of their country'—the great Lord Chatham, Mr. Pitt, and Lord Nelson.

What now can be said for Lord Holland ? Nothing but—*vakat quantum*—that *Mr. Fox's* funeral, though as public—*coram populo*—as those of the princes, was not voted as 'a mark of national gratitude.' We have no doubt that Lord Holland thought, and perhaps proposed, that Mr. Fox should have had such a funeral, but we doubt that any of his colleagues concurred in that opinion.

Next comes a more detailed notice of Mr. Pitt. Lord Holland has the preliminary candour to confess that he personally knew nothing about him, and that his strictures were written under the strongest impressions against him. Now, we think that, after having dedicated so large a share of his former volume to Mr. Pitt's policy, he need not have entered on a subject of which he knew so little, and confesses such prejudices. But if he knew but little of Mr. Pitt, his Lordship knew a great deal about Mr. Fox ; and it is really entertaining to detect the little arts by which, while he squints at Mr. Pitt, his real object is only to see such points as may suggest something of an opposite or superior merit in *Mr. Fox*.

He commences this clandestine comparison by an artful suppression of the differences of their ages and position ; he *starts them*, as it were, together—omitting, that, when the race began between them in 1781, Fox—ten years Pitt's senior in life and in Parliament—had been above four years in office, and for the other six the leader of a powerful, and, within a few months, victorious Opposition. Mr. Pitt had as yet spoken but *three times* when Mr. Fox became Secretary of State, leader of the House of Commons, and, in fact, Minister of the country. The odds were terribly against the young one—but he very soon took the lead and maintained it, still increasing his advantage to the last.

Fox's early, and even his mature life, was what the French call *orageuse*—reckless, dissipated, and extravagant—as Lord Holland himself, with apparent candour, admits : we say 'apparent candour,' because he only tells what he could not conceal, and tells it in very softened terms, and for, as we shall see presently, very unfair purposes :—

'Mr. Fox had been educated at a public school, had taken his full share of fashion, gaiety, and dissipation, had lived at various periods of his life with politicians, sportsmen, jockeys, foreigners, and men of letters, and in short with every sort of society.'—p. 42.

Pitt's much shorter life had been studious and exemplary ; and, he passed, almost without an interval, from the shade of collegiate and professional studies to the full splendour of the greatest parliamentary and official successes. Lord Holland's object is to turn this marked difference to the advantage of Mr. Fox. This was not easy ; but Lord Holland, if not dexterous, is at least unscrupulous in the mode in which he endeavours to adjust the balance.

The first experiment is to contrast Fox's frank and manly disposition with the reserve and insipidity of Pitt :—

'At Cambridge he lived in a confined set that passed with their contemporaries for *childish and frivolous company*.'—p. 32.

But his Lordship candidly adds that he afforded *one*—

'test of manliness then most rigorously exacted at our universities—viz. hard drinking.'—p. 32.

This reproduction of the vulgar talk of Mr. Pitt's *habitual* intemperance has the further advantage of suggesting that, if any one should hint at Fox's more habitual and more frequent indulgences in the same way, it might be answered that he was no worse than Pitt. Now, we have known intimately, and questioned freely, many of Mr. Pitt's most constant associates—men, themselves of temperate habits—who have all assured us that those of Mr. Pitt were in no wise more convivial than those of the rest of the world. Once\* in his life he is said to have exhibited in the House of Commons some symptoms of an over indulgence, and the wit of the authors of the *Rolliad* made the most of it—and that was not much. In a satirical account of Mr. Pitt's domestic day we find—

'Mr. Pitt eats very heartily, *drinks one bottle of port, and two when he speaks* ; so that we may hope that Great Britain may be long blessed with the superintendence of this *virtuous* and able young Minister.'—*Rolliad*, p. 422, ed. 1812.

The fact is, that both Pitt and Fox lived the life of their times ;

\* The occasion was in February, 1788, on a motion of censure on Lord Howe for a partial promotion of admirals. We remember to have heard many years ago from Sir James Burges, who was sitting close to Mr. Pitt that evening, that the supposed intoxication was a gross misrepresentation. Mr. Pitt was ill, and obliged to retire for a few moments in the earlier part of the debate, but he very soon recovered, and, returning immediately to his place, never in fact spoke better, nor—for the case was a complicated one, and turgid on the details of a transaction wholly out of his own department and experience—with a more remarkable mastery of his subject ; and so indeed it seems, from the reported debates.

and Lord Holland should have remembered that Fox's libations of *champagne* have been as much celebrated by his friends, both in prose and verse, as Mr. Pitt's bottle of *port* by the authors of the *Rolliad*. We may congratulate ourselves on a considerable improvement of manners in that respect, without exaggerating the defects of the last century, or, as Lord Holland does, making coarse charges against one great man, whose decorous and laborious life was really as little liable to such imputations as any member of the society in which he lived.

Lord Holland's next charge against Mr. Pitt is produced in a style that Sir Benjamin Backbite himself never equalled:—

‘*In other vices* he never indulged—*to excess!!*—p. 32.

That is, by inference, he indulged in them *all*, but only not—*to excess*.’

The few now living who knew, and all who have heard or read any particulars of the private life of Mr. Pitt, will be amazed at this announcement of his ‘*other vices*.’ Lord Holland does not venture to specify them, but he throws into a note what we suppose he means to pass off upon us as one—though one would not justify his general charge even if he had possessed a better warrant for the imputation.

‘He was, I believe, a *partner* in the *Faro Bank* at Goostrée's. At that period many men of fashion and honour did not scruple to belong to such associations and to avow it. I mention the circumstance not in discredit of Mr. Pitt, but to prove, by the example of so correct and decorous a man, the temper and character of these times.’—pp. 32, 33.

‘*I mention this circumstance*,’ says his Lordship, ‘*not in discredit to Mr. Pitt*.’ We believe indeed that this was not his first object: the first object, no doubt, was to palliate by *innuendo*, the incredible extravagance of Fox's gambling, as if it was a mere compliance with the times, which even ‘correct and decorous men’ like Mr. Pitt could practise without discredit. But here, as in most other cases of self-indulgence, the main question is as to the degree: and let any one look at the excesses of every kind, but above all of play, recorded of Mr. Fox, during all the earlier and, indeed, middle portion of his life, and judge whether what is alleged against Mr. Pitt has anything of the same characteristic importance. We cannot, small as the matter is, omit to notice the invidious and deceptive terms which Lord Holland employs on this occasion; he talks of a *partnership* in a *Faro bank* as an *association* of very ambiguous character, and of something alike permanent and disreputable; but, in fact, ‘holding the bank at’ *Faro* is a technical expression,

sion, and means no more than dealing a hand at Faro—a game at which all the players attack the dealer, and the person who deals even one hand is said to *hold the bank*. This accusation against Mr. Pitt, of being a gambler, because he may have accidentally dealt the cards at Faro, is one of those cases in which Lord Holland's asseveration that he wrote the body of this volume in 1812 and 1816, and the obvious inference that he has accurately dated all his subsequent additions, becomes of importance. If, it were true, we might have suspected that Mr. Pitt's early addiction to the gaming-table had been so notorious as to have reached Lord Holland *traditionally*. But it is certain, from the context of this portion of the work, that these passages were *not* written in 1812, nor in 1816, nor yet in 1824, nor even in 1836, which he gives as the date of one or two other passages; but *must* have been interpolated into Lord Holland's manuscript subsequently to the publication of Wilberforce's 'Life' in 1838, where, we confidently believe, his Lordship found *all* that he ever knew of Goostree's club or Mr. Pitt's addiction to the *vice of gambling*.

Wilberforce set out with being very volatile in his manners and promiscuous in his society; he tells that he belonged to the four great gaming-clubs—Miles's, Boodle's, White's, and Brookes's; at the last of which, especially, he lived, with Fox, Sheridan, Fitzpatrick, George Selwyn, and the old Duke of Norfolk, a luxurious and very agreeable life, and where he was initiated into deep play. Then the joint narrative of himself and his biographers proceeds thus:—

' Though he visited occasionally these various clubs, his usual resource was with a *choicer and more intimate society*, who assembled first in the house since occupied by Scrope and Morland's bank, in Pall-Mall, and afterwards on the premises of a man named Goostree, now the Shakspeare Gallery.

' They were about twenty-five in number,\* and for the most part were young men who had passed together through the university, and whom the general election of 1780 had brought at the same time into public life. Pitt was an habitual frequenter of the club at Goostree's, supping there every night during the winter of 1780-81. Here their intimacy increased every day. Though less formed for general popularity than Fox, Pitt, when free from shyness, and amongst his intimate companions, was the very soul of merriment and conversation.'

\* Their names are given, which may serve to characterise this reunion: the late Dukes of Montrose and Richmond; Lords Camden, Chatham, Bathurst, Grenville, Carrington, Rokeby; Pitt, Wilberforce, Bawkes, Steele, Windham, and Elliot. All these became subsequently Mr. Pitt's political friends; but at this period—which began before Pitt had taken any political line, and, indeed, before he was even in Parliament—there were several of the coterie who afterwards took an opposite line,—the Duke of Grafton and the late Lords Besborough, Spencer, St. John, George Cavendish, &c.

So far the biographers from Wilberforce's papers. Now he speaks in his own person:—

‘ Pitt was the wittiest man I ever knew; and, what was quite peculiar to himself, had at all times his wit under entire control. Others appeared struck by the unwonted association of brilliant images; but every possible combination of ideas seemed always present to his mind, and he could at once produce whatever he desired. I was one of those who met to spend an evening in memory of Shakspeare at the Boar's Head, Eastcheap. Many professed wits were present, but Pitt was the most amusing of the party, and the readiest and most apt in the required allusions. He entered with the *same* energy into all our different amusements. We played a good deal at Goostree's; and I well remember the intense earnestness which Pitt displayed when joining in those games of chance. He perceived their increasing fascination, and soon after suddenly abandoned them for ever.’—*Life*, i. 16.

It will be observed that Wilberforce's share of this narrative was written from memory, obviously after Pitt's death, and perhaps a little, though involuntarily, coloured by the anxiety of his *later* conscience—*socios habuisse erroris*. But, at its fullest extent, what does it tell but that Pitt, in his twenty-first year, and perhaps his twenty-second, entered into the amusements of the small and select society just described, with all the earnestness of youth and genius, and occasionally joined them at their card-table, with the same vivacity and amiability that he accompanied them to the Shakspearian frolic at the Boar's Head?

It is a curious fact, that on the 18th February, 1781—*atatis* 21—Pitt was elected into *Brooke's*, on the motion of Mr. Fox; but he very soon ceased all attendance there, though he remained a nominal member to his death. It was not till after he was in office that he belonged to *White's*, where he often supped, as everybody then did, either there or at Boodle's or *Brooke's*, after the House, but where he never was known to play. We have, therefore, no doubt that it was from this stray remark of Wilberforce's, misquoted and misrepresented as we see, that Lord Holland has—without acknowledgment—for acknowledgment would have led to detection—culled his random innuendos of Mr. Pitt's *vices*.

But even with Lord Holland's jaundiced view of this part of Mr. Pitt's character, how can he reconcile the sneers at Pitt's having passed the whole of his life previous to his accession to office in the confined and obscure circles of his college and Lincoln's Inn with the subsequent reproaches of his having been at the same period indulging in the frivolities, and even *vices*, of fashionable life?

But though Lord Holland could not resist the temptation of introducing—even at the expense of his own consistency—this episode

episode of the *Faro Bank*, which there is no evidence that Mr. Pitt ever happened to hold, though Wilberforce says that he himself once did so for a pleasantry—Mr. Bankes, who never played, being his *partner* to the extent of *one guinea*—and won 600*l.*, yet his Lordship very soon returns to the opposite theme of contrasting the sullen and unsociable reserve of Pitt with the gaiety and frankness of Fox:—

‘The accounts of Pitt’s private manners during his life were very contradictory: they must have been tintured with partiality or discoloured by prejudice. He was immersed in politicks and invested with power at so very early a period of life, that he had hardly time to form, or opportunity to display, any marked taste in private. . . . With respect to his conversation, his admirers said it was occasionally playful in the extreme, and always good-humoured and brilliant—*a judgment which the notes left by Mr. Wilberforce, and the testimony of Lord Wellesley, seem strongly to confirm: others pretended that it was either excessively childish or very sarcastic and overbearing. How shall we reconcile such contradictory reports?*’—pp. 31-33.

Here again we have the anachronic deception. The Wilberforce and Wellesley evidence, published in 1837, 1838, is introduced as if Lord Holland had been aware of it in 1816, and—though he had, as we have seen just before, relied on it to prove Mr. Pitt a gambler—he now affects to throw doubts upon it when it testifies Mr. Pitt’s amiable qualities.

‘How,’ he asks, ‘shall we reconcile such contradictory reports?’ We will not charge ourselves with the task of reconciling Lord Holland’s contradictions; ours is the easier duty of exposing his fallacies. *Who, we in return ask, were the ‘others,’ the anonymous ‘others,’ who thought Mr. Pitt’s conversation such an alternation of childishness and sarcasm? Who are they whose testimony thus balances in Lord Holland’s mind the evidence of the two persons best acquainted with Mr. Pitt, and whose judgment and integrity no one, not even Lord Holland, presumes to question? No such others, we believe, ever existed but in Lord Holland’s own perverted imagination!*

But here again he contradicts himself:—

‘George North (Lord Guilford) was probably right when, *in the heat of party dissensions*, having met Mr. Pitt *in a country house*—Duke of Rutland’s—he wrote word that he was sorry to find that “so bad a politician was so very pleasant a man.”’—p. 34.

Such, we have no doubt, was, or would have been, the opinion of George North wherever or whenever he might happen to meet Mr. Pitt, but Lord Holland’s version of it is altogether inaccurate, if indeed it be not wholly fictitious. His Lordship was not likely to invent an anecdote favourable to Mr.

Pitt, but he has certainly here mistaken either time, or place, or person. As an example of his habitual inaccuracy, it may be worth while to explain why George North *never could* have 'met Pitt *in the heat of party dissensions at the Duke of Rutland's.*' The 'heat of party dissensions' refers, of course, to some period of Mr. Pitt's ministry after the defeat of the Coalition in December, 1783. Now one of Pitt's earliest measures on that occasion was the appointment of the Duke of Rutland to the Lord-Lieutenancy of Ireland, whither his Grace *immediately* repaired, and where he died in 1787, leaving the present Duke almost an infant, who did not come of age for several years after old Lord Guilford's death, so that it is absolutely impossible that 'George North' could have met that 'bad politician Mr. Pitt at the Duke of Rutland's country-house.'

It would be strange from any other pen but Lord Holland's to find that, after this testimony (true probably in substance, though inaccurate in its details) to the gaiety and agreeability of Mr. Pitt's private manners even during the 'heat of party dissensions,' the writer again reverts to his original misrepresentation, and produces, as the climax of Pitt's sullen temper, his estrangement from his own nearest relations:—

'Of the Grenvilles, his first-cousins, *he knew nothing* till they came into Parliament. Thomas Grenville told me (what seems incredible) that he never was *in his company* till 1793; and Lord Erskine assured me that in Alice's Coffee-house, when William Grenville (afterwards Lord Grenville) came in, Mr. Pitt, who was drinking tea with Erskine, asked who that young man was.'—p. 43.

All this must be an utter mistake—whether the mistake is to be attributed to Mr. Grenville and Lord Erskine, or to Lord Holland, those who have followed our exposures\* of Lord Holland's inaccuracies will have no difficulty in deciding. 'Thomas Grenville, his first-cousin, never in his company till 1793'!—that seems not only, as Lord Holland says, incredible, but even impossible, when we find that at Lord Chatham's public funeral, 9th of June, 1778, Mr. Pitt, aged eighteen, the chief mourner,\* was attended by Thomas Grenville on one side and Lord Mahon, his brother-in-law, on the other. Was it possible that these two first-cousins, thus walking at the funeral of the father and uncle, should never have been *in company* together? There occurred indeed, *five years later*, a circumstance which no doubt interrupted their intimacy; but, so far from justifying Lord Holland's imputation, it affords another curious instance of the dexterity with which he wilfully perverts any gleam of truth that he happens to catch. The public might, but neither Mr. Gren-

\* The young Earl was with his regiment at Gibraltar.

ville nor Lord Holland could have forgotten, that, on the break-up of the Whig party by the death of Lord Rockingham, Tom Grenville had attached himself entirely to Fox, and abjured all political connexion with his own family. We have in the Buckingham Papers a correspondence between him and Lord Temple, which shows the extent of the breach, and the grief that Mr. Grenville's defection caused to the elder brother. Both were increased by Grenville's zealous support of the *Coalition*, against which his brother had taken so remarkable a part; and it appears that his devotion to the politics of Fox continued till the great secession of the moderate Whigs from Fox consequent on the French Revolution, when Tom Grenville probably began to renew his intercourse with his family. So that it is very likely that from 1782 to 1793 he and Pitt may never have been *in company* together. It is clear, however, that the distance was not occasioned by Pitt's personal reserve, but by Grenville's having—even before Pitt came into office—estranged himself from his family connexions by his alliance with Fox. The absurd story of his asking Erskine in Alice's Coffee-house ~~who that young man was~~, who turned out to be his own first-cousin William, needs no refutation. For a small portion of their lives they might not have seen much of each other, as William Grenville was of Eton and Oxford, and William Pitt went from tuition at home to Cambridge; but it is the greatest absurdity to imagine that they were personally unacquainted, when, in addition to their close family connexion, they were both students at Lincoln's Inn, and, as such only, could have met at Alice's—a lawyer's coffee-house adjoining Westminster Hall—nay, we have seen that they were associates in the 'select and intimate society' at Goostree's. But even if by some extraordinary concurrence of accidents they really had not met till they entered Parliament (which they did just when each came of age), what could that prove as against Mr. Pitt, or why should it be more attributed to Pitt than to his cousin—who certainly was not the most *liant* of men?

There is another anecdote respecting the two great rivals which Lord Holland thought sufficiently important to introduce not only here but in the '*Mémoirs*' of his uncle, which—with notes by his friend Mr. Allen—are now in course of publication by Lord John Russell, and which we think worth notice as showing, even when there was no prejudice to gratify, how very apocryphal Lord Holland's anecdotes are apt to be:—

'Their rivalry was predicted very early. The Duchess of Leinster related to me a conversation, at which she was present, between her sister *Lady Caroline* and *Mr. Henry Fox* (first Lord Holland). Lady Caroline, in expostulating with her husband on his excessive indulgence to

to his children, and to Charles in particular, added, “I have been this morning with *Lady Hester Pitt*; and there is *little William Pitt not eight years old*, and really the cleverest child I ever saw; and brought up so strictly, and so proper in his behaviour, that, mark my words, that *little boy will be a thorn in Charles's side as long as he lives.*”— pp. 43, 44.

A most *preposterous* story. *Lady Hester Pitt* had ceased to be known by that name, and had become *Lady Chatham*, when her son William was but *two years old*, and *could not*, six years later, have been called ‘*Lady Hester*.’ A note appended to this story by Mr. Allen endeavours to get rid of the chronological objection by saying ‘that the Duchess of Leinster *naturally* called the parties by the names she first knew them by’ (Mem. i. 25). Now, begging Mr. Allen’s pardon, we think nothing would be *less natural* than that the Duchess should call an acquaintance, probably a very distant one, by an inferior title, which she bore during only a few intermediate years of her life, instead of the higher one by which she was universally known for upwards of thirty. But, moreover, when ‘*William Pitt was not yet eight*,’—that is, in the spring of 1767, his eighth birthday being the 29th of May in that year in which Charles Fox had accomplished his eighteenth year (19th of January),—can any one believe that *Lady Holland* could have been such a simpleton as to institute any comparison between the management of a little boy under eight with that of a young man of eighteen, who had already left the university, or that she was such a sibyl as to foresee and foretell a competition which the very difference of ages rendered so problematical? But there is another objection; this observation must, as we have said, have reference to some few months before little *William Pitt* had reached his eighth year (May 29, 1767). Now Fox had left Oxford a year earlier—in the spring of 1766, and some time in that summer went to France, and on the 22nd of September *Lord* and *Lady Holland* left England to join him, which they did at Lyons in October, and they all proceeded to Naples, where and in other parts of Italy and France Fox spent a couple of years. Where then, we may ask, was there chronologically any opportunity, or indeed possibility, of such a meeting as is described in the latter half of Pitt’s *seventh year*?

All this may seem both trivial and obsolete, but it is by circumstances, and generally minute ones, that the credit of a witness can be tested; and, as Lord Holland is thus set up as the historian of his own times, it is due to truth and justice and the characters of those he calumniates to expose such inaccuracies.

Before we conclude the topic of Mr. Pitt’s private and social manners,

manners, we hope that our readers will think that this is a fit occasion to reproduce, in opposition to Lord Holland's injurious innuendos, the evidence of a more competent witness, from a note in Bishop Tomline's 'Life.' The Bishop does not give the writer's name, but so designates him that there can be no doubt that it was Mr. Jekyll, whose testimony is the more valuable, not only because he was himself one of the most brilliant wits and most amiable and popular members of society, but from having happened to be in political hostility to Mr. Pitt in Parliament. We have omitted some details as to his professional practice:—

'Among lively men of his own time of life Mr. Pitt was always the *most lively* and convivial in the many hours of leisure which occur to young unoccupied men on a circuit; and joined all the little excursions to Southampton, Weymouth, and such parties of amusement as were habitually formed. *He was extremely popular.* His name and reputation of high acquirements at the University commanded the attention of his seniors. His *wit, his good humour, and joyous manners* endeared him to the younger part of the bar. . . . . At Mr. Pitt's instance, an annual dinner took place for some years at Richmond Hill, the party consisting of Lord Erskine, Lord Redesdale, Sir William Grant, Mr. Bond, Mr. Leycester, Mr. Jekyll, and others; and I well remember a dinner with Mr. Pitt and several of his private friends at the Boar's Head, in Eastcheap, in celebration of Shakspeare's Falstaff [this is the dinner recorded also by Wilberforce]. We were all in high spirits, quoting and alluding to Shakspeare the whole day; and it appeared that Mr. Pitt was as well and familiarly read in the poet's works as the best Shakspearians present. But to speak of his conviviality is needless. After he was Minister he continued to ask his old circuit intimates to dine with him, and his manners were unaltered.'—*Tomline's Life*, vol. i. p. 32.

Such was the conviviality which Lord Holland's malice degrades to intemperance, and such the gay and lively spirit which he would darken into a morose and arrogant selfishness.

On the death of the great rival—'under whom his genius was rebuked as Antony's was by Cæsar'—Mr. Fox came forward in another coalition, which fared little better than the former one. Madame Cornuel said of the eight Marshals of France created on the death of Turenne—that they were *la monnaie de M. de Turenne*—so 'All the Talents' were *change* for Mr. Pitt. But there was one great Talent not adequately provided for. Mr. Fox had asked Lord Holland what he would like; he modestly replied, 'that *Lady Holland's predilection for foreign modes of living* would make him prefer the *Embassy to Paris*' (vol. i. 233) when peace should be made; but even with so great an object in view as gratifying '*Lady Holland's predilection*', it was not

not so easy to make peace with Napoleon, and Lord Holland was obliged to put up with a mission to Berlin. It seems, though we had forgotten it, that he actually set out on that mission, but very soon returned, in consequence of the seizure of Hanover by Prussia. Mr. Fox's illness had now taken a more decided, and, eventually, fatal turn, and the best part of the whole work is the conclusion of the first volume, which describes his uncle's last illness in a way creditable to Lord Holland's affectionate feelings towards Mr. Fox, but which is not unmixed with some indications of disappointment that he himself was not sent to Paris instead of Lord Lauderdale. On Mr. Fox's death he advanced his claim to a high Cabinet office as his representative. These pretensions, suggested, he tells us, not by himself but by Mr. Fox's friends, were, as he states them in a long letter to Lord Lauderdale, not very moderate.

‘That my uncle's friends felt very jealous of the Grenvilles, and thought that my name in the Cabinet was absolutely *necessary*, and in the Foreign Office *desirable*, to prove that there was a disposition to cultivate my uncle's friends, to preserve his system and principles, . . . and that certainly the only places that could gratify my private ambition were the *Embassy to Paris* or the *Secretaryship of Foreign Affairs*.’—pp. 53, 54.

We know not where we could find a parallel for pretensions so lofty from a person who had never been in any office—who had not distinguished himself in Parliament, and had no political following—not a man, we believe, in either House; and it is the more wonderful when we recollect that the Foreign Office was already virtually filled by Lord Grey, who had transacted the duties during Mr. Fox's illness, and who was in truth, in the eyes of the whole country, Mr. Fox's political representative. Lord Holland, however, condescended, though with no very good grace, to accept the Cabinet, with the office of Privy Seal, the next in official dignity after the Lord Chancellor and Lord President; and when we recollect that at the great revival of the Whig ascendancy in 1830 he had nothing higher allotted to him than the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster, we see reason to suspect that his colleagues estimated his value very differently, and, we think, much better, than he himself had done in 1806. We notice this circumstance, not from attaching any political importance to Lord Holland's public services, but because we think the disappointment of those inordinate and indeed absurd expectations influenced the unfavourable judgment that he subsequently passes on some of his colleagues.

We have already given, in our extracts from Moore's Diary, an anticipation of the most important point of this portion of

Lord

**Lord Holland's Memorials**—that is, his reluctant and ungracious but complete acquittal of George IV. from the charge of having abandoned, or, as they even said, betrayed, his political party when he was called to power by the Regency.

Moore admits, in his Life of Sheridan, that immediately on Mr. Fox's death the Prince by a *distinct message*

'made known to the remaining ministers his intention of withdrawing from all *interference in politics*, and expressed himself as no longer desirous of being considered as a *party man*—his own phrase.'—*Moore's Life of Sheridan*, ii. 383.

We now know from Moore's Memoirs that this and some similar statements were made on Lord Holland's authority, chiefly, it seems, in conversations about the year 1818; and it is but fair to Moore to say that, in several passages in which he quotes Lord Holland, his Lordship's Memoirs attest the correctness with which Moore recorded what he said. On this occasion, however, we must remark that, although the general purport of his Lordship's evidence is the same, he *suppresses* in this volume the remarkable fact of the Prince's *message* withdrawing himself from the party; nor does he state so fairly or so fully as he did to Moore the motives of that withdrawal and the consequence which it naturally had, even on Moore's own prejudiced judgment, of absolving the Prince from the charge of inconsistency, and, to use his own phrase, 'satisfactorily accounting for his defection.' Though Lord Holland had not the candour of stating—in what he *leaves behind him as history*—this affair with the same force that he did in conversation with Moore, the fact is substantially acknowledged. He writes to Lord Lauderdale:—

'Grey has, perhaps, neglected *consulting* persons somewhat too much. He wrote, however, at my request, to the Prince; and the Prince is in better humour than he was. Sheridan has been behaving strangely, and will, I fear, do much mischief. But considering his connexions, talents, and appearance of steadiness to the mob and the public, I fear there is too much disposition to set him at defiance, and a greater desire to get rid of him altogether than is either prudent or perhaps right.'—p. 62.

'It must be owned that the manners and tone of our Administration, amidst its many wise and liberal measures, contributed very sensibly to accelerate [its fall]. . . The Prince of Wales, who had been active in the formation of it, was neglected, or thought himself so. Some symptoms of his ill-humour had transpired before I was in office. That circumstance was an additional motive with me for making his approbation a condition in my acceptance of the office. His letter to me on the occasion was more than gracious; it was kind and friendly. But though he approved my taking office, and expressed some good-will to

to the Ministry, he *distinctly disclaimed all connexion with them, and repeated above once his total indifference to politics since the death of Mr. Fox.* . . . I paid my personal homage pretty constantly at Carlton House; but I never sought, or rather I avoided, being the channel of any intercourse between him and the Government. I believe I did wrong; I am sure I acted unwisely for the interests of the Administration. If I had been aware of Lord Moira's overstrained scruples, I should have recommended to my colleagues a more unreserved communication with Carlton House from motives of policy; but had I been apprized of the degree to which the Prince had been consulted not only on the formation but on the principles of the Ministry, I should have thought every member of it bound to concert with him certain public measures more fully than they did. . . . Truth compels me to acknowledge that he had some reason to complain of the Ministers, and that their impartial historian has yet more reason to lament their impolicy in neglecting him.'—pp. 68-72.

This from Lord Holland—the chief instigator of Moore's libels on the Prince for the imputed apostacy—is conclusive on this point.

Upon another important point also Lord Holland affords some curious testimony. Mr. Fox had spent his latter life in declaiming against the war, and urging the necessity and feasibility of a peace with France. Lord Holland had with equal heat adopted, and in his Memoirs adheres to, the same opinions; but he lets us into the secret of Mr. Fox's conversion when he came to the practical solution of the question afforded by Lord Lauderdale's negotiations at Paris in 1806. Lord Lauderdale, he tells us,

'was more inclined to believe in the practicability of peace, and infinitely more disposed to make additional offers *for the chance of it*, than Mr. Fox. He could not, indeed, desire it more; but Mr. Fox *very soon expressed* to me his conviction, founded not on difficulties in the Cabinet, but on what he termed the *shuffling conduct of the French*, that the negotiation would fail. . . . It is my firm opinion, founded on my knowledge of the sentiments of Mr. Fox, and confirmed by subsequent reflection, that had the French Government conducted itself as it did, with Mr. Fox in full vigour and health and at the Foreign Office, the negotiation would have terminated *as it did*, and most probably would not have been allowed to continue *so long* by him as it was by his successors.'—pp. 77, 78.

Besides Lord Holland's innate dislike of George III., he has a particular spite against his memory for the dismissal of this administration. He first charges his Majesty with inhumanity of a very deep dye:—

'The King had watched the progress of Mr. Fox's disorder. He could hardly suppress his *indecent exultation* at his death.'—p. 49.

A cruel

A cruel and most unfounded calumny, as everybody who knew anything of the King's feelings at the time could testify. It would have been strange indeed that the King should have had any predilection for Mr. Fox, who had spent the greater part—five-and-twenty years—of his public life, not only in violent hostility to his Majesty's ministers and measures, but had taken several occasions of personally censuring and even insulting him. But Fox changed his opinion of the King, and the King, when he took him into the ministry, frankly forgave the opposition violence of Mr. Fox. Of this we have the recorded evidence of the person, in whom perhaps of all the public men that approached him, his Majesty had the greatest personal confidence. In Dean Pellew's *Life of Lord Sidmouth*, we find the following passage:—

'Mr. Fox's powers of attraction must have been extraordinary indeed, to overcome, as they did, not only the feebler resistance of Lord Sidmouth's political prepossessions, but also the more deeply rooted predispositions which were believed to prevail in the royal mind. Yet that such was the case is unquestionable. "Little did I think," said his Majesty to Lord Sidmouth, at the first interview with which he honoured him after the fatal event, "*little did I think that I should ever live to regret Mr. Fox's death.*" His Lordship used to remark that "Mr. Fox was always peculiarly respectful and conciliatory in his manner towards the King, and most anxious to avoid *every question* [alluding especially to the Catholic question] which did not harmonise with his Majesty's conscientious feelings."—*Life of Sidmouth*, ii. 435.

As a corollary to this slander, Lord Holland imputes to the King a treacherous desire to overturn his ministry—though his own pages show that in truth they overturned themselves, or, as Sheridan said, 'built up a wall to knock their own heads against.' But all Lord Holland's colleagues were, he confesses, not so unjust as he:—

'Some of our friends then flattered themselves that we were not obnoxious to the King, and have since persisted in the foolish opinion that nothing but our own conduct gave him an inclination to change his government.'—p. 94.

He also lets out that, though the King's sagacity might have foreseen that their own mismanagement would ruin them 'without his stir,' his Majesty

'gave Lord Grenville his full confidence in appearance, and even enjoined him to take his own time in forming a new administration. . . . Perhaps his Majesty *sagaciously foresaw* that they would soon furnish him with a more favourable opportunity.'—pp. 49, 50.

Whether the King thought so or not, Lord Holland certainly did ; and gives us good reason why he should :—

‘ The good-will of the people was lost very soon. The opposition of Mr. Whitbread, the suspicions of Sir Francis Burdett, and the perverseness and vanity of Mr. Sheridan, were no doubt great causes of that change.’—pp. 67, 68.

‘ *Great causes*’ of the overthrow of that administration ! Were Sheridan, Whitbread, and Burdett, the secret tools of George III. ? and was George III. responsible for such secondary causes as the following ?—

‘ Our warmest partisans thought themselves neglected, or prostituted to purposes of ministerial convenience.’—p. 65.

‘ Much that might have strengthened our party and promoted our principles was neglected. . . . .

‘ The dissolution was *an ill-advised measure*. Nothing but necessity could have justified it. Of that necessity I could form at the time but a very imperfect judgment. . . . . It originated, I suspect, in Lord Grenville’s *ignorance* of the state of the House of Commons. . . . . If Parliament was dissolved for *ministerial convenience*, full advantage was not taken of the measure. The general election was *very ill-managed by the Government*. In many instances no ministerial candidates were found ; in others, not sufficient preference was shown to tried friends over their sunshine supporters.’—p. 90-93.

‘ Of our Expeditions I shall say little. They were not successful, and with the aid of much clamour were *condemned by the public voice as ill-concerted in policy and unjust in principle*.’—p. 103.

‘ Our Expeditions to South America were not more fortunate in their issue. They were exposed to much animadversion, and, in fact, deserved it more than those I have explained above ; . . . . they were neither *judiciously conceived* nor *expedited with the vigour and despatch* which such undertakings require.’—p. 111.

Nor were the characters which his Lordship gives of some of the most eminent of his colleagues, friends, and supporters, likely, if they were true, to ensure much respect from the public. The first minister, we have just seen, was ignorant of the state of the House of Commons :—

‘ *Our Chancellor, Lord Erskine, shone least upon this trying occasion.* He talked much *nonsense and false religion*, declaimed against Papists and Mahometans, and plumed himself on having never supported the pretensions of Roman Catholics. He betrayed *ignorance as well as weakness*, mistook the policy of the question, confounded the state of the law, and forgot every circumstance that had attended its enactment or its amendments.’—p. 184.

‘ *Lord Sidmouth was, after his manner, prolix and pompous.*’—p. 181. ‘ His empty and pompous manner exposed him to ridicule. . . . .

The

The *folly*, however, of Lord Sidmouth was of a sort very congenial with that of large bodies of the community. . . . His very mediocrity recommended him to those (and they are not a few) who dread and dislike all superiority of talent.'—pp. 211, 212.

'It is not surprising that such *ill-concerted and irresolute policy* met with no success. The faults committed by our administration did not end here. Mr. Windham was *unpardonably remiss* in drawing up his instructions and despatching the expedition.'—p. 115. 'As a public man, he had *grievous defects*; as a *minister, yet more*. He loved flattery, and his palate relished it in a gross form, and served up on the meanest platter. The most fulsome adulation from an inferior blinded his discernment; and he had in office the weakness of supporting his dependents almost in proportion to their want of merit. . . . This was the more unfortunate, as he was more dependent than most men, in power on his subordinate agents.'—p. 206.

'Mr. Whitbread was obnoxious to a large branch of our party; he had recently differed with us, and urged his difference with warmth and even asperity. He was, in fact, *too vain* as well as *too rash* to acquire any real or permanent ascendancy over the minds of independent and well-educated men. . . .

'Mr. Ponsonby, ex-Chancellor of Ireland, was fixed upon [as leader in the House of Commons]. . . . This strange attempt placed *Mr. Ponsonby* in a situation fraught with difficulties, and he never surmounted them. He had been extolled for his parliamentary talents by the Irish, and he really possessed some; but I soon discovered that he was very ill-qualified to estimate the relative importance, much less direct the current, of Englishmen's opinions.'—pp. 237-239.

'Lord Ellenborough had inherited from nature a disposition to intolerance, together with a strong propensity to indulge in personal reflections, *coarse language, and virulent sarcasm*.'—p. 182. 'Indeed, the *spleen and bitterness* of Lord Ellenborough seemed very easily transferred from the Roman Catholics to those who resisted the solitary measure which he had been prevailed on to concede.'—p. 181.

Nay, of the temper and prudence of the person whom, next to Mr. Fox, Lord Holland professed to admire and follow—Lord Grey, he gives no favourable specimen, when he tells us that in the most serious and important discussion that that Cabinet ever had, and which ended in its dissolution—namely, that on the 'Cabinet Minute' submitted to the King on the Roman Catholic hitch—Lord Howick was so '*indignant*' at Lord Chancellor Erskine's opposition to the proposed concession, that

'the chagrin which Lord Erskine would manifestly feel at the loss of office seemed to reconcile him to the event; and every hint that dropped from the other on the propriety of a temporising policy made him [Lord Howick] spurn more contemptuously at everything like compliance or submission.'—p. 185.

What

What a motive!—the overthrow of the Government—the defeat of Catholic emancipation—the forcing the King's conscience—nay, even the transcendent calamity of depriving Lord Holland of the Privy Seal—all these Lord Grey was, it seems, willing to endure for the concomitant gratification of spiteing his old friend Lord Erskine.

We do not believe that there was or could be the slightest ground for this ridiculous imputation; but Lord Holland's having the folly or malice to leave it behind him as a grave specimen of Cabinet deliberation reminds us of four lines, which were said to have been found in Lord Holland's pocket-book, and which he seems to have meant as his own autograph epitaph:—

‘ Nephew of Fox, and *friend of Grey*,  
Be mine no higher fame—  
If those who deign to watch me, say  
I've sullied neither name.’

He has not, we admit, *sullied* Lord Grey's name—for no name can be sullied but by a man's self; but he certainly did his best to sully it when he recorded such a paragraph as we have quoted.

The accounts given by Lord Holland of the discussions between George III. and the Talents' Cabinet on the concession to the Roman Catholics, on which that ministry went out, are marked with his habitual malignity to the King and his usual misrepresentations of the most notorious facts. In this case, however, his documents help us to detect his inaccuracy; for he gives us, in his Appendix, copies of the Cabinet 'Minutes' and the King's replies, and of the correspondence between the Irish Lord-Lieutenant and the Home Secretary at Whitehall, which, though they contain nothing that was not stated in the debates of the day, give a greater degree of certainty and authenticity to our previous information. The narrative of these affairs is told, as the original papers now show, with clearness and accuracy, in Rivington's Annual Register for 1806 (ch. viii. p. 138); but as Lord Holland's Appendix, containing these documents *in extenso*, are really the only pages in his volume of the slightest historical importance, our readers will allow us to produce, on behalf of the wise and good old King, a few *dates* and *facts* furnished by Lord Holland himself in unconscious refutation of his own misstatements. His narrative throughout insinuates 'insincerity,' 'duplicity,' 'treachery,' and even worse, against his Majesty, on account of the 'misunderstanding,' as the Cabinet called it, or, as Lord Holland phrases it, the, on the part of the King, 'affected' misunderstanding, between his Majesty and

and the ministers, and especially Lord Grey, who, on the morning of the day (4th March, 1806) on which he proposed the measure to the House of Commons, saw the King—told him what he was about to do, in accordance with the previous consent which his Majesty was supposed to have given :—

‘Lord Howick understood the King to express to him a repugnance to the measure, but to have agreed to his proposing it to Parliament; and immediately on his coming out of the closet he so explained what had passed to Lord Grenville. In consequence of this, Lord Grenville, who went in afterwards, did not touch at all upon the subject, nor did his Majesty say anything to him upon it.’—p. 307.

The King subsequently stated that he had given no such consent; and then Lord Holland proceeds to ask, with very offensive insinuations, ‘Who can hesitate to give credit to Lord Grey’s clear understanding and honest heart?’ p. 190. We know not whether Lord Grey himself ever *directly* put his veracity into an opposite scale from the King’s, but the documents which Lord Holland produces sufficiently prove that the King’s impression was that which any rational man must have had from the circumstances laid before him. The case was this. The Whigs, while in opposition, had, in order to embarrass Mr. Pitt, and so distress the King, allied themselves (in flagrant apostacy to all Whig principles) with the Roman Catholic party; and when, on the death of Mr. Pitt, they found themselves in office, these opposition pledges became a kind of *post obit* bond, which they found it would be inconvenient to pay, and particularly as the new Cabinet included some of the most decided anti-Catholics in England. While Mr. Fox lived, his authority, and his known reluctance to disturb the King by a question which his Majesty believed to touch alike his own conscience, his legal right to the crown, and the constitution of his country, kept the subject quiet—and this delicacy was, we believe, one of the main reasons of the favour with which the King came to regard Mr. Fox. On his death, the majority of the newly-constituted Cabinet would, we believe, have been glad to have continued the same prudent course, and were anxious to prevent the question being stirred; but, in spite of their efforts, the Roman Catholics in Ireland began to be clamorous for the payment of the *bond*. They called meetings, formed committees, and determined to press their claims.

On the 4th Feb. 1806, the Duke of Bedford, the Whig Lord-Lieutenant, announced this disagreeable news to his colleagues in England.

‘Lord Grenville evidently *foresaw the embarrassing dilemma* to which he would soon be reduced, of either supporting the Catholic claims

claims in Parliament, and thus offending the King, *not without some imputation of using him ill* (!), or of eluding the question, and thereby exposing himself to the charge of inconsistency and time-serving policy.'—p. 180.

The only extrication that occurred to the Cabinet was to conciliate their Irish friends by a *sop*. An Irish act of 1793 had opened to the Roman Catholics all commissions in the army *under the rank of general*. This concession, however, had not been ratified by a similar act for Great Britain—so that there, really, was in theory, and no doubt, if the question should be raised, in fact, an indefensible anomaly. The Ministers, therefore—very properly, if their motives had been more open and sincere—resolved to remove this inconsistency; and they wrote to the Duke of Bedford to endeavour to quiet the Irish agitators with an announcement of their intention to insert a clause in the Mutiny Bill to enable his Majesty to grant any military commission to any of his subjects. This determination was submitted to the King on the 9th Feb. On the 10th the King, after expressing his regret and surprise at the stirring such questions, proceeds—

'His Majesty's objections to this proposal do not result from any slight motive; they have never varied; for they arise from the principles by which he has been guided through life, and *to which he is determined to adhere*. On this question a *line has been drawn from which he cannot depart*; nor can Earl Spencer be surprised that such should be his Majesty's feelings; as he cannot have forgotten what occurred when the subject was brought forward some years ago. He had hoped in consequence that it would never again have been agitated.'—pp. 286, 287.

To this the Cabinet replied by a respectful and well-reasoned Minute, stating—

'They had persuaded themselves that in the clauses to be proposed for the Mutiny Bill your Majesty would be of opinion that they are *only* fulfilling the engagements which had formerly been entered into under your Majesty's authority, and carrying into effect a principle which *has already received* the fullest and most formal sanction by the Act passed in the Irish Parliament in the thirty-second year of your Majesty's reign.'—p. 291.

This Cabinet Minute Lord Grenville communicated to the King in a pressing, but dutiful and even affectionate letter, urging that *nothing was proposed which his Majesty had not already sanctioned in the Irish Act.*

'The measure in question, so far from being in opposition to any known or expressed opinion of your Majesty, is perfectly conformable in its principles to that concession to which your Majesty had long ago been pleased most graciously to consent.'—p. 288.

To

To this cogent argument the King replied on the 12th:—

‘He will not, under the circumstances in which it is so earnestly pressed, and adverting *particularly to what passed in 1791* [3], prevent his ministers submitting to the consideration of Parliament the propriety of inserting the proposed clause in the Mutiny Bill. While, however, the King so far reluctantly concedes, he considers it necessary to declare that he *cannot go one step further*; and he trusts that this proof of his forbearance will secure him from being at a future period distressed by any further proposal connected with this question.’—p. 294.

So far all was clear and right on both sides; but it will be observed that the measure proposed by Ministers, and accepted by the King, was stringently limited to the mere *extension of the Irish Act to Great Britain.*

When, however, this result was communicated by the Lord-Lieutenant to the Catholic committee in Dublin, they asked whether it was meant that Roman Catholics might be *General Officers*, to which his Excellency’s secretary, Mr. Elliot, was not able to give a decisive answer, though he thought the words ‘military commissions’ implied General Officers. They also talked of admission to ‘Corporations,’ and of being ‘Sheriffs,’ &c.; and, on the whole, it was evident that the Catholics were not to be so easily satisfied. This induced the majority of the Cabinet to make the further concession suggested by the Catholic Committee, and to go *beyond the Irish Act*, by opening to the Catholics ‘*all military commissions and appointments.*’ This flagrant departure from the letter and spirit of the Cabinet Minute and of Lord Grenville’s explanatory letter, on which the King’s reluctant consent—to go so far, but not one step farther—had been obtained, was no otherwise explained, or even communicated to his Majesty, than by sending him to *read* the draft of a letter to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, which contained those general words, which the King, under the impression of the previous engagement, might—even if he had read the despatch critically—have supposed to mean no more than had been distinctly agreed upon—the *extension* of the Irish Act, the exact words of which he was not likely to have in his memory. He had, however, little time allowed him for consideration, and none for consultation, for the despatch was sent to him in the night of Monday, the 2nd March, and received by him on Tuesday morning, the 3rd, and returned by him that same day without any observation, and, with somewhat suspicious haste, despatched to Ireland that same evening. The King came to town next day—Wednesday the 4th—and had that interview above mentioned, in which Lord Grey says he had his Majesty’s sanction for proposing the measure to the House of Commons; but neither did Lord Grey, nor does Lord

Holland, assert, or even suggest, that the King had any suspicion, much less any *notice*, that this despatch went an iota beyond what had been previously agreed to—the Irish Act. Lord Holland proceeds to say, that though Lord Grey made the motion that day (the 4th), it was not till that day week (his next levee) that the King remonstrated against it both to Lords Grenville and Grey. This is inaccurate; for Lord Grey, in his explanatory speech of the 26th March, 1816, confessed that, on the ‘*Thursday or Friday*’, he heard serious objections from some of his colleagues, and that Lord Grenville was aware that the King was dissatisfied.

But there had intervened a circumstance which Lord Holland does not allude to, though it was very significant. In both the Cabinet Minute and Lord Grenville’s persuasive letter it was stated, as an additional motive for his Majesty’s consent, that the enactment should be made in the *annual* ‘Mutiny Bill,’ in order that it might be annually in the power of the Government to omit it if any inconvenience should arise. That palliative was now withdrawn. The proposition made on the 4th March by Lord Grey was not, as had been previously settled, a clause in the Mutiny Bill, but to execute their purpose by a separate and permanent act—a change which, if the affair had been *bonâ fide*, would have been more prudent than the embarrassing the pending and all future Mutiny Bills with so contentious a question; but, under the existing circumstances, it had a different bearing, not only as to the Royal power over the measure in future years, but because it was evident that a substantive bill of concession was opening a wider door for other encroachments, and establishing a precedent for what both the King and the country were decidedly adverse to. Of this transformation of the *clause* into a *substantive bill*, Lord Holland, we say, takes no notice; but, on the 15th March, the Cabinet—*minus* the Lord Chancellor Erskine, the Lord President Sidmouth, and Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, who were not now, nor had been lately, summoned to the Cabinets—inform the King that they had resolved to *abandon their bill*. Lord Holland says that he, Lord Grey, and Mr. Windham opposed this resolution; and we are not surprised that he should have been uneasy at such a shabby proceeding; but they had, he says, agreed to abide by the opinions of the majority, and so, in spite of principles and dignity, they submitted to give up their bill and—hold their places. They endeavoured, however, to put a bold face on their compliance; and in the Cabinet Minute in which they announced to the King their temporary submission, they threatened him with a recurrence to the same weapons whenever they should find it convenient. The substance of this important document was known at the time, and stated by both

both Lords Grenville and Grey in their explanations ; but we do not recollect to have ever before seen<sup>t</sup> the actual text, which is much stronger than what we had remembered of those parliamentary statements of its purport. It is worthy of more notice than it seems at the time to have attracted.

' In stating to Parliament the determination to make this very painful sacrifice to what they conceive to be their painful duty, they trust your Majesty will see the indispensable necessity of their expressing with the same openness by which their language on that subject has uniformly been marked, the strong persuasion which *each of them individually* entertains of the advantages which would result to the empire from a different course of policy towards the Catholics of Ireland. These opinions they have never concealed from your Majesty. They continue strongly impressed with them ; and it is *obviously indispensable to their public character that they should openly avow them both on the present occasion and in the possible event of the discussion of the Catholic Petition in Parliament.*'—pp. 313, 314.

That is, the King's Ministers reserved to themselves a right, and *pledged themselves* to a determination, to exert, jointly and severally, their personal and official influence in furtherance of a measure so odious to the Sovereign, and so injurious, as he believed, to the interests and wishes of his people. So strange a proposition as that the Royal influence should be thus left in hands pledged to exercise it whenever they pleased against the Royal conscience, left the King no alternative than to insist on such a retraction of it as should save him from any future pressure of the obnoxious measure. The Ministers, we think, must have anticipated this result, which they lost no time in denouncing as an unconstitutional attempt to fetter their Ministerial duties and responsibility ; and they thought this point a more popular, or at least more plausible, pretext for resignation than any preceding circumstance of their insincere, vacillating, and contradictory manœuvres ; and great efforts were accordingly made in and out of Parliament to narrow the whole case to this merely accessory point. But the answer to it was so obvious as to deprive it of all effect. It was their own *Minute* which had first raised the question of a *pledge*. It was *they* who had *volunteered* to close the doors of their Cabinet against all future counsel, compromise, or conciliation, by requiring from the Sovereign an acquiescence in their own fixed and unalterable course on the Catholic question. This determination of theirs, thus deliberately made and solemnly recorded, was just as much a fetter on their Ministerial responsibility as any opposite engagement could be—indeed much more so than what their *pledge* had driven the King to require ; all he wished was in self-defence—that he, at the age of sixty-eight,

eight, affected with blindness, and in most delicate and precarious health, should not again have this harassing and dangerous question pressed upon *him* by his *own confidential servants*; but he had too much good sense to make the slightest suggestion as to what those gentlemen might think proper to do, either in *future times*, or in any *other character*, except only as *his Ministers*. Such was the case of the dismissal of All the Talents, which the misrepresentations of Lord Holland's narrative, and the corrective evidence of his documents, will, we hope, excuse us for having thus reproduced.

There was also another question that very much embarrassed that Cabinet, one which is now happily of little interest, though it once seemed 'to shake our isle from its propriety'—the conduct of the Princess of Wales. The lesson, however, that it gives us of the force of faction and the extravagance of popular delusions ought not to be forgotten. That same Government—some of the leading members of which subsequently interested themselves as her champions—became highly unpopular for sanctioning even an inquiry into her conduct:—

'The knowledge,' says Lord Holland, 'that such an inquiry was established did unquestionably, even in the outset, exasperate the people against the Prince, and expose the Ministry who entertained it to much suspicion and obloquy. Yet all the Ministers except Mr. Windham supposed that the nature of the facts disclosed in the inquiry, if made public, would in this prudish country divert the popular wrath from the Prince to the Princess; and they not unreasonably inferred from that very natural speculation that her advisers would be more careful to suppress than to publish what was so inaptly termed, "the delicate investigation." The event belied both these expectations. The publications, whether mutilated or entire, all originated with the official advisers, or at least with the warm partisans of the Princess; and the appearances of levity (to use the very mildest phrase), far from shocking the austerity of the English public, seemed to endear her to the populace, and certainly strengthened the prejudices and inflamed the animosity of all classes against her husband. A share of the odium fell on all who either conducted or sanctioned any inquiry at the Prince's request or instigation. And yet, whatever may be thought of the treatment to which she was exposed on her arrival in England, or of the malignity, and possibly the falsehood, of some of the charges subsequently brought against her, or of the somewhat vindictive prosecution of her when Queen—she was at best a strange woman, and a very sorry and uninteresting heroine. She had, they say, some talent, some pleasantry, some good-humour, and great spirit and courage. But she was utterly destitute of all female delicacy, and exhibited in the whole course of the transactions relating to herself very little feeling for anybody, and very little regard for honour or truth, or even for the interests of those who were devoted to her, whether the people in the aggregate,

or the individuals who enthusiastically espoused her cause. She avowed her dislike of many; she rarely concealed her contempt for all. In short, to speak plainly, *if not mad, she was a very worthless woman.*'—pp. 119-121.

To those who recollect, or who may read, the part that the majority of Lord Holland's colleagues and political friends took in the Queen's case, these observations, penned it seems about the very time of her trial, will appear extremely curious. We ourselves have no doubt that Lord Holland need not have expressed his opinion of her in this alternative form: she was certainly 'a very worthless woman'; but we think it is equally certain that she was what the world commonly calls 'mad.'

The only other matter of any interest, or, we should rather say, of curiosity, that we find in this volume, are some details concerning the supposed marriage of George IV. when Prince of Wales, with Mrs. Fitzherbert—a story we have always considered, and thought that we had good reason for doing so, an idle scandal; but Lord Holland produces some substantial and documentary evidence which certainly implies that there were more grounds for the rumour than we had imagined. The affair was first brought before the public by a speech of Mr. Rolle, on the 24th of April, 1787, which alluded to it in terms, vague indeed, but universally understood, as a matter by which the '*constitution both in church and state might be essentially affected.*' On the 27th, Sheridan came down with a declaration on the part of the Prince that he desired inquiry into every circumstance of his conduct, and that 'no part of it should be treated with ambiguity, concealment, or affected tenderness.' On the 30th, Fox, who had been absent from the former debates, renewed the discussion, and, after stigmatizing the rumour as scandalous and malicious, gave the fact of any marriage a distinct and indignant denial. This was, no doubt, by the direct authority of the Prince; and in this denial the Prince persisted to the last. But what shakes our confidence in this solution is, that Lord Holland has found and produces a rough draft of an earnest letter from Fox to the Prince, dated two years earlier—10th Dec. 1785—by which it appears that Fox *then* believed that the Prince had some serious intentions of marrying Mrs. Fitzherbert, and thought it necessary, in this long and argumentative letter, to show his Royal Highness not only the flagrant illegality of such a step, but the personal mortifications and difficulties of all sorts which it would entail on himself and the lady. The earnestness of this remonstrance certainly shows Fox's conviction, not merely of the probability, but the imminence of the danger. This letter the Prince appears to have lost not an hour in answering as follows:—

' My

'My dear Charles,—Your letter of last night afforded me more true satisfaction than I can find words to express: as it is an additional proof to me (which I assure you I did not want) of your having that true regard and affection for me which it is not only the wish but the ambition of my life to merit. Make yourself easy, my dear friend. Believe me, the world will now soon be convinced that there not only is not, but never was, any grounds for these reports, which of late have been so malevolently circulated.'—p. 137.

The letter then goes off to other subjects. Now, as this discussion was above two years earlier than Mr. Fox's absolute denial of the marriage in April, 1787, it is highly improbable that he should not have in the interval satisfied himself on so important a point; and as no one can doubt his personal integrity and truth, we cannot but arrive at the conclusion that he had so satisfied himself, and made his subsequent declaration *en pleine connaissance de cause*. But still we must admit that the very fact of his former apprehension leaves some doubt on one's mind that there might have been some ground for the rumour. This doubt Lord Holland fortifies by the statement of a direct confession made by the Prince to Lord Grey. Fox's denial in the House of Commons was in terms so strong as gave great offence to Mrs. Fitzherbert, who insisted, it is said, on some public reparation. The Prince, equally unable to resist the lady's tears and indisposed to ask Fox to contradict himself, had, says Lord Holland, recourse to Lord Grey:—

'He actually sent the next morning for Mr. Grey (Lord Howick and Earl Grey), who was then in high favour with him, and after much preamble, and pacing in a hurried manner about the room, exclaimed, "Charles" (he always so called Mr. Fox) "certainly went too far last night. You, my dear Grey, shall explain it:" and then in distinct terms (as Grey has, *since the Prince's death*, assured me), though with prodigious agitation, owned that a ceremony had taken place.'—p. 139.

This application to Lord Grey (but not the *confession*) Moore, no doubt on Lord Holland's authority, produced in his Life of Sheridan (i. 484); and we are bound in fairness to say, that on the appearance of that work, George IV. deliberately and distinctly declared that '*there was not a word of truth in it, and that he had never had any communication with Lord Grey on the subject*'; and he further went on to deny '*that absurd story of his supposed marriage*'. This was, we need hardly add, *during Lord Grey's life*, and was intended by the King to be publicly repeated. We might possibly, in such a balance of testimony, have leaned to that of so *disinterested* a witness as Lord Grey, if we were sure that we had Lord Grey's *own* assertion uncontaminated, but we have not the same confidence in Lord Holland's *secondhand report*;

report; and therefore, if the case rested here, we should credit the Prince's denial, confirmed as it appears by Mr. Fox's *deliberate* concurrence: but there is another circumstance of great and contrary weight. Lord Holland states the circumstances of the supposed ceremony as he heard them from a friend of Mrs. Fitzherbert's:—

‘It was at the Prince's own earnest and repeated solicitations, *not at Mrs. Fitzherbert's request*, that any ceremony was resorted to. She knew it to be invalid in law *she thought it nonsense*, and told the Prince so. . . . It was performed by an English clergyman. A certificate was signed by him and attested by two witnesses, *both, I believe, Catholic gentlemen*, and one a near relation of Mrs. Fitzherbert, Mr. Errington. Mrs. Fitzherbert, from mixed feelings of fear and generosity, tore off the names of the witnesses at some subsequent period, lest they should by possibility be involved in any legal penalties for being present at an illegal transaction. Before George the Fourth's accession to the throne, or, as I believe, his appointment to the Regency, the clergyman was dead (for it was not, as often surmised, Parson Johnes who married them): and his name, I understand, remains annexed to the instrument purporting to be a register or certificate of the ceremony.’—pp. 140–142.

This relation of Mrs. Fitzherbert's—also at second or third hand—is full of inconsistencies: how can we imagine her indifference to a point which was to quiet<sup>•</sup> her conscience?—and what value could *she* place on a ceremony performed by a *Protestant* clergyman?—and if *she* thought it *nonsense*, why was *she* provided with *two witnesses of her own sect*? It would, therefore, add little to the rumours which were long ago afloat on the subject, but to which we did not then, and should not now, give any serious credit but for the following *material* fact, now distinctly stated by Lord Holland, and which alters very decidedly the complexion of the case:—

‘In truth, that there was such a ceremony is now (*I transcribe\** my narrative in 1836) not matter of conjecture or inference, but of history. Documents proving it (long in the possession of Mrs. Fitzherbert's family) have been, since June, 1833, actually deposited by agreement between the executors of George IV. (the Duke of Wellington and Sir William Knighton), and the nominees of Mrs. Fitzherbert (Lord Albemarle and Lord Stourton), at Coutts's bank, in a sealed box bearing a superscription of “The property of the Earl of Albemarle: but not to be opened by him without apprising the Duke of Wellington,” or words to that purport.’—pp. 123, 124.

\* Here, again, we have another of Lord Holland's supplementary interpolations, which leave us in doubt as to how much was his original impression, and what he may have added from other sources and with subsequent views. The use of the word *transcribe* is remarkable; for it seems from the context that there was here no *transcription* at all, but the *addition* of some pages.

This assertion—as we cannot question the substantial fact as to the existence of some such deposit—certainly corroborates Mrs. Fitzherbert's *statement* that something in the nature of a ceremony had passed, and that she (however inconsistently with her declaration that she thought it *nonsense*) had preserved some documentary evidence of it. • We must also confess, that to those who knew George IV. and his habit in conversation—always most dexterously running off from disagreeable subjects—the short and general terms of his answer to Fox's remonstrance, and, the haste with which he starts wholly different matters—will lead to a suspicion that there was more ground for Fox's alarm than the Prince chose to admit even to that dear friend. On the other hand, Mr. Fox's earnest denial of any such transaction two years later than his first anxious consideration of the subject, during which time he had abundant opportunities and a great personal interest for getting at the truth, seems to outweigh all the other evidences—except the existence of the sealed box, deposited in the joint custody of the nominees of Mrs. Fitzherbert and the King. Believing that fact, we are forced to conjecture that some ceremony, like the left-hand marriages of the German Courts, and of which there were no distant examples in the House of Hanover, may, in the hey-day of George IV.'s youth—it must have taken place, if at all, when the Prince was about three-and-twenty)—been adopted to win the compliance or quiet the scruples of Mrs. Fitzherbert. It must have been a silly affair at best, for the lady thought it *nonsense*, and the Prince knew that practically it was *nothing*. The question as to whether any deception was practised on the lady seems sufficiently answered by Mrs. Fitzherbert's own statement that she neither desired nor relied on the supposed ceremony; but if there was *any* ceremony at all, George IV. cannot be acquitted of culpable levity in the first instance, and of subsequent insincerity to Fox and his other friends, who had every reason to believe that the denial meant that no *form* of marriage had ever been gone through, and not merely that no *valid* marriage had been contracted, which everybody knew to be legally impossible. On the whole, we are obliged to suspend our final judgment on the subject for further information from the contents of the sealed box, which, now that its existence is revealed, will not, we suppose, in these inquisitive times, be much longer withheld. We regret and would deprecate all\* such discussions; but a scandal seventy years old is almost innocuous, and in a few years more will be wholly so; and, after what has passed, we do not foresee any serious mischief from the telling the whole truth, whatever it may be.

ART. IV.—1. *Etudes sur la Situation Intérieure, la Vie Nationale, et les Institutions Rurales de la Russie.* Par le Baron Auguste de Haxthausen. 3rd volume. Berlin, 1853.

2. *The Shores of the Black Sea.* By Lawrence Oliphant, Esq. Edinburgh, 1853.

3. *The Russians of the South.* (Traveller's Library.) By Shirley Brooks, Esq. London, 1854.

4. *La Russie Contemporaine.* Par L. Leouzon le Duc. Paris, 1853.

5. *Der Russisch-Türkische Feldzug in der Europäischen Turkei 1828 und 1829.* Dargestellt durch Freiherrn von Moltke. Berlin, 1845.

6. *The Speech of the Earl of Shaftesbury in the House of Lords on Friday, March 10th, on the Manifesto of the Emperor of Russia.* London, 1854.

THE present aspect of affairs in Europe gives the British public a strong interest in measuring the forces and the energy of the great antagonist, whose duplicity and aggression call forth the fleets and armies of England to battle after an unbroken peace of forty years. Supported by the unanimous opinion of the country, and by the assent of the most conservative states of Europe—by the court of Vienna, as well as by that of Paris—England presents herself once more in arms, and at the head of a combination scarcely less formidable than that which established the peace of Europe on a firm and lasting basis in 1815. Yet it has seldom happened to any nation to engage in hostilities with a foreign power whose real strength and resources are so imperfectly known. No other empire but that of Russia ever succeeded in keeping so vast a portion of the globe a secret and a mystery from the rest of mankind. We know that she possesses territories wider than the realms of Tamerlane; we are told that the troops under her banners are as countless as the hosts that followed Napoleon when he was the master of Europe. But so little can be added with certainty to these facts, that we alternately hear the power of Russia described as the scourge and terror of Europe, or as a public imposture, to be crumpled up by the mountebanks of the hustings. The events of the coming year will determine with greater accuracy the truth of these conflicting statements. Already we have seen that in diplomatic warfare the boasted influence of Russia even over her nearest allies is no match for the straightforward vigilance and honest resolution of England in a just and legal cause. Nor do we anticipate greater success for the military and naval power of

of the Russian empire. The true source of national greatness, in a contest like that in which we are about to engage, lies in the social condition and political institutions of an empire, since they supply that vigour and bottom by which the efforts of military power can alone be sustained.

It is, therefore, to these questions that we propose at this time to direct our attention; and we have placed at the head of the works now before us the third volume of Baron von Haxthausen's elaborate survey of the social condition of Russia, although the former volumes of this publication have already been noticed at some length in this Journal. But, upon the whole, this book is, in spite of its partiality and its defects, the most complete account we have met with of the condition and resources of the Russian empire, and more especially of the peculiar institutions and character of the Russian people. Although the Baron more than once expresses surprise in the course of his labours that no natural born Russian should have attempted the task which he has executed, he supplies this deficiency by a warmth of Russian feeling which is not common to the west of the Vistula. He assures us that he spent his time in Moscow, with the cream of Muscovites, and drank his notions of Russian policy and administration from the well of Russia undefiled. His work is, in fact, an elaborate panegyric on the empire and the people of Russia; and though we are not displeased to learn all that can be said on this subject by so favourable a witness, we are not very powerfully affected by the picture he attempts to draw of the strength of the Imperial Government. It is evident, however, that the broad propositions for which our author contends are regarded in Russia as fundamental truths, and are supposed to establish a sort of superiority and ascendancy in the political relations of the empire over other nations. No such propositions can, in our judgment, be consistently maintained. They are unsupported by facts, and they will not sustain argument. They are the offspring of a state of society in which public discussion is unknown; and whenever Russian institutions are brought into more direct contrast or connexion with those of Europe, we have very little doubt that the superstitious veneration of their admirers, and the exaggerated apprehensions of many of their antagonists, will be alike dispelled.

According to Baron von Haxthausen, 'the historical mission of the Russians is to serve as mediators between Europe and Asia, and to transmit to the East the civilisation of the West.' He compares the position of the Russian empire to that of the Roman empire in the early ages of the Christian era, when the propagation of Christianity was assisted by the universal dominion.

nion of the imperial power of Constantine and Justinian. He contends that it is impossible to deny that in the present state of Europe, the Russian empire does really represent the Empire of the East, and the Russian Church the Church of the East. And he attempts to show that the political and military organization of the empire are precisely the conditions requisite for the maintenance of this position, and the accomplishment of these designs. We shall examine, with the assistance of this author and of one or two other witnesses, the accuracy of these startling propositions ; and we think it may be shown that Russia is as ill prepared to transmit to the East the civilisation of Europe as she is to crush the liberties of Europe by the barbaric hordes of the East. Her distinguishing characteristics are still Asiatic, and the efforts she has made to engraft her influence on the ancient states of Europe have borne only crude and imperfect fruit.

The primary condition of the political and social institutions of Russia is the doctrine of passive obedience which pervades all the relations of the people to the state, in domestic life, and even in the avocations of daily business. Military organization is the form in which this passive obedience of the nation has been armed for the purposes of aggression or of defence. To this principle every institution or usage of the country seems to be referred or resolved.

'The feeling of the Russians is not so much one of deep attachment to their country as of ardent patriotism. Their country, the country of their ancestors, the Holy Russia, the people fraternally united under the sceptre of the Czar, the communion of faith, the ancient and sacred monuments of the realm, the tombs of their forefathers—all form a whole which excites and enraptures the mind of the Russians. They consider their country as a sort of kinship to which they address the terms of familiar endearment. God, the Czar, and the priest, are all called "Father,"—the Church is their "Mother," and the empire is always called "Holy Mother Russia." The capital of the empire is "Holy Mother Moscow," and the Volga "Mother Volga." Even the high road from Moscow to Vladimir is called "Our dear mother the high road to Vladimir." But above all, Moscow, the holy mother of the land, is the centre of Russian history and tradition, to which all the inhabitants of the empire devote their love and veneration. Every Russian entertains all his life long the desire to visit one day the great city, to see the towers of its holy churches, and to pray on the tombs of the patron saints of Russia. "Mother Moscow" has always suffered and given her blood for Russia, as all the Russian people are ready to do for her.'—p. 151.

Such is the national sentiment of the Russians, but their social unity must be described in greater detail. We insert, in a note,

note, a correct table\* of the population and extent of the empire, which may serve to elucidate the Baron's remarks:—

‘ More

\* *Area and Population of the Russian Empire.*

Natural Divisions.	Area in English Square Miles.	Population in		Mean Population in 1852, per Square Mile.
		1816.	1852.	
Great Russia . . . .	329,781	19,220,900	20,403,371	62
Little Russia . . . .	150,141	11,093,400	11,775,865	78.4
New Russia . . . .	96,636	3,070,700	3,259,612	33.7
White Russia . . . .	70,399	2,767,200	2,937,436	41.7
Western Provinces . .	47,076	2,704,300	2,870,667	60.9
Baltic Provinces . . .	36,616	1,659,800	1,761,907	48.1
Northern Provinces . .	536,226	1,338,300	1,420,629	2.6
Ural Provinces . . . .	447,788	10,146,000	10,770,181	24
Cossack Districts. . .	123,776	1,089,700	1,156,736	9.3
Poland . . . . .	49,230	4,857,700	5,156,543	104.7
Finland . . . . .	135,808	1,412,315	1,499,199	11
Total in Europe . . .	2,022,477	59,360,315	63,012,146	31.1
<hr/>				
Caucasian Provinces . .	86,578	2,850,000	2,850,000	32.8
West Siberia . . . .	2,681,147	3,500,000	3,500,000	1.3
East Siberia . . . .	2,122,000	237,000	237,000	11
American Possessions .	371,350	61,000	61,000	16
Total Extra European .	5,261,075	6,648,000	6,648,000	1.26
Totals . . . . .	7,283,552	66,008,315	69,660,146	9.5

In respect to Race, the population of the Russian Empire may be classed approximatively, as follows:—

Sarmatian Race . .	Lithuanian Branch .	{ Lithuanians and Lette . . . . .	. . . . .	2,000,000
	Slavonic Branch .	{ Russians . . . . . Bulgarians and . . . . . Illyrians . . . . . Poles . . . . .	49,000,000 500,000 6,500,000	56,000,000
				58,000,000
Germans . . . . .			650,000	
Dacian Romans . . . .			750,000	
Tshuids . . . . .			3,400,000	
Tartars . . . . .			2,150,000	
Mongols . . . . .			250,000	
Munshuis . . . . .			100,000	
Hyperborean Races . .			200,000	
Caucasian Tribes . . .			2,750,000	
Greeks . . . . .			70,000	
Jews . . . . .			1,600,000	
Gipsies . . . . .			30,800	
Miscellaneous . . . . .			50,000	12,000,000
Total . . . . .				70,000,000
				In

More than a hundred peoples, speaking a hundred different idioms, inhabit the surface of the Russian Empire. But almost all these peoples are scattered along its frontiers. The whole interior is inhabited by one sole race, that of the Russians proper. The Russian race alone consists of about 50 million souls, whilst all the other tribes of the empire put together do not exceed 15 millions.

No other state in Europe possesses so numerous a population belonging to one nation. Even France contains, but 32 millions of Frenchmen out of 35 or 36 millions of inhabitants; and Great Britain about 19 millions of Englishmen out of 30 millions of inhabitants. The German nation only, if we reckon in it the Dutch and Flemings, approaches the numbers of the Russian people; but Germany is far from having any organized political union, and is more divided into petty states than any other nation. Russia presents a different aspect; it has all the signs of compact nationality. The 36 million inhabitants of Great Russia speak identically the same language, from the highest classes to the lowest, from the Emperor to the peasant. The dialects of the White Russians and of 7 millions of Little Russians is slightly different, but still comprehensible. To this complete unity of language must be added, among the Great Russians, the most surprising uniformity of manners and customs. Whilst Germany presents on this score an infinite variety of local distinctions, the uniformity of the whole of Great Russia is absolute; and, though this monotony is not poetical, it greatly increases the political strength of the country (?).

Another still more important element of political strength is the unity of the Russian Church. This unity is complete amongst the Little Russians and Ruthenians, a few of the latter only being in communion with the Church of Rome. The Great Russians are divided by a schism, but the Staroverzi (or members of the old faith) have seceded from the Established Church, not on the grounds of doctrine, but of ceremonial usages.

Although the first Russian empire, which was governed by Rurik, was founded by Normans (the Varangians), who must have introduced into Russia the fundamental Germanic institutions and the principles of the feudal system, this system never took root amongst the Slavonian population. On the contrary, all the popular institutions of Russia assumed the patriarchal character, which is peculiarly adapted to the Slavonian race, and especially to the Russian people, which in this respect *closely resembles the ancient nations of the East*. The social organization of Russia forms in all its relations and degrees an uninterrupted scale of hierarchy, every step of which rests on some patriarchal power. The father is the absolute sovereign of the family, which can-

In respect to religion, there are probably in the Russian Empire 50,000,000 belonging to the so-called *Greek* Church (i.e. *Byzantine* Catholics); about 7,000,000 *Roman* Catholics (chiefly Poles); and upwards of 3,000,000 Protestants (Germans and Tschuds).

Relative proportion of the dominant race to the other races in the Russian dominions:—Slávs to Non-Slávs, as 29 to 6, or 4·8 to 1; Russians to Non-Russians, as 7 to 3, or 2·3 to 1.

not

not exist without him. If the father dies, the eldest son takes his place, and exercises the full paternal authority. The property of the family is common to all the males belonging to it, but the father or his representative can alone dispose of it. Next comes the village or township, which is like an enlarged family governed by an elected father or starost. This starost is elected for three years. His power is absolute, and he is obeyed without restriction. Again: all the inhabited and cultivated lands of the village are held in common as undivided property. No portion is ceded as private property. The starost divides the fruits or profits of the whole amongst them. So, again, all these villages or townships form the nation—a nation of men equal amongst themselves, and equally subject to the chief of the empire and the race—the Czar. The authority of the Czar is absolute, like the obedience of his subjects. Any restriction on the authority of the Czar appears to a true Russian as a monstrous contradiction. “Who can limit the power or the rights of a father?” says the Russian; “he holds them not from us, who are his children, or from any man, but from God, to whom he will one day answer for them.” The mere form of words, “It is ordered,” has a magical effect on the Russians. They pay the same respect to the agents of the government, whom they regard as the servants of the Czar, and to all their superiors. But their obedience is patriarchal, not servile. Even the mode of address conveys this meaning. A Russian calls *battouschka*—little *papa*—not only his father or any old man, but the starost, or any of his superiors. The Emperor himself is never addressed by the people by any other name. An old serf will call his master “little *papa*,” even though he should be a child of ten years old.—p. 217.

And again:—

‘In Russia there is no national or domestic association which has not its centre, its unity, its chief, its father, its master. A chief is absolutely indispensable to the existence of Russians. They choose another father when they lose their own. The starost is elected to be unconditionally obeyed. This must be well understood in order to comprehend the true position of the Czar. The Russian nation is like a hive of bees, which absolutely require a queen bee. In Russia the Czar is not the delegate of the people, nor the first servant of the state, nor the legal owner of the soil, nor even a sovereign by the grace of God. He is at once the unity, the chief, and the father of his people. He does not govern by right of office, but, as it were, by the ties of blood, recognised by the whole nation. This feeling is as natural to the whole population as that of their own existence, insomuch that the Czar can never do wrong. Whatever happens, the people always think him right. Any restriction on his power, even to the extent of one of the German Diets, would be considered in Russia an absurd chimera. The Czar Ivan IV. committed the most cruel actions, but the people remained faithful to him, and loved him all the more. To this day he is the hero of the popular ballads and legends of the country. When the Czar Ivan the Terrible, weary of governing, sought to abdicate, the Russians,

Russians flung themselves at his feet to entreat him to remain on the throne.'—p. 163.

Where society is founded on this simple principle, we have not far to look for the type of authority ; and M. de Haxthausen has not the false modesty to conceal for one moment that the Russian army is led to battle and the Russian people bent to obedience *by the cudgel* :—

' Amongst the Great Russians every form of social authority causes itself to be respected *by blows*, which, however, have not the smallest bad effect on the affections or on friendship. Everybody beats : the father beats his son, the husband beats his wife, the landlord or the steward beat the peasants, and all this without the slightest trace of ill-feeling. Indeed, the back of the Russian is well used to blows, yet their backs are considerably less hardened than their souls. The blows are painful, and serve to correct them when justly applied. All the officers affirm that the stick ends by correcting the most hardened scoundrels, which is exactly the reverse of what is said of its effects in Western Europe. The application of this punishment in the army is left to the mere pleasure of the officers ; a mere lieutenant can cause 150 blows to be inflicted, and a colonel may go to 500.'—p. 364.

It would seem that the verb *τυπτω* is at least as regularly declined in the Russian service as in the Greek accidence, and the Baron dwells on this subject with predilection, not unmixed with regret that the use of the stick should almost have disappeared from the institutions of his native country. M. de Haxthausen is an enthusiast in his principles. He challenges the world to dispute his doctrine ' that passive obedience is the sole foundation of any durable political system ' (p. 209) ; and he evidently shares the prevailing opinion of the society of Moscow, that the last securities of human society have taken shelter under the shadow of the Kremlin. He even exults in the absence of those social conditions which are supposed elsewhere to be the best guarantee of conservative principles, and, like the Russians themselves, he would have the Czar all in all. Thus, for instance, he describes the position of the Russian nobility :—

' There is not in Europe any nobility which possesses such large fortunes (?), such vast personal privileges, such *liberties* (? ?), such political rights in the internal administration of the empire (? ? ?), or so much physical power as the Russian aristocracy. The nobles possess in absolute property more than one-half of the lands under tillage. More than half the population of Russia Proper, that is, more than 12 millions of souls, which means more than 24 millions of heads, are not only their subjects, but their serfs.'

It must be understood that in Russian rent-rolls the term ' souls ' means exclusively the males on an estate. In every valuation of the agricultural population, however, the unity taken

taken is the Tiégle of two souls, or, more exactly, five persons ; the women and younger children being included. Yet, after this imposing and exaggerated statement of the position of the Russian aristocracy, what is the practical result of a nobility blessed with these paramount advantages ?

‘ Yet it cannot be advanced that, according to our European ideas, the Russian nobility forms a powerful aristocracy. It has very little *esprit de corps*—it has no corporate existence—it has no tendency to any common object. Notwithstanding its immense physical power, its real or moral influence on the motives and character of its serfs, and of the mass of the people, is very insignificant. In relation to the government and the Czar, it exercises as a body ~~no~~ influence but what the government desires and imposes on it. It might almost be said that the body only exists by deference to the ideas and intentions of the government. It would even dissolve at once, almost without resistance, if the government expressed the faintest desire or ordered it to be done. The fundamental difference between the character of the Germano-Roman nations and the Slavonians is, *that there is absolutely no such thing as any corporate feeling* among the latter, and especially among the Russians.’—p. 47.

In other words, this nobility, with all their boasted privileges (amongst which exemption from the cudgel seems the most practical), stand in very nearly the same relation to the government as their own serfs, and are equally incapable of self-reliance or independent action. Nay, we are told by our author that they are even incapable of those sentiments of territorial attachment which are the strongest, the oldest, and in some respects the most honourable passion of a landed nobility. The Russian nobles live in towns, and seldom frequent their country residences except for a few weeks in the summer. They have no conception of attachment to the soil, and are always ready to sell their estates for the least advantage. The feeling of reverence felt in Western Europe for patrimonial property is unknown. There is no country in Europe where the stability of territorial possession is so rare as in Russia. The laws of primogeniture and entail, which Peter the Great attempted to introduce by his ukase of the 13th March, 1713, were repugnant to the character of the nation, and were repealed by his successor in 1728. The rule of the empire is the equal division of property among all the sons of the family ; and the effect of this law in a country where personal property is extremely scarce, is such that, with the exception of a very small number of the greatest families, a large fortune never descends in Russia to the third generation.\* The

\* According to Venables one seventh of a man’s landed property goes on his death to his widow for ever, one fourteenth to each of his daughters ; and the remainder is equally divided among the sons.

transfer of property by sale and mortgage is continual, for, owing to the nature of the laws, very little of it is in settlement, and owing to the habits of the nobility it is rapidly wasted. There are, no doubt, some fortunes of great magnitude in Russia; but, where the law of descent and the habits of the country are so opposed to accumulation and regular transmission of property, it is impossible that this wealth can be otherwise than fluctuating, which is the characteristic of large property amongst Oriental nations.

On this point, however, it may be worth while to hear another witness. In the unpretending form of a shilling volume of railway literature, Mr. Shirley Brooks has presented us with one of the most entertaining and instructive notices of the Russian empire which we have yet met with. The condition of the serf has nowhere been described with more truth and feeling, or the state of agriculture in southern Russia examined with more accuracy. On the tenure of land we find the following observation :—

‘ The large size of the estates is in no small degree maintained by the policy of the government of Russia, which is determinately opposed to the subdivision of property, as being likely to aid in producing a fusion between classes whom it is considered far better to keep apart, estranged, and even hostile. Not long since a gentleman left ten sons, among whom his property would have been apportioned in the usual way, when it was signified by authority that it either was, or would be, held contrary to the interpretation of Russian law, that any estate should be subdivided below a certain point, and that such an arrangement must be made as would preserve the property in respectable integers. It is therefore upon a grand scale that the system of serf-cultivation, be it bad or good, is usually conducted. Although it is not easy to lay down any standard of size, it may be convenient to mention that, whereas the possession of “one hundred souls” (the regular and authorised term) is the smallest which entitles an individual to be considered a landowner, the possession of two thousand “souls” implies the holding of a very large estate.’

The Government itself advances money on land at the rate of 60 roubles per serf, and on the 1st January, 1842, no less than 5,594,858 *souls*, or 7-15ths of the Russian serfs, not belonging to the Crown, were *in pawn* to the government. The truth then is, from M. de Haxthausen’s own facts, that this nobility, whose wealth and prerogatives he has just been vaunting, have, like the empire to which they belong, bulk without opulence or available resources, and an abusive power over their inferiors, without the means of asserting their own independence or even prolonging their own social existence.

The class of Russian serfs or *mougihs* represents, according to  
VOL. XCIV. NO. CLXXXVIII. 2 F M. Leouzon

M. Leouzon le Duc, no less than one-twentieth part of mankind. It exceeds the whole population of France or Austria, and is computed to amount to no less than forty millions of human beings. The condition of these serfs differs in no material respect from that of the negro slaves of the United States, for the law holds them to be absolutely disqualified from possessing property; all they may earn or hold is really the property of their lord, and at his mercy. Not long ago the Scheremeteff family had several serfs who had acquired property, and even estates. The head of the family died in embarrassment, and the heir seized the property, and even claimed a sum of 20,000*l.* which one of his serfs in trade had deposited in the Bank of Moscow. But the Russian landlord is armed with a power which even the American planter does not possess. He is bound to feed the terrible conscription of the army, year by year, with an aliquot part of his own peasants. The rule of the Russian army is twenty-five years' irredeemable duty, with the probability of a much earlier death. The power of drafting off particular men into the army amounts to an absolute control over their existence. The body of the serf is equally subject to every caprice of the master, and the use of the whip is universal. The virtue of the female serf is in his power, and it is considered an honour among the Russian peasantry to reckon the adulterous offspring of their master amongst their own. The law itself precludes all redress, for the *Svod* expressly enacts that, 'if any serf, forgetting the obedience he owes to his lord, presents a denunciation against him, and especially if he presents such a denunciation to the Emperor, he shall be handed over to justice, and treated with all the rigour of the laws—he, and the scribe who may have drawn up his memorial!' We cannot conceive in any country or any age a more complete annihilation of human independence, or a more total degradation of human society.

To these facts we will only add one of another character. We were curious to ascertain what may be the amount of popular education amongst a nation governed on these principles, and our author answers the question by a table of official authority. There are in the four metropolitan districts of St. Petersburg, Kieff, Moscow, and Cazan, just 190 parochial schools, containing 17,580 pupils—and this in a country which contains no less than 134,575 priests and monks. In fact, the existence of any schools at all for the people is a recent innovation of the present Emperor, which is tacitly opposed by the nobility, and not assisted by the clergy.

We have brought together these leading facts in the social condition of the Russian empire, borrowed from the pages of the

the volumes before us, for the purpose of refuting, on the evidence of the Baron himself, the assertion from which he started that the historical mission of the Russians is to be the mediators between Europe and Asia, and to transmit to the East the civilisation of the West. What, we would ask this writer, does he mean by Europe and the civilisation of the West? For many hundred years Europe presents the spectacle of several nations differing in their character and their institutions, but united by common interests and common objects, which it has been their destiny and their glory to pursue. In each and all of these countries a thousand inventions have sprung up—a thousand additions have been made to the store of human knowledge. Their ports have been enriched by the trade which interchanged the productions of their industry. Their cities have been embellished by the original splendour or the reflected light of art. Every idea which sprang to life from the fervid genius of Italy, the keen wit of France, the manly sagacity of England, or the patient researches of Germany, became an additional bond of union between civilised man. In each of these states, some possessing a larger share of freedom and some a more absolute form of government, great institutions arose, securing to society the right of independent thought and action, the administration of justice, the conservation and permanence of property, the traditions of knowledge. Wherever the contest of free opinions was most strenuously carried on within the bounds of law, the progress of civilisation became most rapid; but in this family of nations none was so small or so obscure as not to catch the beams of every star that rose on the horizon, or not to fling back from time to time upon the world some radiance of its own. But it is hardly possible to find terms to describe a state of things more opposite to that of European civilisation than the society which Baron Haxthausen finds in Russia. In place of that self-reliance and eager contention for improvement and for power, the fundamental principle of the Russian empire is passive obedience to a chief. That mighty force of association which has taught men how to be masters of the world; and accumulated the strength of a pygmy till it achieves the tasks of a giant, is, we are told, unknown to nations of the Slavonian blood, and especially to Russians. Those aristocratic institutions which have been in Western Europe at once the security and the result of the laws of property, which have invested the rights of territorial possession with a thousand graces and utilities, and which have supplied to well-regulated states their wisest counsellors and noblest servants, are degraded into the temporary possession of so many heads of human cattle, without a thought of independence

pendence towards the government, or of duty towards the lower classes of the people. Even the wealth of the country, in spite of its vast natural resources, remains stationary, from the stupid jealousy of legal restrictions, and the ordinary proceedings of trade are carried on by capital borrowed from abroad. Here alone—we will not say in Europe, but on the globe—is there a nation of sixty millions of inhabitants who have as yet scarcely contributed one single iota to the advancement of human knowledge. In literature no single writer has produced a work capable of surmounting the barriers of a remote and difficult language. In science no addition has been made to the observations of foreign inquirers. In art no indication of taste or feeling from Russia has ever struck the world. Even in statesmanship and in war, the two arts which have enabled Russia to play a considerable part in the affairs of Europe, she has owed almost everything to the infusion of foreign ministers and generals in her councils and her armies, or to the possession of the Baltic and Polish provinces, which have supplied her with a race of men she has never yet produced on her own soil. We say, then, that taking the social condition of Russia to be fairly described by Baron Haxthausen, it has produced something totally dissimilar from what can be called the civilisation of Europe; and the very phenomena which he thus unconsciously develops are those of society in Asia. There the principle of passive obedience is law. There the sentiment of human dignity is so low that blows are inflicted by caprice, and life itself has not half its value. There the traditions of landed property, of family descent, and the independence of aristocratic institutions, are as little known as civil and personal freedom. There, too, the human mind vegetates for centuries, without knowledge, without progress, adding nothing to the creation in which it occupies a place. On these points the identity of the Russian empire with the people of Asia is as striking as the contrast with the states of Europe; and in our view of the true position of that empire, its tendency is not so much to impart to the East the civilisation of the West, which it does not possess, as to menace the West with the sterile and destructive principles of an Asiatic polity, which blast and dry up the very soil of Europe. That abject and servile obedience which places a vast nation, for good or for evil, in the grasp of a single man is not even an instrument of great political power. It wants the spring of a well-adjusted commonwealth and the balance of conflicting forces, which has ever given the largest share of national energy to states living under institutions favourable to the independence and freedom of every member of the community. The Russians have copied from Europe almost every improvement

improvement and accomplishment they possess. They have shown a good deal of that imitative skill which is found all over the East, and nowhere more than in China or Japan. But they imitate the results, not the power which produces them ; and though they have imparted a species of civilisation which gilds the tips and edges of society, those travellers who have looked beneath the surface can still detect the traces of the Tartar horde, the low moral level of a half-savage people, and the cunning and falsehood of men who have scarcely learned to know the dignity of human nature. To sum up these observations in the language of the most powerful of our periodical writers—‘ Drawing her strength from the resources not of civilisation, but of barbarism ; possessing among her higher classes just as much knowledge of European arts and civilisation as is necessary to destroy them ; and in her lower orders a state of ignorance so dense, and of opinions so degraded, as to find in a single man their lawgiver, their sovereign, and almost their God ; this nation is peculiarly calculated to debase whatever it conquers, and to demolish a civilisation which it can neither appreciate nor receive.’

We shall, however, be reminded that in one important particular the Russian nation belongs to the family of European states, inasmuch as it professes—and professes with fervour—the Christian religion. Our author declares the Russians to be the religious nation *κατ' εξοχην*, whose whole existence is based on the sense of religious authority, sanctioned by the *Roushi Bog*, or Russian God, and by the White Czar, who is his vicegerent upon earth. With less accuracy M. de Haxthausen affirms that—

‘it is by the Church that Russia exercises an immense political influence over all the Slavonian nations belonging to the Eastern Church, which all recognise the Russian Church as their metropolitan. The Russian Church is *de facto* at the head of Eastern Christendom. It is true that the Patriarch of Constantinople is still in possession of an honorary pre-eminence, but his influence, as well as that of his clergy, is insignificant : the moral and material preponderance belong to the Russian Church.’

And again in another passage, for our author is very much given to repeat himself—

‘At the present day the Russian Church is, properly speaking, the Eastern Church. The term Greek Church is inappropriate under existing circumstances. Constantinople and the Greeks have long ceased to form the centre of the Eastern Church. More than sixty millions of Slavonians form its most essential element, whilst the Greeks are represented by six millions, to whom must be added a few millions from neighbouring nations. Moreover, the Eastern Church of our days has lost the stamp of the Greek character. The old Greek Church,

Church, with its subtleties and its controversies, is extinct, and that of our time but half alive. A few learned theologians may be found in the monasteries, but they are without influence over the people. *The learned aspirations of the theologians of Athens savour of Protestantism.* The Russian Church, we repeat, is the centre of the Church of the East: it is no longer Rome and Constantinople which are opposed to one another, but St. Peter's at Rome to St. Petersburg on the Neva.'

These are misstatements which we are the more anxious to correct, inasmuch as this false assumption of preponderance by the Russian Church, or rather by her Czar, on behalf of his Church in the East, has been the direct source of the differences which have now broken out with so much violence. This assertion is in fact the basis of the pretensions recently urged by Russia to the protectorate of Christians throughout the Ottoman empire, and it was distinctly put forward very lately in the answer which the Emperor Nicholas thought fit to return to the ridiculous and unseemly address volunteered to him by Friend Pease and Friend Sturge. The assumption, however, rests on no basis of historical truth. The Russian Church has no such claims. Christianity survived with difficulty in Russia the Tartar invasion, and after the fall of their dominion a Russian Patriarchate was first created, as a centre of union to the nation.

The struggle between the ecclesiastical and the temporal power in Russia had begun before the middle of the seventeenth century. Down to that period the Russian Church possessed vast domains, over which they exercised a separate ecclesiastical code or *nomocanon*. In 1648 the Boyars, during the minority of Alexis Michaelowitch, compiled a new code of civil laws, into which they introduced a statute of mortmain, not only preventing the Church from holding further lands, but placing their property under the survey of the state. The separate ecclesiastical jurisdiction was also made subject to a supreme lay court. A conflict ensued, and after a struggle of twenty years the Patriarch Nicon was solemnly deposed by the Czar in 1667. From that day the Czar has remained supreme judge of the Most Holy Synod, and the Church of Russia became absolutely dependent on the temporal power, to a degree which no Eastern Church had ever before witnessed, and no other Eastern Church would even now voluntarily endure.

In the language of another of the works before us:—

‘The Russian national Church has preserved the doctrines of the Byzantine Church as its basis; but its hierarchy and its discipline have been so modified by the lapse of some hundred years, that it would find the utmost difficulty to justify that assimilation to the Church of Constantinople.

stantinople which it asserts, and which it represents to constitute a species of protectorate. In the first place, the tie of language, which is so important a condition of religious community, is wanting. The Church of Constantinople speaks Greek, the Church of Russia Slavonian. Again, the Russian Church has lost its Patriarchate, whilst that of Constantinople has preserved that authority. Peter the Great expressly declared that a spiritual authority, represented by a college or synod, could never excite in a country the same amount of agitation as a personal chief of the ecclesiastical order, and that the populace are apt to suppose that the head of the Church, when there is one, is a potentate of equal or superior dignity to the sovereign himself. Such is the wide difference between the organisation of the Church of Russia and the Church of Constantinople. The latter, though under a Mussulman government, preserves its self-government, and all the rights of spiritual independence ; the former, under an orthodox ruler, is deprived of all internal life, and all freedom of action ; the bulls of its patriarchs are superseded by the ukases of the Czar. Even the acts of the Holy Synod offer in this respect an instructive aspect. They are full of the expressions—“*By the high Imperial pleasure—by the commands—in obedience to the commands—by the highest orders,*” &c., which denote the direct action of the supreme power. Yet some of these mandates go to the extent of the canonization of a saint, or the deprivation of a priest in orders. On all these grounds the assimilation of the Church of Russia and the Church of the East is, I repeat, radically impossible.’—*Leouzon le Duc*, p. 200.

Nothing can be more opposite to the whole spirit and tradition of the ancient Churches of the East, which have retained to this day, and under even Turkish governments, entire spiritual and even civil independence. The Russian clergy form a caste, supported by the strictest rules of tradition. Thus no pope marries any but the daughter of another pope ; and the same families commonly remain in holy orders. Till a very recent period the secular clergy of Russia have been regarded with the utmost contempt by the people.

‘Priests of merit are rare in the rural districts. Most of the elder popes are ignorant, coarse, uneducated, and exclusively occupied with their own interests. In solemnising the ceremonies, or dispensing the sacraments of the Church, they frequently think of nothing but their own gains. They care nothing for the cure of souls, and spread around neither consolation nor instruction.’—*Haxthausen*, p. 95.

M. Leouzon le Duc produces statistical evidence as to the capacity and morals of the Russian clergy from the reports of the Holy Synod itself:—

‘Those documents state that, in the year 1836 alone, no less than 208 ecclesiastics were deprived for infamous crimes, and 1985 convicted of other offences of less gravity. As the whole number of the Russian clergy in 1836 was 102,456, it appears that about two per cent. on that number

number were judicially condemned in one year! This proportion increased in the following years. In 1839 it rose to five per cent.; and in a period of three years, from 1836 to 1839, no less than 15,443 Russian priests passed before the courts of justice, amounting to one-sixth of the whole body. It is probable, however, that many individuals in the number were subject to repeated convictions. The scandal produced by these synodical reports was so great, that in 1837 an attempt was made to explain the circumstances. But the character of the clergy is well known to the people; and the Russians present the singular contradiction of a nation fanatically addicted to the most superstitious practices, yet absolutely indifferent to the honour and dignity of the priesthood. The most insulting proverb in the language is "Do you take me for a pope?"—and even to meet a priest on leaving the house is considered an alarming and unwelcome omen.'—*Leouzon le Duc*, p. 218.

Severer language could hardly be used, but it is not undeserved; and if this be the character of the clergy, what is the religious condition of the people? The chief object of such a clergy under the direct control of the state is to enthrall the people altogether; and accordingly their religious fervour, when more nearly examined, is the hypocrisy or the fanaticism of servile superstition. It is, in a word, Christianity orientalised, until it allies the subtleties of the Greek Church to the abject submission of an Asiatic people.

It will still be in the memory of our readers that on the 10th March last Lord Shaftesbury addressed to the House of Lords a speech, not more remarkable for its eloquence than for the peculiar information to which that noble Earl has access as one of the most active members of the religious societies of England. Wherever the condition of man is darkest and most abased, those societies have endeavoured to carry the Word of God and to propagate the knowledge of his truth. What has been the result of their labours in the Russian Empire? Thirty years ago the English Bible Society had opened a wide field for its labours in Russia, under the enlightened patronage of the Emperor Alexander. One of the best works we possess on that Empire is that of Dr. R. Pinkerton, who was himself actively and successfully employed from 1811 to 1823 in founding local societies for the circulation of the Scriptures in Russia. The Emperor Alexander himself joined the Moscow Bible Society, and gave it a piece of ground for its establishment, besides a donation of 25,000 roubles and an annual subscription of 10,000. The Metropolitan of Moscow, Philaret, gave it his most strenuous support. The receipts of the society in ten years amounted in Russia to 113,052*l.*; upwards of 500,000 copies of the Holy Scriptures were circulated in all the various dialects of the Empire,

Empire, but especially in Sclavonian and Modern Russ, and the number of auxiliary societies amounted to no less than 289.

But all these hopes have been extinguished by the present Autocrat and by the increasing intolerance and bigotry of the Greek clergy. The Bible Societies throughout Russia were suppressed by a Ukase of Nicholas soon after his accession, under pretence of their being connected with political movements. No association is now tolerated for religious purposes; no printing presses are permitted to print the Bible in Modern Russ; no versions of the Scriptures are allowed to be imported in the language of the people, or even in the language of the Jews. It is believed, said Lord Shaftesbury, that not a copy of the Scriptures has been printed in Russia in the language of the people since 1826. The language of the Church is the old Sclavonian tongue, which bears the same relation to the modern Sclavonian languages as Anglo-Saxon does to English, and is a dead language to the nation. So, too, all missions for the conversion of the native population of Russian Tartary have been suppressed, on the ground that no Russian subject shall be converted or baptized except by the Greek clergy; but the Greek clergy make no effort whatever for the extension of the faith even amongst their own wretched fellow-countrymen, whilst the Emperor claims at the point of the sword the protection of Christians in the Sultan's dominions, and the title of Champion of the Orthodox faith.

The revenues of the Church in Russia are not large or independent of the state; but this deficiency is amply compensated by the influence of the clergy in extracting voluntary contributions from the people. It is related that on some occasion the Emperor Alexander expressed his astonishment to one of the great dignitaries of the Church at the immense sums they had apparently at their disposal. The prelate led the Czar to the window, which commanded a view of the entrance to a much-frequented place of devotion. Every pilgrim who approached the shrine dropped at least his four-copeck piece into the box, and the string of worshippers is endless. The Emperor watched and understood that such a treasury is inexhaustible. This passion for pilgrimages is common to all classes in Russia. Particular monasteries are frequented by hundreds of thousands every year. M. de Haxthausen states that at Troitki, for instance, two or three hundred thousand persons may be seen collected on the anniversary of a saint's day. Moscow itself is a place of pilgrimage. Thirty or forty thousand Russians find means every year to penetrate to the south coast, cross the Black Sea, and reach the Holy Land. On their return those persons who have actually knelt in the sanctuaries of Jerusalem are regarded with veneration throughout

throughout the country. The Oriental sanctity which belongs to the Hadji who has perambulated the Caaba of Mecca is inseparably attached to their lives. A foreigner on a shooting excursion in the interior of Russia inquired at what house in a lonely village he could pass the night in safety. 'Lodge with Dimitri,' was the ready answer, '*he has been to the Holy Places.*' The importance attached by the Russian Government to political questions connected with these sanctuaries was almost incomprehensible to the philosophical indifference or even to the practical piety of the West. Lord John Russell reasoned on the subject with unsuspecting frigidity, and to the House of Commons it was foolishness. Yet in those observances lie the most intense sentiments of the Russian nations. Christianity still descends to them in the form of tradition. The hierarchy are its living representatives, and the visible objects connected with the wondrous narrative of man's salvation have alone power to command their passionate adoration.

The Baron speaks with extreme dread and aversion of what he terms 'the miasma of Western Europe,' by which he means all that constitutes the liberty and civilisation of other nations. But he confesses that these observances of the Russian clergy and people are a poor substitute for sound religious truth. They are, indeed, despised by the upper classes, who are prone to extreme scepticism. But even amongst the lower, 'what is termed pastoral solicitude is unknown to the Russian clergy.' 'The Russian people wants to be enlightened on questions of right and wrong, the just and the unjust, and, in short, on moral questions; but the clergy neglect these subjects.' There is nothing in these facts to raise the Russian Church above the level assigned to it by its origin. 'It possesses none of the qualities of the great Church of the East, founded before all others by the Apostles themselves, and retaining through all ages an indestructible spirit of nationality, self-government, and independence. But false as this argument is, it is used even by our author to establish by a chain of fallacies the claim of Russia to restore the Byzantine Empire. The Church of Russia, it is argued, is the Church of the East; The Emperor of Russia is the head of that Church, and his imperial dignity is sufficiently indicated by his double-headed eagle, as his spiritual dignity is that of protector of the whole Eastern Church; therefore, it is impossible to deny, says our enlightened German traveller, that in the present state of Europe the Russian Empire really represents the Empire of the East. It would scarcely be worth while to dwell on this quibble of erroneous facts and confused inferences, if we did not trace in this strange series of blunders some

some of the fallacies on which the present exorbitant pretensions of the Russian Monarchy appear to have been raised.

In spite of these pretensions, M. de Haxthausen has the candour to remark that Russia, with all her conquests and encroachments, has utterly failed to extend her faith, her language, or her national character. The Government of the Empire has unquestionably found means to incorporate a vast extent of territory in the last 150 years by availing itself of the divisions of its neighbours, by diplomatic interference, and by military power. The Tartars, who formed for ages one of the most formidable portions of the Turkish armies, have now passed, under the name of Cossacks, into the ranks of the Sultan's constant enemies. The Poles are subdued, the Baltic provinces are annexed, even Georgia has rewarded the able government of Prince Woronzow by resisting a Turkish invasion. Finland has been reduced to furnish seamen for the Imperial fleet, and it is said that they have even been transported across the Empire to man some of his vessels at Sebastopol. Yet in all these provinces nothing has really been done to assimilate them to the country which has imposed on them its yoke. The natives of these provinces have indeed been received with favour into the Imperial service, and with very few exceptions the men who have risen in Russia to a European reputation will be found to belong to these European territories. M. de Nesselrode's astute, though somewhat unscrupulous, school of statesmen and diplomats, which reckons, or has reckoned amongst its members Prince Lieven, Count Benkendorf, Baron Meyendorf, Baron Brunow, Baron Budberg, and many more, is essentially German in its character and origin: and in spite of the stupendous extent of the Russian territories and population, properly so called, it is to the outlying provinces or to foreigners of a different race that almost every improvement of the empire is due. They are, or were, the links which connected Russia to Europe, and the first breach occasioned by the late\* events was the interruption of the confidential relations which had so long subsisted between Nicholas and his veteran minister, when the purely Russian spirit seemed to triumph over the more enlightened and honourable views of the elder servants of the Crown. One of the reasons assigned by the Emperor Nicholas for his difference with Count Nesselrode on the Menschikoff note was that a Protestant Minister could not enter into the feelings of the head of the Greek Church on such a subject; and Sir Hamilton Seymour states in the very curious secret correspondence which has recently been produced that he believes Count Nesselrode to be steadily attached to moderate and *English* views.

We have thus endeavoured briefly to point out the reasons for which

which we reject Baron Haxthausen's conclusion that Russia is the destined mediator to transmit the civilisation of Europe to Asia ; and we rather infer, from the social, political, and religious condition of the empire, that the Russians have Orientalised whatever they have borrowed from Europe. Amongst these elements of society we are unable to discover anything that constitutes the free and enlightened spirit of a modern European nation. But if Russia has nothing in common with those principles which seem to take their origin west of her frontiers, it becomes a subject of practical interest at the present time to ascertain what is the amount of strength she can array in defence of the pretensions she has advanced over the East. M. de Haxthausen is one of those writers who confound absolute authority with real power, and he seems to take it for proved that, because the Emperor Nicholas can degrade his governors, deport his nobles, and press the population into the ranks of the army for twenty-five years, his power is to hold in awe every other nation of Europe. He even asserts that—

' In 1848, with the army at her disposal, and with inexhaustible resources, Russia could, without doubt, have conquered the whole of Europe to the Rhine. France, in exchange for her Rhenish frontier, would no doubt have remained passive. Prussia and Austria were totally paralysed and threatened with dissolution. The free corps and the fulminating orators of St. Paul's at Frankfort would certainly have taken to flight at the sight of the first Cossack. In 1848 the conquest of Europe would have been easy to Russia.'

We suppose the fact is indisputable, as it is a German writer who thinks it worth while to tell the world so, or we should be tempted to suspect that the blockheads and demagogues of the Frankfort parliament were after all not the worst politicians of Germany. But, before we submit thus tacitly to the advance of the Russian legions, we propose to inquire a little further into the 'inexhaustible resources' of the empire, and we shall presently avail ourselves of the information communicated by M. de Haxthausen, especially on the state of the army. He is not equally well-informed on the finances of the empire ; and, as no authentic statement of the revenue is known to be published, we have some difficulty in arriving at any accurate conclusions on this essential point. At the accession of Catherine II. the revenue of the empire was believed to be about 30,000,000 roubles, or 5,000,000*l.* sterling : that empress doubled the amount of it ; and it is supposed that this sum has again been doubled, in so much that the actual revenue of Russia would be about 20,000,000*l.* sterling. On the 1st of January, 1850, the national debt of the empire amounted to about 55,000,000*l.* sterling ;

ling ; the amount of bank-notes in circulation was 300,317,244 roubles, and the metallic revenue kept in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul was estimated at about one-third of the value of the paper currency. Great efforts were made after the last war to restore the depreciated paper currency, and to resume cash payments. The financial operations of the Russian cabinet have generally been cautious and adroit, and their measures taken in 1840 for the purpose of raising the value of their paper currency to par were successful. But the transaction, as described by a writer of authority on these questions, was a dishonest one ; and the following statement of the expedient adopted by the Czar for meeting the expenses of the war deserves consideration :—

' The value of the rouble, which represents a silver coin, varies from 38*d.* to 40*d.* British money, according to the exchanges. In order to meet the exigencies of the state expenditure, so excessive was the issue of these notes in former times that their value in exchange with England represented not 38*d.*, but sank by a steady and regular gradation, as one fresh issue succeeded another, to 30*d.*, to 24*d.*, to 18*d.*, and finally to 10½*d.* ; and for many years the rouble, instead of representing an intrinsic value of 38*d.* to 40*d.*, circulated for 10½*d.* to 11½*d.* Of course it is unnecessary to say, in the face of this statement, that, as a preliminary step to those extravagant and forced issues, the notes were declared to be inconvertible, except at the will of the government. The holder had no power to demand payment ; for, if he had, the notes would have been returned as fast as they were issued in excess, and no depreciation could have occurred. The enormous amount of rouble-notes in circulation in Russia prior to 1840 constituted a public debt of the government upon which no interest was paid. Let us then see how that debt was dealt with. The intrinsic value of the rouble having been reduced, as we have stated, to about 11*d.*, an Imperial manifesto was issued on the 1st of July, 1839, decreeing that from the 1st of January, 1840, the enormous amount of notes then in circulation should be redeemed by new rouble-notes to be issued, which were to be convertible, at the will of the holder, into silver in the full amount of 38*d.* ; but that for every one of such new notes as should be received three and a half of the old notes should be delivered up : and thus a *large debt was liquidated by a payment of 28 per cent. of the amount.* Since 1840 the currency of Russia has been upon a most satisfactory footing. The new notes have been circulated to the full amount in which they have been required ; their convertibility has been strictly preserved by a proper reserve of specie locked up in the fortresses of St. Peter's and St. Paul's, under the care and superintendence of a mixed board of management, composed of government bank officers and eminent merchants, appointed for the purpose. In 1846 the bullion in those fortresses had reached the amount of 19,000,000*l.* ; but shortly after that date a sum of 5,000,000*l.* was withdrawn, and appropriated to investment in England and France, which has since been otherwise disposed of. What amount now continues in those vaults is not known, but

but there is reason to believe it has been further reduced. Nevertheless, the sum remaining has proved ample for meeting all demands in exchange for notes, especially as the circulation has not latterly been in excess of the actual requirements of the country. But now comes a proposal to meet a war expenditure by another issue of notes. In the first place we are certain that the existing note circulation is sufficient for all the purposes of currency; and this we know, beyond doubt, by the fact that the whole circulation consists of these notes, and without any coin corresponding therewith. If, then, the Emperor of Russia has determined to defray his war expenditure by the issue of notes, the first thing that will be necessary will be to make them inconvertible; if not, they will go back upon the bank for payment as fast as they are issued; and he might just as well use the bullion now in reserve at once. But the scheme is that they shall be inconvertible as formerly; and 60,000,000 rouble-notes (about 10,000,000*l.*) are to be added to the present circulation. Of course depreciation will rapidly take place; the rouble will again soon come to represent, in the place of 38*d.* or 40*d.*, only 30*d.*, or less, just as these issues may be made in excess.'—  
*The Economist*, Jan. 1854.

One of the peculiarities of the Russian system of taxation is that the parishes are responsible for the taxes of all the inhabitants, who are assessed collectively, and the community or the wealthier members of it must pay for the poor, and even for the absent. There is reason to believe that, although the revenue has increased, the expenditure of the state increases in a larger proportion, and leaves a constant deficiency, which has hitherto been supplied by loans contracted, from time to time, in Holland or England. The absence of capital renders it totally impossible to extract from the nation any material addition to the revenue; and even the internal trade of the empire may be said to be carried on chiefly by remittances from abroad. This country has been in the habit of remitting annually to Russia at least 5,000,000*l.* or 6,000,000*l.* sterling on bills drawn by Russian houses on their English consignees; and the first sign of hostility which gave a serious check to Russian commerce last year was that these bills were protested by the leading English houses engaged in the Russian trade. Count Nesselrode called the attention of the British minister to this premonitory symptom, at which he affected to feel great surprise; and the Chancellor confessed that the immediate effect of the distrust felt by British capitalists towards their Russian correspondents had been to suspend at once the ordinary mercantile transactions of the empire.

We now arrive at the consideration of the most curious portion of Baron Haxthausen's book, and that with which it is most essential for the public at this moment to be acquainted. Whatever the strength of the Russian empire may be, it does not

not lie in the vigour of its political institutions, the intelligence and enterprise of its people, the superiority of its civilisation, or the state of its finances. In these respects, on the contrary, Russia is clearly inferior to all its western neighbours, and even to most of the provinces which it has subdued and annexed to its own empire. The claim of Russia to be considered a power of first-rate importance in the world rests then solely on the military organization of the empire—or, in other words, on the immense establishment of its army. On this subject Baron Haxthausen speaks with the authority of a military observer, and we therefore place greater confidence in his statements. We may add, too, that his conclusions agree in the main with those arrived at by General Lamoricière, who took great pains to investigate the subject during his brief embassy to St. Petersburg under the French republic, and who brought back with him the conviction that, although Russia still remained in a state of social and political barbarism, her barbarism was armed with all the weapons of civilisation. We shall therefore rapidly pass in review the principal statements of our author, reserving for the close of our observations the comments they suggest to us.

In the opinion of this writer, the forces of no European state have been so considerably augmented since the Peace of Paris, both in numbers and in quality, as those of Russia; and during a reign of twenty-five years the Emperor Nicholas has applied himself constantly to reorganize and improve every branch of his army. Taking first into account the regular army, we find that the geographical distribution of his forces has been mainly regulated by the duties they were intended to perform, and that this is the basis of the Russian military system: for the extent of the empire is so great, and the means of communication so bad, that everything depends on the habitual position of the forces. The great defect of Russian military operations has always been that the number of available troops is incredibly small in comparison with the number of men under arms; so that the forces of the empire generally reached the theatre of war either too late or in too small bodies, and the main body of the army remained in the condition of an army of reserve. To obviate this difficulty the Emperor Nicholas has divided his forces into the grand army of operations and the local corps. The grand army consists of the six principal divisions of the line and of the divisions of the Guards and Grenadiers. Since 1848 the whole of this army has been on the complete war footing, and it is distributed in the following manner. The first and second divisions, under Prince Askiewitch, form the army of Poland; the third division, under General

General Osten Sacken, has recently entered the Principalities, after a severe winter march ; the fourth division, under General Dannenbergh, furnished the troops which crossed the Pruth last July ; the fifth division, under General Lüders, has been divided, part being at and near Odessa and part on the east coast of the Black Sea ; the sixth division, under General Tcheodaioff, is said to be on its way from its cantonments in and about Moscow. Each of these corps or divisions consists of 49 battalions of infantry and 1 of sappers ; making in all 300 battalions. The cavalry of each corps consists of 32 regular squadrons of lance and hussars, or, in all, 192 squadrons of light cavalry. In addition to this force there are two divisions of cavalry of the reserve, each of 48 squadrons, chiefly of heavy cavalry, and 80 squadrons of dragoons. The statement of the force of the artillery is still more extraordinary. Each corps forms a division of 23 brigades of foot and 1 of horse artillery, consisting of 4 batteries of heavy and 8 of light foot artillery, besides 2 batteries of light horse artillery ; making, in all, 112 guns for each corps, or for the six corps 192 heavy guns and 480 light guns. To these must be added the corps of the Guards and those of the Grenadiers, each consisting of 37 battalions, and 116 guns to the former, 88 to the latter. The sum total of these regular forces, according to Baron Haxthausen, is that Russia can produce in an European war 368 battalions, 468 squadrons, and 996 guns ; and it is expressly added that this stupendous force includes neither recruits nor old soldiers. The military service of the Russians being, however, for twenty-five years, a considerable portion of such a force must be past the prime of life.

Such is the division of the grand army, and the number of its different corps. It is more difficult to arrive at any precise knowledge of the numbers of men actually in the ranks, but Baron Haxthausen computes them as follows :—

Subtracting a considerable number of non-combatants, such as officers, musicians, &c., each battalion of a Russian regiment ought to consist of 1000 to 1002 men ; the battalions of light infantry of 658. The number of officers is about 22 in each battalion, of musicians 25 ; and as there are 8 battalions of light-infantry, the grand army, on its complete war-footing, counts—

360 battalions, of about 1,050 men =	378,000
8 do. light infantry	700 , ,
	5,000
	383,000

—and deducting 50 furloughs for each battalion of the guard, and 150 of the line, upon a sudden emergency the force would amount to 332,100 infantry. This calculation is without any allowance for men sick or missing, or dead. I am informed by a competent authority that the battalions

battalions of active troops in time of peace are never below 700 fighting men, which would give 260,000 men as the minimum force of infantry. By a similar mode of computation, all deductions made, the cavalry ready for immediate service must amount to 70,000 men. The artillery is complete, and admits of no deduction.'—p. 302.

To this regular force must be added the first and second levy of the reserve, consisting of men who have been allowed to retire from the ranks after fifteen years' good service, and are organized on the system of the Prussian Landwehr. These form an addition of 213,000 men and 472 guns; making a grand total of 699,000 men and 1468 guns, of moveable troops. We regret that our limits forbid us to enter at length into the curious sketch Baron Haxthausen gives of the Cossack regiments—composed of a race of men totally distinct from the Russians properly so called, both in habits and institutions, and marvelously trained and adapted to the wild territories and vast sandy plains from which they spring. But these Bedouins of the North are not troops calculated to produce any serious effect on the operations of regular armies; and they owe their celebrity, in a great measure, to the part they took in the campaign of 1813, where they were peculiarly calculated to harass the French army retreating through all the horrors of a Russian winter. The total number of Cossacks which it is supposed that the Emperor could bring into the field by drawing these savage horsemen from the Trans-Uralian provinces and every part of the empire, is 50,000 men, with about 110 light guns. Their chief value is, however, for the service of outposts or convoys, and for the pursuit and destruction of a defeated enemy. Their atrocious depredations and turbulent marauding character frequently render them a curse to their own regular comrades.

The regular internal service of defence of the empire is intrusted to stationary troops to the number of about 200,000 men. The army of the Caucasus is entirely separate and distinct from all we have before named, and consists, we are told, of 120 battalions of infantry, 10 squadrons, and 180 guns: insomuch that the whole available military force of the empire is stated to exceed a million of men.

'A Prussian officer,' says the Baron, 'perfectly acquainted with all that concerns the Russian army, calculates that, including the Cossacks, the Russian army under the organization due to the Emperor Nicholas is in a condition to supply, in case of a great war, *a million of combatants and 1800 guns.*'

It is admitted that the well-known corruptibility of public officers of all ranks in the Russian government, and the astonishing want of veracity and integrity that pervades the public

service, render it extremely difficult to verify these assertions. The Emperor himself is perhaps the only man in his dominions who is interested in ascertaining the whole truth, and even he can only catch it by artifices and by surprise. But Baron Haxthausen himself admits, in a preceding passage we have quoted, that 30 per cent. is no unreasonable deduction from the nominal effective force of the Russian army, and this would at once reduce the million of combatants to 700,000 men, of whom not more than half can be considered as moveable troops. Of the whole population of the Russian empire only two-thirds, or from 40 to 45 millions, are subject to the military conscription; and it is a remarkable circumstance, on which all the authorities agree, that these populations are essentially unwarlike and exceedingly averse to the profession of arms.

‘The predominant tribe of the Great Russians, and the great majority of those which are allied to it, seem destined by nature rather to form a peaceful nation of traders, manufacturers, peasants, and herdsmen than a military nation called upon to govern the world. Accordingly, it would be difficult to find in the history of Russia any of those examples, so common among the Western nations, of wars carried on for the love of military glory. The expeditions of Russia always seem destined to some fixed object, be it high or low. The contests of the Russians with the Poles and Tartars clearly show that the former were incited to take up arms, not by the love of war, but by a national and religious sentiment which had been assailed by their warlike neighbours, and that the spirit of conquest and domination came afterwards.’—p. 335.

If this be a correct description of the character of the Russian people, as is very probable, for this profuse expenditure of life and limb is wholly without profit to themselves, how abject must be their political condition, and how daringly wilful the spirit of their government, which, for its own bad ends, can retain one-twentieth of the male population habitually and for life under arms, and sacrifice the existence of myriads of its subjects to its own arrogance and caprice! The usual biennial amount of this draught on the life-blood of the nation is 5 or 6 men per 1000, and the whole empire is divided into two separate portions of the western and eastern governments, from which the levies are taken alternately. But in 1849, in consequence of the expeditions to Hungary and Wallachia, and the ravages of the cholera, the levy on the western division of the empire was raised to 8 per 1000, besides 4 per 1000 on the eastern division. This, however, is a small draught in comparison with the very first measure taken on the approach of war in the present year. On the 10th of February, 1854, a ukase appeared, ordering a levy of *nine* men per 1000 in the western governments of the empire, to begin on

on the 1st of March and end on the 15th of April. The Jews subject to the conscription are to furnish 10 per 1000, that is, more than three times the annual ratio. This seizure of men of every age and condition—for none can escape from it—is at this moment going on; and this enormous draught on the population follows on the autumnal levy of last year, which was 7 per 1000, making a total of 16 per 1000 in many parts of the empire within nine months.

These ukases spread abroad universal mourning and consternation: the nobility is severely burdened. The Scheremetoffs, the Demidoffs, and the Orloffs have frequently to supply many thousand recruits. Families lose their best workmen, their fathers, and their brothers. The number of loose fellows who are physically capable of serving in the ranks is not sufficient to raise the amount of troops required by the Emperor. . . . As soon as the recruit has his hair and beard cut off he is considered as separated from his family: they are no longer put in irons as they used to be, but it would be dangerous to let them return provisionally to their homes. The commencement of the service is the worst time for the recruit, and despair frequently seizes the young soldier. The stick is already so familiar to the Russ that he cannot be drilled without a vast deal of beating; but many officers have assured me that men who cried on entering their regiment soon resign themselves to their condition. It is true that the Russian cries more easily than the German. But the whole mode of life is new to him; his beard and hair, the pride of the Great Russian, fall beneath the razor, and nothing remains but the military moustache. The food of the soldier is poor, and in general the Russians have little idea of taking care of health. The proportion of mortality amongst young children and young recruits in Russia is enormous. According to some military works, which however can hardly be entirely trusted, this mortality formerly amounted to one-half of the whole mass of recruits, and still sweeps off one-third: this last assertion, however, appears to me false and exaggerated. The solicitude of the Emperor is indefatigable, and gives us ground to hope that this enormous consumption of men will diminish more and more.—p. 349.

We question whether any of the curses which have most afflicted mankind—the African slave-trade, the famines of India, or the pestilences which have sometimes devastated Europe—have cost more life, or caused more suffering, than the military system of Russia even on the peace establishment. Of the numbers torn for ever from their families—for service for twenty-five years under such conditions can leave no hope of return—a large proportion die at once,\* not probably the most miserable; but the insatiable demand must still be supplied by laws more

\* The *Augsburg Gazette* stated in 1848 that the average number of patients in the Russian military hospitals was annually 140,000 men.

cruel than death itself. No sooner do these troops begin to move than the mortality becomes still greater. Russia is probably the only country whose armies have, in modern times, always lost far more by disease than by the enemy. It was so in the campaigns of 1828 and 1829, when the force of 136,000 which had crossed the Danube could furnish but 13,500 fighting men at Adrianople. It was so in the Polish campaign of 1831, in the Hungarian war, and in the operations of last autumn, for the army which crossed the Pruth in July could not concentrate 25,000 men on one spot in the winter. The army of the Caucasus is understood to have lost 20,000 men annually for many years, or, in other words, to be wholly renewed every five years.

We know no more terrific picture of the horrors of war than that which is presented to us by the official figures of the losses of the Russian army in the campaigns of 1828 and 1829, in Major Moltke's valuable history of that war. In ten months, from May 1828 to February 1829, not less than 75,226 slight cases of disorder were treated in the ambulances, and 134,882 severe cases in the hospitals, making in all 210,108 cases of sickness; so that, taking the effective force of the army at 100,000, *every man was twice attacked* by disease, and Major Moltke adds that in the first campaign alone the Russians lost *half* their effective force. In May, 1829, the pestilence broke out with increased fury—a thousand men a week came into the hospitals. On the 25th of June above 300 men died in one day; and in July 40,000 men, or more than half the whole active army, were in hospital. In the five months from March to July, 1829, 81,214 sick were taken into the hospitals, of whom 28,746 died. In the following months the mortality increased, and Major Moltke computes the total loss of the Russian army by disease in that year at not less than 60,000 men. He adds that not more than 10,000 or 15,000 combatants ever recrossed the Pruth, and that the Russian army in the second campaign was almost *annihilated*. We cannot but urge these dreadful and unexampled facts most strongly on all those who are concerned in the direction of the military operations in which British troops are about to engage, for in the barbarous and unhealthy regions south of the Balkan, as well as in the valley of the Lower Danube, the real enemy we have to dread is fever and pestilence, against which no man can stand and live.

Once enlisted and drilled, the Russian recruit is moved about without the smallest reference to his own wishes or capacity. Even his name is forgotten, and he becomes—a *number*. Sometimes he is ordered to join a regiment at the further extremity of the empire, and in some of the corps men are allotted out according

ing to the colour of their eyes and hair. Passive-obedience is as complete in the Russian soldier as in a trained animal. '*Pikas*, it is ordered, is his answer to every question. The dignity of the individual is entirely lost or absorbed in that of his corps ; but the Russian regiments have wisely kept up the traditions of their past services. Thus the regiment of Tchernigoff retains the exclusive privilege of wearing red stockings, because at the battle of Pultawa the men marched in blood up to their knees. The regiment of Novoginsk still bears the flag of St. George from the battle of the Trebbia and the passage of the Alps under Souvaroff in 1799 ; and its silver trumpets commemorate the passage of the Gulf of Bothnia over the ice in 1807.

The pay of the Russian army in all ranks is wretchedly small. The common soldier receives about 32s. a-year ; a lieutenant-general about 170*l.* ; a colonel, 100*l.* ; a captain from 50*l.* to 60*l.* The worst-paid ensign in the British army receives as much as the highest class of Russian colonels.

The policy of the Russian government is to efface as much as possible all personal distinctions of rank and education in the military establishments, and to reduce the individual officer or soldier to the level of a unit in an immense organized multitude. The only distinctions known are the rank conferred by the government and the crosses and stars profusely distributed by the will of the Emperor. As in every other institution of Russia, this system tends irresistibly to lower the character of the human intelligence and the will, and to deprive the army of that commanding energy and original power which are in great emergencies the great resources of military ability. Accordingly we find that but a small proportion of the most eminent Russian commanders have been, strictly speaking, Muscovites, and since Souvaroff, none of them can be said to have risen to first-rate military distinction. That extraordinary man was undoubtedly a Russ *pur sang*, brutal, fanatical, and reckless as an Asiatic barbarian, but animated by the genius of war, and exercising unlimited power over the minds of his soldiers. After him Prince Bagration, Kamensky, and Barclay de Tolly, figured in the wars of the French Empire : Bagration was a Georgian ; Kamensky a Russian of that peculiar and lively branch of the nation called Malorosses or Little Russians ; and Barclay was of Scotch extraction, born in the German provinces on the Baltic. Next to these came Miloradowitch, of the southern Slavonian race ; Wittgenstein, a German of a Rhenish family ; Tchitgakoff, a crazy follower of the Souvaroff school and a Russian ; and Osten-Sacken, a Livonian of German blood and Protestant faith, but belonging to a family which still serves with distinction in the imperial

imperial armies. The general-in-chief, who took Oczakow in 1788, and afterwards succeeded Barclay de Tolly, won the battle of Smolensko, and retook Moscow when he was 70 years of age, Prince Golenischtcheff Koutousoff, was by education, faith, and character wholly Russian, and deserves perhaps the first rank in the military annals of the empire which he saved. Langeron was a French emigrant; Diebitsch was of German extraction, born in Silesia; Roth a German of Alsatia; and Paskiewitsch, now at the head of the army, is a Lithuanian. Amongst the generals at present engaged, Lüders is a Swede of Finland; Aurep, who lost the battle of Citate, is a German; Andronikoff, Bebutoff, and Orbeliani, who have been successful in Asia, are Georgians; Bariatinski is a Muscovite in every sense of the word; and Prince Woronzow, who has acquired more than any Russian general the spirit and character of an English gentleman, is of the same nation. In general it may be said that about half the men who have achieved distinction in command of Russian armies since the reign of Peter the Great have been natives of the country. The other half are foreign adventurers, Germans, or natives of the conquered provinces. These officers have, however, always been viewed with considerable jealousy and distrust by the army and the government, and many of the Russian campaigns have been fought with a foreign general to plan them and a Muscovite to watch him. Thus, at the present moment, General Schilders, an able officer of German extraction and education, has been sent to retrieve the blunders of Prince Gortschakoff in the Danubian Principalities.

It may be convenient in this place to refer to some of the particulars collected by Baron Haxthausen on the Russian fleet. A skiff, built by the hands of Peter the Great, is still preserved in the arsenal of Cronstadt, and is considered as the first germ of the Russian navy. On the 15th of July, 1836, this nautical relic was carried in triumph through the fleet, and saluted by no less than 26 ships of the line, 21 frigates, 10 brigs, and 7 sloops, in the great Baltic harbour which commands the approaches to the capital. That is still about the nominal force of the northern fleet, which is divided into three squadrons of about nine ships of the line each, one of which passed the winter season at Revel, one at Helsingfors under the guns of Sweaborg, and one at Cronstadt. We have reason to believe, however, that not more than 18 of these ships are in a condition to go to sea, though the remainder are manned and might be used for the defence of harbours. The seamen are enrolled for twenty years' permanent service, but as the ships scarcely ever leave the Baltic and the

Black Sea, they have little or no experience of practical seamanship. The best Russian seamen are either Fins or natives of the Baltic provinces in the north, or Greeks and Cossacks of the Sea of Azow in the south of the empire.

One of the peculiarities of the maritime force of the Baltic powers is the large amount of gunboats and small craft they possess, adapted to the navigation of shallow waters and the defence of coasts. The Swedes and Norwegians have about 500 of these armed boats, and we are assured by competent judges that they form a most powerful flotilla for the purposes of inland war: the Russian navy has a similar flotilla of about 400 boats, propelled by oars and sail, and this service must at any rate be a good school for seamen. In actual warfare, however, we cannot conceive that boats of this character, which must necessarily be armed with comparatively light guns, could offer any serious resistance to steamers of light draft, carrying one 8 or 10-inch gun fore and aft, and capable of running round or running down their assailants.

The Russian fleet in the Black Sea is said by M. de Haxthausen to consist of 18 line-of-battle ships, but his data appear inaccurate as to their size and number, for he cites only two three-deckers, whereas there are at least four ships of that rank, three of which were engaged at Sinope, and the total force of the fleet is about 14 ships of the line. These are lying for the present in safety under the guns of Sebastopol, which our author describes as the most curious and important work of military architecture which has been erected since 1830, with the single exception of the fortifications of Paris.

In steam-power the Russian navy is extremely deficient; and as almost all their steamers have been built in this country, their weakness in this respect is correctly ascertained. They are compelled to import their coal from England and Belgium, and the stoppage of the import of coal will probably be found one of the most effectual means of paralysing the scientific and mechanical industry of the country both for the purposes of manufacture and of war.

We had occasion some years ago (Quart. Rev., vol. 67, p. 374) to comment upon the absence of coal in the Russian empire, and to observe that the export of that indispensable article from this country to Russia was one of the guarantees of the ancient friendly relations of the two empires. The same fact which was then a security for peace is now likely to prove a powerful resource of war. Sir Roderick Murchison has shown, with his usual industry and acuteness in geological investigation, the deficiencies of the Russian dominions in this respect. According to

to that eminent authority (*Russia in Europe*, vol. i. p. 118), all northern Russia is necessarily deprived of coal because the strata (Silurian and Devonian) are of too high antiquity—that is, they contain no vegetable remains out of which the mineral could have been formed. To the south of Moscow, however, the lower carboniferous formation prevails, and there is no natural impediment to the existence of coal-fields as thick and good as those of our Scotch deposits; but the fact is that the seams at Tala Kaluja and elsewhere are thin and wretched streaks of a very bad quality. Such as they are, they have been laid open both naturally and by shafts and galleries, but they are unworthy of notice, and are barely capable of supplying a few local manufactories on a very limited scale. Their contents and bottoms have been thoroughly scrutinized by the geologists, and found worthless. Nor are there any important coal deposits in the Ural Mountains, since all the strata, so soft and incoherent in Russia in Europe, are hardened and tilted up in mural forms and traversed by fine gorges, in which, however, scarce a shred or trace of coal can be detected. In short, the only coal-field in the Russian empire worthy of any notice is that known as the Donetz coal-field, between the Dnieper and the Don, described in Chapter VI. of Sir R. Murchison's work. The spot at which the discovery was made is far removed from any port. It is a dislocated and broken tract, in which various seams of coal, mostly anthracitic, and of small commercial value, are so thrown up at different high angles of inclination that they are difficult to work, and have never afforded any really valuable supply. The Donetz is so shallow—in summer that the transport of coal by the stream to the Sea of Azow, which is one hundred miles from the nearest coal-field, is precarious and difficult; and the transport to the Don below the cataract is very costly. Even if this coal-field were accessible, its total produce is not equal to the smallest and worst of the coal\*tracts in our islands, and probably would not be worked here at all.

We shall now proceed briefly to consider what the real military strength of the Russian empire may be, from the data before us, which are probably exaggerated. We assume, however, that the Emperor of Russia can put in motion 600,000 men, exclusive of recruits and of local corps attached to the defence of particular posts. Such a force is already an enormous drain not only on the population of an empire, but on the resources of the state, by which it must be fed, clothed, armed, and set in motion; and, even if such a force were raised on an emergency, it remains to be seen how it could be reinforced and supplied. Leaving, however, out of the question all that relates to the financial and mechanical

chanical resources of war, which must press very heavily on a poor and thinly-peopled empire, we will confine ourselves to the manner in which such a war can be carried on. The two fundamental conditions of military tactics and strategical combinations are *to overcome SPACE and TIME*. He who can concentrate the greatest available force against the enemy on any given point, and at any distance, with the least possible delay, is infallibly the successful party in war. The Russian army, be its numbers what they may, has to occupy, to defend, and to traverse an empire which covers nearly 8,000,000 of square miles ; or, one-seventh part of the terrestrial globe, and one-twenty-seventh part of the surface of this planet. The area of Russia in Europe alone is sixteen times the extent of the United Kingdom ; and it may be said to cover a space indicated on the map by 45 degrees of longitude and 25 degrees of latitude. The distance from the Ural Mountains to the Polish frontier exceeds 2500 miles, and that from Finland to Georgia 1750 miles ; and this does not include the tracts lying beyond these uttermost confines of Russian civilization. The distance from Kalisch to Petropawlosk, at the extremity of Kamschatka, is upwards of 10,000 miles, and from Lapland to the frontier of Persia 3000 miles.

In such an empire, thinly peopled, every movement of troops, and even the collection of recruits, involves the necessity of moving men over immense distances. From St. Petersburg to Moscow is as far as from London to Edinburgh. From St. Petersburg to Odessa is 1792 wersts, or 1350 miles ; from Moscow to Odessa 1371 wersts, or 1050 miles ; from Warsaw to Odessa 600 miles ; and from Odessa to Bucharest and the present theatre of war about 300 miles further. Add to this the badness of the roads, the want of shelter over vast uninhabited plains, and the necessity of transporting large amounts of provision for man and beast, and we may conceive the state of an army which has to open a campaign by a toilsome march of upwards of a thousand miles, and must have spent from two to three months on the way. All armies are unavoidably weakened as they advance from the point they start from : the sick, the foot-sore, and the feeble sink and die by thousands ; and to young troops these severe marches are a dreadful trial. For these reasons the Russian forces marched against Turkey have hitherto all arrived slowly, and in a state bordering on exhaustion. The base of operations on the frontier may be compared to the base of a pyramid, and the further troops advance from that line of departure the more their available force contracts.

The same causes,—namely, immense distances between places separated by tracts of uninhabited country, and connected by miserable

miserable roads, without any strong lines of positions—render it impossible for the armies of Russia operating simultaneously on the prodigious frontiers of the empire to render any assistance to each other. The two different modes of attack to which an empire like that of Russia may be exposed offer a simple but striking contrast. The campaign of Napoleon in 1812 was directed against the centre of the monarchy. In spite of the enormous forces then united under the imperial eagle of France, the plan of operations was framed on that system of central movement which Napoleon had carried to the highest perfection. But the enormous extent of the territory invaded drew out the line of operations to excess, and rendered a defeat disastrous, and a retreat all but impracticable. The campaign of 1812 carried the French army to Moscow, but it ended there, and was followed by the most frightful disaster in military history; for though the actual force of the Russian army at that time did not exceed 200,000, the vastness of the territory proved the grave of the invader. These conditions would be entirely reversed in operations of war directed not against the centre but the circumference of the empire; for, from the extent of the territory, the frontier is in many parts more accessible to the enemy than to the Russian forces. Moreover, as any part of the maritime provinces may suddenly be attacked, all must to a certain extent be prepared, and the concentration of the army becomes almost impossible. Let us briefly consider the number and force of the divisions or separate armies absolutely required for the defence of the Russian territory when threatened by sea, and from the contiguous states by land. To begin from the north: Finland demands an army of at least 40,000 men to garrison Helsingfors and the Isles of Aland, and to keep in check the population excited by the possibility of a Swedish invasion, whilst the allied fleets may operate simultaneously or alternately on the northern and southern coasts of the Gulf of Finland. The corps of grenadiers, and a large division of artillery, would be retained to garrison Cronstadt and defend the capital. The guards, forming another army of 40,000 men, with their cavalry and artillery, advance to the Baltic provinces to cover Riga, Reval, and the road to St. Petersburg, whilst they observe, not without suspicion, the Prussian troops concentrated round Königsberg and Dantzig. Warsaw and the kingdom of Poland are the advanced positions of the Russian grand army of operations, consisting still of the 1st and 2nd divisions of the army, and numbering at least 100,000 men. Some portion of this force has been moved by échelons on Volhynia and Bessarabia; but in the present state of the relations of Russia with the German Powers, it will be impossible for her to weaken that vital part of her dominions.

dominions. The 3rd and 4th divisions form the army of operations under Prince Gortschakoff in the Principalities; and the 6th division, usually quartered in or near Moscow, is now advancing to reinforce these corps, which have already suffered most severely. The 5th or General Lüders' division occupies Odessa and the neighbourhood, whilst a part of it has been sent to the Caucasus. The defence of the Crimea, especially when the Black Sea is held by an enemy of superior maritime power, requires an army of 40,000 men or more to garrison Sebastopol, as well as Kaffa, or to provide against the contingency of an invasion. This force is wholly cut off from direct communication with any other corps. Reinforcements and supplies can only be transmitted to it over a vast extent of sandy deserts and steppes; if indeed the isthmus and lines of Perecop may not be threatened. The Sea of Azow, from Kertch to Taganrog, is too shallow to be exposed to formidable attacks, but the flotilla which defends it must be manned. Troops are necessarily scattered along the places on the Circassian coast, for even in the wretched little frontier fort of Chevketil the Turks found upwards of 1000 men; and by similar military posts, all liable to sudden attack, the communications are kept up with the Trans-Caucasian provinces. The army of the Caucasus, including the Georgian levies, certainly exceeds 100,000 men, and consists of excellent troops; but these again are exclusively engaged in local warfare, their reinforcements and supplies are rendered very difficult, and they can contribute nothing at all to the general defence of the empire. We say nothing of the corps on the frontier of Orenberg, or of the forces still required for the service of the interior, which cannot be inconsiderable. But we affirm that this enormous dissemination of troops over thousands of miles of frontiers entirely prevents that concentration which is the first element of success in war. Half a million of men are lost in these sporadic detachments, and the radius of the empire is so great that it is physically impossible to operate with rapidity from the centre on any point of so vast a circumference. The modern additions to the art of war, which enable us as a maritime power to convey an army with all the velocity of steam, are unattainable by Russia. Time and space in the campaign of 1812-13 were in her favour, and destroyed at last the prestige of Napoleon's victories. Time and space are, on the contrary, much more within our control than they are in hers, and may consequently be turned against her. It is an event without a parallel in history since the days of the Roman empire for a state to be simultaneously conducting hostilities in defence of its own territories from the Gulf of Bothnia to the shores of the Caspian, and from the

the Eruba to the Vistula. In war a concentric mode of attack is always superior to a divergent system of defence, and the same principle holds good in strategy and in tactics. The Russians have gone on repeating that it is the destiny of the empire of the Czars to conquer and supplant the empire of the Caliphs—that the Muscovite race is waiting for the hour which is to give it the empire of the world—and that all the other nations and races of Europe are effete and exhausted—until these propositions have become part of the national faith. But that faith is based on ignorance and fanaticism. Russia has yet to learn that her schemes upon the East or against Europe are wholly impracticable unless she has found means to paralyse the resistance they are calculated to excite. When that resistance is aroused and organized Russia is unable to surmount it.

We have now passed rapidly in review, with the assistance of the works before us, the chief elements of Russia's power, as far as we can discover them from the existing institutions of the empire. In an absolute monarchy, in which the Government is everything, and the emperor is the Government, there exist, indeed, none of those checks or impediments to the direct and energetic action of authority which are to be met with in freer states; but neither is it possible that they should derive any additional strength from the external resources or free co-operation of public opinion or of society. In the person of Nicholas of Russia the world was long inclined to believe that the empire had found not only a ruler, but a civilising and progressive power, capable of wielding his enormous might exclusively for noble ends. His undaunted courage in moments of danger, his bold and imperial bearing, his indefatigable activity, and his strong sympathy with the national character of the Russian people, which none of his predecessors since Peter the Great have possessed in the same degree, undoubtedly marked him out for the head of a great empire; and we confess that it is not without painful regret that we have witnessed the fall of such a character from those engagements of truth and honour which he had himself invoked. But it is impossible to follow the narrative of the transactions of last year without arriving at the conviction that his craft is at least equal to his force, and that he has pursued his own visionary schemes with a criminal disregard to the welfare of his own subjects and to the peace of Europe. Without such a head the empire might languish, corruption and deceit would flourish unrebuked, the resources of the country would decline, and the progress of the nation be suspended. With such a head a more active and wholesome movement might undoubtedly be given to society, but it may also be given for mischievous

chievous purposes and injurious results. Under this condition a Government may seek to give an impulse to the nation, but it can receive none in return, for there is a total absence of spontaneous energy and original power. For this reason an appeal is made to religious fanaticism, which is probably the strongest independent sentiment of the Russian people—if, indeed, any sentiment can be termed independent when even devotion and religious enthusiasm have been studiously trained into a superstitious veneration for the person of the Czar. The Russians, however, will not easily be persuaded that their religion is attacked, and though such an event as the march of Napoleon to Moscow roused all the patriotic ardour of the country, we doubt whether the people of the maritime frontiers will have the same determination to face the dangers of impending hostilities. The nobles of Russia are, with few exceptions, quite unable to render to the Government any independent support. They are, as a class, embarrassed and frivolous men, who owe their only importance to the honours or duties the Government may vouchsafe to confer upon them. Moreover, it is to a great degree on them that the burden of war falls; for to raise levies of men, such as have recently taken place on their estates, is to take from them the most valuable portion of their property. Estates in Russia are computed not by the extent of desolate acres, but by the number of serfs, and to depopulate the country is to ruin the landowner. The voluntary contributions talked of for the war have chiefly been exacted by a power admitting of no refusal. In fact, the very first symptom of impending hostilities is a suspension of trade, a check to labour, and a scarcity of capital which must already be felt throughout the empire. These hardships fall as much on the mercantile classes as on the nobility, and it is difficult to foresee what compensation any aggressive war can bring to them who are the first to suffer by it. The peasants, who pay the heaviest of all contributions in life and blood, have not even the satisfaction of fighting the battles of free men. Military service emancipates them from serfdom, but it leaves them to perish in the ranks, or turns the veteran adrift on the world. The army which such a war compels the Emperor to call into existence, if he hopes even to protect himself against humiliation and defeat, is the burden and the curse of his dominions. Men he may sacrifice without stint or limit, though in Russia the vast amount of the collective population is no test of local population, which is sparse and rare in almost all parts of the empire. But with a revenue not amounting to 20 millions sterling, and no facilities for contracting loans, how are materials of war, clothes, arms, food and supplies to be furnished to a million

million of combatants, at distances of thousands of miles from each other and from the capital? The magnitude of these military preparations is an additional cause of weakness, for to defend one point which is attacked a hundred others must be prepared for resistance.

For all these reasons we hold it to be a political error of the first magnitude on the part of the Emperor Nicholas to have challenged the two greatest maritime powers in the world to bring to the test his powers of endurance, to prove that Russia is assailable both in the Black Sea and in the Baltic, and to hazard a campaign which must in great part destroy the *prestige* of his forces. Even in the last winter campaign of the Turks, Russia has lost an incalculable amount of reputation, and she can only escape from her present position by the loss of a great deal more. The Western Powers have staked their honour and influence in the world upon the restoration of peace in the East by honourable means, and we trust that, having once engaged in this quarrel, they will not lay down their arms until they have obtained trustworthy securities for the future. Russia, on the other hand, has staked and forfeited the alliances she professed to cherish, her old connexion with England, the deferential gratitude of Austria, the affectionate esteem of Prussia, and, what the Emperor valued most, the leadership of the counter-revolutionary party in Europe. Success in this career is impossible for him; for even if he were to break up the Western alliances, to complete the overthrow of Turkey, or to wrest from the trembling Sultan compliance with his demands, the only result would be to prolong a fierce and terrible war, which he cannot even hope to direct to its close. We see no reason to believe that the Russian empire possesses either the genius or the resources which can carry a sovereign with success through such a struggle; and if this contest is to be waged between the forces of civilization and liberty against those of a semi-barbarous empire aspiring to crush the independence of Europe, we neither doubt nor dread the issue of the war in which England and France have been compelled to engage.

---

---

ART. V.—*A Letter to the Lord Chancellor, containing Observations on the Answers of the Judges to the Lord Chancellor's Letter on the Criminal Law Bills of the last Session of Parliament.* By C. P. Greaves, Esq., Q.C., and J. J. Lonsdale, Esq., Barrister at Law (Secretary to the late Criminal Law Commission). London. 1854.

THE very important subject of a Digest of the Criminal Law has for the last twenty years occupied much of the attention both of the legal profession and of the public at large. A commission of eminent lawyers was employed in preparing that Digest; among others Mr. Justice Wightman; Sir Edward Ryan, Chief Justice of Bengal, and author of valuable reports of Crown Law Cases; Mr. Starkie, whose well-known works on Criminal Jurisprudence are in the hands of all lawyers; Professor Amos, long employed on the Indian Code, and now Downing Professor of Law at Cambridge. The result of their labours was fully approved by successive Chancellors, Lords Lyndhurst, Brougham, Cottenham, St. Leonards, and Cranworth, as well as by the Lord Chief Justices Denman and Campbell. Bills founded upon it were three times sanctioned by the House of Lords, and referred to the examination of select Committees; namely, Lord Brougham's Bills of 1845 and 1848, and Lord St. Leonards' of 1853, when, with Lord Lyndhurst's approval, it was resolved to divide the Digest and pass it in parts. The last of those Committees sat upon the latest of those Bills,—a Digest of the Law respecting offences against the person,—for twelve days, and was attended by all the Law Lords, as well as Messrs. Lonsdale (Secretary of the Commission) and Mr. Greaves, Queen's Counsel and an eminent practitioner in Courts of Criminal Jurisdiction. The larger part of the provisions were discussed with great care, and the Bill was reported to the House as revised and amended. It was there unanimously resolved that as the Lord Chief Justice had been absent on the Circuit during part of the sitting of the Committee, and as one or two important points had been deferred, the further proceeding should be postponed for the present, and he as well as the other Law Lords expressed their confident expectation that early in the next Session it might be successfully carried through (together with the other parts of the Digest), so as to pass both Houses. But it was agreed that the opinions of the Judges should in the mean time be requested upon the details of the Bill reported; and the Lord Chancellor undertook to be the medium of communication.

His Lordship, instead of this, referred the whole matter to those

those learned persons, not only asking their observations on the frame of the clauses, but desiring their opinion upon the general subject of a criminal law digest, in favour of which the House of Lords had pronounced three several times—in 1848, 1849, and 1853. It is obvious that it must be below the dignity and contrary to the practice of Parliament to consult any body of men, however eminent, as to whether it had wisely exercised its legislative functions in solemnly affirming the principle of a pending measure. But as the details are not settled in the House till after the second reading, and as this stage had not been entered upon, it would have been regular and constitutional to invite the comments of the Judges upon the special provisions of the Bill. These learned functionaries were favourable to a digest of the statute, but strongly opposed to the codification of the common or unwritten law. Their objections were stated in their answers to the Chancellor's letter, and are mainly grounded upon the errors which they have pointed out in the work of the Commissioners in the revised form in which it came forth from the Lords' Committee. If (they argue) a digest framed by such men as the Commissioners and the Committee is so full of errors, the forming of any digest must be hopeless, and codification impossible. Under these circumstances the learned gentlemen who had assisted the Lords' Committee, addressed to the Lord Chancellor the letter of which the title stands at the head of this article.

It was thought more regular by the Lord Chancellor only to present to the House the answers of the Judges, and have them referred to the select Committee which will be appointed again—to consider the Digest Bill; but his Lordship refused to produce the letter of the learned counsel, though he promised that it should be laid before the same committee. As this committee could not meet for many weeks, the public and the profession had only one side of the question before them during this important interval. Therefore no one can complain of the present publication, which has, it is understood, been fully permitted by his Lordship.

It is not our intention to give anything like an abstract of the work before us. They who take an interest in the great question of codification will of course read both the statements made by the learned Judges, and the full and detailed answers or explanations given in this pamphlet. One thing seems certain, that the Judges were called upon to examine a Bill consisting of 169 clauses, and a schedule repealing in whole or in part 15 statutes, at the busiest season of the year, Michaelmas Term—for although the Chancellor's first letter was in October, the residue of their long vacation was sure not

to be devoted to this extra work, and the second letter was in December. It is a hard thing indeed to call upon judges at such a season, perhaps at any season, to depart from their province of applying the law, and give their opinion upon the details of a measure for altering or consolidating it; and it is probably not a good thing for the law itself that this confusion of functions should be attempted. But, whatever doubt may be entertained on this point, there can be no doubt at all that the remarks of those learned, able, and experienced persons are entitled to the most respectful attention, and that all must examine them not only with a great bias in their favour, but with every disposition to find their criticisms well founded. It is with such an inclination that every candid reader will peruse the answers of the Judges; and with a proportionable reluctance will he find himself under the necessity of agreeing with the authors of the reply, even although they are defending the work of very learned and accurate men, and the provisions sanctioned by the high authority of the Lords' House of Parliament.

No doubt it must strike every one who considers this matter as *à priori* eminently improbable that a work so elaborately framed, and which had undergone, and repeatedly undergone, such careful revision by so many minds, of such various descriptions, should be found to contain the multiplicity of errors, not a few of a glaring kind, which some of the Judges have, in the unavoidable hurry of business, thought that they had detected. What increases the presumption against the validity of the objections is that while the very eminent lawyers who considered the measure in the House of Lords sat together, and had the advantage of all the knowledge which each could furnish, the Judges only went through the Bill in their individual capacities, and returned separate answers. That some slips might have occurred even with such men as the Commissioners, and escaped detection by all the Law Lords of the Committee, was no doubt possible; but that the Digest thus prepared and thus revised should abound with the most palpable mistakes—nay, that any considerable number of those should have found their way into it—must on all hands be regarded as in the highest degree unlikely.

The work now before us converts the likelihood into a certainty. It appears that in most of the instances the error exists not in the Digest of the Lords but in the remarks of the Judges. Some criminal lawyers of eminence, we understand, have examined the answers of the Judges and the explanations of the Assessors to the Lords' Committee; and have declared that in almost every instance the remarks of the Judges have been

satisfactorily answered. We will not go so far as this; we conceive that the learned Judges have very probably detected material errors; we doubt not that their remarks will meet with the most respectful attention from the Lords' Committee to which they are referred; but we hesitate not to affirm that the objections of most importance have been met, and that due attention bestowed upon the work submitted to their consideration would probably have prevented nearly the whole of their criticisms.

We shall give one example as sufficing to show how plain it is that the ceremony of reading any work under review (we speak with some nervous feeling as reviewers), which should be gone through by those who assume the office of criticising it, has in this case been omitted by the learned Judges in many instances.—Three of them object to the Digest that it does not punish a battery. '*Unless I am greatly mistaken*,' says one, '*if a man knocks another down, doing him no bodily harm, he will not be liable to prosecution or punishment*,' and his Lordship refers to Sec. 133. '*It is at least doubtful*,' says another learned Judge, '*whether he could be punished*.' And he adds, '*the Sec. (133) does not in express terms include a battery, however violent, and there is no section, I believe, that does*.' Such expressions plainly show that their Lordships were conscious of not having fully examined the enactments—and no more had they—for Sec. 127 *does* include a battery, though not by name; and it clearly comprehends the case of knocking a man down, even supposing it possible this operation could be performed without doing him any bodily harm; for it applies to any one who causes bodily harm '*or does any violence to the person of another*.' '*It seems*,' say the authors of this tract (p. 62), '*to have escaped the recollection of the learned Judges, that no battery can possibly take place unless an assault, as defined by Sec 133, has taken place*:' and again (*ib.*) '*one of the learned Judges has fallen into the error of supposing that an assault, in legal signification, includes a battery*'.

Sometimes the learned Judges object to provisions as superfluous from not adverting to cases actually reported, and very recently, which prove those provisions to be necessary; sometimes they treat as absurd definitions which such cases have in terms sanctioned. Thus, Mr. Justice Talfourd, '*than whom*,' say the authors of the Letter most justly, '*a more sincere lover of truth, right, and justice never adorned the bar, nor graced the bench*,' ridicules the definition of '*wound*' by mention of '*the skin being divided either externally or internally*', remarking that '*the latter branch of the alternative denoting a possibility of wounding by dividing the internal cuticle without dividing the external*,

external, must be intended to anticipate some future discovery of science.' But so far from being dependant on a future discovery, the words were introduced in consequence of an antecedent fact, it having been expressly held in the case of *Reg. v. Smith*, 8 Car. and Payne, 173, that a wound was within the statute 'where the skin was broken internally but not externally.' The same learned judge dwells at some length on the 'introduction for the first time of the term *excuse* into the criminal law,' adding that, though new, it is not good, arguing that what is termed excuse must mean defence, and further complaining of the bad grammar as well as bad legislation which makes the Act excuse when only the Crown can do so. We must confess that in the impartiality which we really feel in this great question, nothing can seem more triumphant than the answer given by the tract before us to all these charges. Four chapters of Lord Hale are cited (Hale, c. 5, c. 6, c. 7, c. 8), in all which 'excuse' is the technical term used, and used grammatically in the same way the Digest uses it. Thus, c. 5, 'concerning casualty—how far it excuseth in criminals.' Then as to the 'law only justifying or condemning, and never excusing'; excusable homicide is an instance to the contrary. And when the same learned judge, observing upon the expression *present* fear, asks, 'how can fear exist unless it be present?' he has entirely forgotten that '*present fear of death*' is the term used in the books.

Thus, too, Mr. Justice Erle regards it as absurd to consider that a party acting with good motives under a mistake of his legal rights, and causing damage, can act maliciously—yet the absurdity is in the law as laid down by the most eminent judges—for Mr. Justice Littledale, in *Macpherson v. Daniel*, 10 B. and C., 272, defined malice in its legal sense to denote 'a wrongful act done intentionally without just cause or excuse'; and other judges have held exactly the same language,—*Rex v. Harvey*, 2 B. and C., 268. In fact, as Mr. Justice Best remarked in the latter case, 'the legal import of the term differs from its acceptance in common conversation.'

The work before us adduces several such examples of oversight, but we only give a few instances to show the consequences which flow from having imposed on the learned Judges the task of examining the numerous enactments of the Bill when otherwise occupied with their ordinary and proper duties. The instances, beside the one we first mentioned, are numerous in which they ask why provision is not made for cases connected with one clause, and yet the tract before us refers to some other clause where that provision is made. But instances even occur where they complain of that as the enactment of the Digest

which is the enactment of some statute—as where Mr. Justice Erle objects to s. 110 respecting '*Legal Liability*,' and omits to consider that the phrase is used in an act only passed three years ago, on which that whole section is framed—14, 15 Vict. c. 11, s. 1. If such criticisms make nothing against the Bill, as little, we are anxious to add, does it tell against the learned Judge. Of the vast mass of legislation which is annually added to the Statute Book, a large part can only be considered by the Bench as occasions arise for its application.' A most distinguished and careful judge, a man thoroughly awake to the times he lives in, has been heard to say, 'I know pretty well what the law was ten years ago, but I am not quite so confident what it is now.'

Before closing these remarks upon the very important subject of the Digest and the answers of the learned Judges, it is necessary in justice both to those eminent persons and to the framers of the document, that the course unfortunately pursued by the Lord Chancellor should be borne in mind. Not only did his Lordship promulgate the answers of the Judges without the reply and explanations of the Commissioners, but having submitted to the Judges the Digest in some important articles unfinished, their remarks, valuable as they would have proved\* in aid of the House of Lords when putting the last hand to the work, were not reserved for that stage of the proceeding, but made public immediately. Thus it happens that several matters of great moment being purposely left for further and final consideration, nay in some instances, alternative enactments being actually given in the margin, the observations of the Judges are given upon one alternative, or upon matter professedly still under consideration, and a condemnation apparently pronounced as if the ultimate resolutions of the Lords had been formed. Most clearly the commentaries of the Judges should have been regarded as themselves hypothetical and intended for the use of those about to be engaged in completing the work, instead of being promulgated so as to render that completion more difficult, by enlisting against the whole scheme the prejudices so naturally raised when judicial authority seemingly, not really, was interposed. This course so unhappily taken has led to the publication of the reply to which we are desirous of giving all possible publicity; for if the story told of Alexander that on a complaint being made to him, he stopped one ear with his finger, saying that he kept it to hear the other side, is seldom acted upon in ordinary matters, there is no chance that it would prevail in a case in which the Judges had been supposed to have pronounced an authoritative decision upon a question of criminal law."

\* The remarks of Mr. Justice Coleridge are peculiarly valuable. Mr. Justice Cresswell's have also great merit.

**ART. VI.—Treasures of Art in Great Britain; being an Account of the chief Collections of Paintings, Sculpture, Drawings, Illuminated Manuscripts, &c. By Dr. Waagen, Director of the Royal Gallery of Pictures at Berlin. 3 vols. London. 1854.**

**T**HHERE is no greater mistake than to suppose that connoisseurship in the formative arts is a knack or an instinct with which favoured individuals are born, or which they acquire in some manner not to be clearly accounted for. On the contrary, if there be any study in life in which the gift of ardent enthusiasm will do little without unwearied diligence, sound sense, and true humility, it is pre-eminently the study of that outward form of a mysterious inward poetry now-a-days talked and written about, with more or less truth and eloquence, ignorance, folly, and bad temper, under the hacknied but ever glorious name of Art. The education of the professed critic in art is essentially the same as that of the student in the exact sciences. Nothing is left to feeling, predilection, or wish—his stand must be taken upon a slowly gathered accumulation of facts, each one resting securely on that beneath it. Works of art must be treated as organic remains, subservient to some prevailing law, which it is the critic's task to find out and classify by a life of observation and comparison. For though not to be compared with the works of nature in invariability of system, yet every master has a certain prevailing hand-writing, inseparable from his individual temperament, though influenced by the schools he passes through and the course he runs, the signs and secrets of which a critic has to explore with a care and modesty analogous to that exercised by a Davy, or an Owen. And the comparison does not end here; for, as the inquirer into one physical science must bring to the task the knowledge of many others, so he who aspires to be a true connoisseur of art must come furnished with stores of collateral information, to which it would be presumptuous to assign limits. All forms of knowledge minister to this one—the highest and the lowest—history and poetry—truth and romance—languages and manners—mechanical materials and chemical processes: no student can have his scale too full, or his grasp too wide; the workman's tools must be as familiar to him as the poet's feeling and the scholar's lore. Our readers will perhaps suspect that, under all this superstructure, the enthusiasm we put first on the list will be fairly stifled. But there is no fear of any such result. Nothing indeed save that alone, which in its pure and engrossing character stands only second in the human heart to the natural affections, will keep the professional connoisseur steady in his path, for the toil is great and the disappointments many.

many. And nothing but this, after all his labour—for here art and science part company—will lead him safely to his goal. In this, indeed, consists the line of demarcation between the true connoisseur and the mere dealer. The latter is a safe guide for signs and molemarks, elaborated with patience and registered with care; but there are occasions when he goes no further, and will lead you in triumph to a work of art which contains all these in undeniable abundance, but lacks that higher something of the master which the heart alone can recognise. Far be it from us to mean the slightest reflection upon the class; many a dealer is guided by the truest and most refined feeling—and even when he is not, it is no reproach—he does his part, and the labourer is worthy of his hire. They want nothing more, and certainly deserve nothing more, who purchase a picture merely on such grounds.

The work before us we unhesitatingly pronounce to contain more of the essence of true connoisseurship than any other of the same class that has yet come before the public. Dr. Waagen's name is too familiar to the art-world to require any introduction. He graduated, it may be said, like his friend and fellow-labourer M. Passavant, in that wonderful school which the Paris of 1814 afforded. A young volunteer in the war of liberation, the service brought him to the then teeming capital, where our embryo connoisseur drained his slender pocket to pay substitutes to mount guard while he spent his hours diligently in the Louvre. Since then the ceaseless researches of his life are evidenced in his writings; while the Museum of Berlin—the peculiar interest and instructiveness of which surpasses that of many galleries of greater extent and value—owes much of these qualities to the labours of its Director.

As a writer, too, addressing himself exclusively to the English public—for the work is only published in its translated form—Dr. Waagen is peculiarly adapted to suit our prejudices and principles. Too solid to be a dreamer, and too humorous to be a pedant, he steers clear of faults we are prone to attribute to our German brethren; and, what is perhaps more important still, he steers equally clear of faults we are sure to find at home; for, be the subject what it may, the vindication of new friends, or the demolition of old idols, his opinion is given with a simplicity, distinctness, and temperance of language particularly refreshing after the violence and dogmatism, the flippant and fine writing, with which the criticism and philosophy of art has of late been treated among us. Nor can we omit another merit which has struck us agreeably in the perusal of this work. The higher types and forms of art lie in very sacred ground, and the.

the connoisseur can hardly enter into any description of them without touching the most solemn chord of a Christian's heart. The manner in which he performs this—the most interesting—portion of his task—is a test of no common kind. Dr. Waagen has done what was right. Without parading uncalled-for sentiments, he approaches these subjects with unaffected reverence—on some occasions even rising into a high strain of devout emotion, which elevates the whole character of his criticism.

‘The Treasures of Art in Great Britain,’ justly so called, have long needed numeration, analysis, and valuation. Our riches are now no longer limited to a few great galleried mansions, but one general auriferous district seems to be spreading gradually over the country. It was in 1835 that Dr. Waagen began that task of exploring, the results of which he gave us in his ‘Art and Artists in England.’ Parts of that work are incorporated in the present, which, however, may be said to supersede, rather than continue the first. His researches this time have been of a far more comprehensive character. Those galleries of wondrous invention, and frequently exquisite execution, which lie concealed on bookshelves and in portfolios, no less than those displayed on our walls, are here opened to us. The old illuminated manuscripts, drawings, and engravings, have poured forth their treasures, showing us metal of quaint and strange workmanship, but guinea-gold notwithstanding—progenitors, especially the miniatures, however humble, of the glorious full forms of art with which our eyes are more familiar, and for which they supply many an early link in the chain of genealogy. Who shall say how remotely that chain begins? It is comparatively easy to define the date of a work, but not that of the thought that quickens it. The early schools of Christian art, however rude, retained at all events that wise law transmitted from the Greeks, by which every invention pronounced to be beautiful and appropriate was in its essential points adhered to, being repeated only with increasing beauty and freedom, or leading to new ideas invented in the same spirit. Invention, for invention's sake, was held no merit then, and borrowing no disgrace. The chain of artistic descent does indeed lose itself in the very fountain head of art, for Dr. Waagen expresses his conviction, *à propos* of some Greek vases in the British Museum, ‘that many a thought of the Greek painters is embodied in the finest forms of beauty we possess.’

It is to the miniatures that we must look as the great storehouse in which these thoughts lay for centuries embalmed—oftentimes mummy-like, it is true, in their calligraphic deadness and disfigurement, but still holding fast the true tradition, till the

sun of art rose again and made the dry forms live. And again, as art attained its meridian, the fresh thoughts of great masters were in their turn faithfully laid up in the miniatures of the day. Speaking of a MS. in the possession of Professor Johnson at Oxford, Dr. Waagen says, 'Were the works of Michael Angelo and Sebastian del Piombo lost to us, we should obtain through this MS. a complete idea of the last named painter, and become acquainted with various ideas from the first.' We see this in one of its miniatures of particular beauty—the Visitation,—taken from the picture by Sebastian del Piombo, the fragments of which, formerly in the Fesch gallery, were exhibited last year in the British Institution by Mr. Davenport Broome, of whom they were purchased by the Duke of Northumberland. The finest early masters also, both Flemish and Italian, were miniature painters themselves. Whoever has had the good fortune to look through the miniatures by Memling in Cardinal Grimani's Breviary in the Ducal Palace at Venice, has experienced pleasures as refined, and laid by reminiscences as exquisite, as any gallery could afford. The feeling of Giotto, of Sandro Botticelli, and of Orcagna, are seen more clearly in this shape than in the stained and mouldering remains of their frescoes and tempera pictures. Doubtless the Arundel Society is doing the wiser part in securing records of such fast vanishing remains—for the miniatures are in better preservation—but still it does seem surprising that the new editions and translations of old works have not been enriched from this source of adornment. What could better illustrate Mr. Pollock's admirable re-translation of Dante than facsimiles of the interesting pen-drawings in the MS. of 'La Divina Commedia,' at Hamilton Palace; many of them by the hand of Sandro Botticelli, and, as Dr. Waagen truly says, the finest and most original with which Dante has ever been illustrated. Nor is there any fear in proper hands of their being modernised in the process; no one would preserve their true and quaint spirit more faithfully than Mr. George Scharf.

The chief object of Dr. Waagen's researches among the illuminated MSS. in this country, was to ascertain the course and characteristics of our native pictorial art, which, we may broadly assert, has, during the space of above a thousand years, left us scarcely any records but those preserved in MSS., and but scantily even in this shape, for the fury of the reformers fell upon them no less than upon the more ostentatious forms of artistic skill. Our first art, it would seem, we received, as we did our first learning and religion, through the Irish, and to them also we are, perhaps, remotely indebted for the humour and

and fancy which are still such predominant qualities in the sister Isle. But, on the other hand, it is equally characteristic of ourselves that we showed a less rigid *superstition* in the adherence to Byzantine types and traditions. Our figures, it appears, could, at a very early period, stand on their feet, and also sometimes move, which was an immense achievement. A decided tendency to dramatic sentiment is observed in the most ancient Anglo-Saxon miniatures, dating as far back as the 7th century, and also the germ of those two opposite qualities peculiar to our art and poetry, the fantastic in conception and the realistic in execution. This reality is seen in a more earnest expression of the feelings. A certain affectionateness of manner—apparent of course almost exclusively in the more loving relation between the Virgin and Child—tells of English domestic habits not entirely forgotten in the monastery; while the subject of the murder of the Innocents, is nowhere so early given, with so painful a truth as in English miniatures. Throughout the fluctuations which befel the school, which rose and fell with the vicissitudes of the land, these characteristics may be considered as permanent, while the abundance of fun and drolleries which fill the borders, in which the church is never spared, show the national impudence and the freedom it enjoyed—always healthy signs—to be perpetually on the increase. It was merry England indeed in her old miniatures—a shorter step from the sublime to the ridiculous than could be found elsewhere—things sacred and things absurd (not profane) put in the closest juxtaposition. Many a page reminds us of a schoolboy's exercise—the set task, whatever it might be, done soberly enough in the middle, and the margins scrawled over with all sorts of harumscarum inventions. For instance, the Coronation of the Virgin is seen above, and on one side a fox, with a bishop's mitre and staff, preaching to four geese—David gravely playing on the Psaltery, and, round an initial in the border, an ass playing the lute, a monkey the violin, and a hare striking the cymbals—the three Kings appearing before Herod, and tournaments below, some figures with animals' heads, some without legs, tumbling off their horses, much in the style of a Christmas pantomime—or, on other occasions, grotesque animals racing and chasing each other with all kinds of frolic impertinence, like the monkeys in the Zoological Gardens. In some instances the freak is introduced into the picture itself. Who but a mad-cap Englishman of the dark ages would have represented the daughter of Herodias making mill-sails, by way of dancing, before Herod? The reign of Chivalry too is abundantly delineated in these works, and Cervantes admirably illustrated ages before he appeared. Also true English sports

sports and pastimes appear—wrestling and falcon flying, and even a cock-fight, which Dr. Waagen gravely opines to be one of the oldest representations of such a subject—the MS. in which it appears being about the date 1320. It is worthy of remark that the representations of animals are far better and truer to nature than in the contemporary miniatures of other nations. Then, as regards the purely mechanical part, we are famed for beauty and brilliancy of colours, and for great precision and neatness of execution—indications, if not in an æsthetic, yet in a practical sense, of a people who, as the phrase goes, turn out a better article in mere manufacturing respects than most of their rivals. Nor does it appear that when the English had fair play they betrayed any incapacity for the higher elements of pictorial art; on the contrary, the support which art received in this country during the reign of Henry III. and the three Edwards, has left its fruits in English miniatures which, we are assured, excel those of all other nations of the same time, with the exception of the Italian, and are not inferior even to them.

It would take too long to pursue the subject of native art in all its hindrances and developments. Dr. Waagen gives so admirable a summary of them, and of the political causes which nipped our talents in one respect and fostered them in another, in his Chapter on the Vernon Gallery, that we cannot do better than transcribe it:—

‘This is a suitable occasion for inquiring into the reasons why the real school of painting and sculpture arose so late in England as compared with other nations, and also why it developed those peculiarities which distinguish it from other schools. I have already shown, in my observations on English miniatures—with which, be it remarked, some larger pictures still preserved correspond—that the English, up to the middle of the fifteenth century, had developed a certain degree of originality in painting, while many works in their Gothic ecclesiastical buildings testify the same in the department of sculpture. I have pointed out that in the wars of the Houses of York and Lancaster may be traced the chief interruption to the further progress of native art, which then gave place to an imitation of Netherlandish art, at that period in the most flourishing state of development, and which, in its realistic tendency, coincided the more with the foregone English school. But when once an original and indigenous mode of art is supplanted by a foreign style of superior development, it becomes doubly difficult to revive it, and in this case the difficulty was increased by the number of excellent Netherlandish artists who continued to flourish in England under English patronage: so great a genius as Holbein under Henry VIII.; so able a portrait-painter as Sir Anthony More under Queen Mary; and a whole succession under Elizabeth and James I. How was it possible that the long-discouraged native art should contend against such agencies as these? Thus, if it be clear that the great and

and original talents for art, of which the English gave such ample proof, were by this means hindered in that further and riper development which took place in the sixteenth century so conspicuously among the Italians, and next to them among the Germans, Netherlanders, and French, it is no less true that the national feeling for art found vent in that form of which language is the expression — namely, in the richest emanations of poetry. This sister art is, from various reasons, less affected by political disturbances or public calamities, and less dependent on external support. She does not require expensive mechanical aids, nor by any means the same outward encouragement; nor is the maintenance of a school, in the strict sense of the word, with all its personal and living tradition, and its scientific and technical endowments and advantages, necessary as a condition of existence to the art of poetry, though indispensable to the other arts. Hence we find the original tendency of English poetry, as it showed itself in Chaucer in the fourteenth century, continuing in the sixteenth century in Spenser, and attaining its fullest development in Shakspeare. This great genius presented to us, as in a magic mirror, the romantic spirit of the middle ages, just when that period had come to an end; while he became the founder of a new epoch in poetry, of which profound thought, bitter irony, and intellectual humour are the chief elements. Precisely in this Janus-like, double character — embodying a great past and divulging a pregnant future — lies the true and undying significance of Shakspeare, and the wondrous spell he exercises, and ever will exercise, over every impressionable heart, while any feeling for the great, the noble, and the beautiful exists. In this great man, therefore, the national genius for art found its golden age. He was to the English what the cinquecento age was to the Italians. Whether the formative arts would have attained to such an elevated rank in England as they did in Italy and the Netherlands it is impossible to say, but I am convinced that considerable originality and excellence would have been developed. That no original English art, however, should have been developed in the seventeenth century — a time which saw a second rich harvest of painting in the Netherlands, an important period of art in France, and a considerable revival at all events in Italy — that even this century should have done nothing for England, is a fact for which I think sufficient reasons may be alleged. Although so distinguished a foreign artist as Vandyck enjoyed the chief English patronage under the protection of the art-loving King Charles I., yet such valuable masters as Old Stone and Dobson, as well as the admirable miniature-painters Isaac and Peter Oliver, although they attached themselves to the manner of that great painter, testify the existence of very considerable native powers, from which an original school of English art would doubtless have sprung, had not the reign of Puritanism under Cromwell intervened. If that dark, narrow, and joyless spirit, inimical to every species of art, interrupted even the feeling for the drama, so deeply rooted in the English, and so highly cultivated from the time of Shakspeare, how should the struggling germ of the formative arts be expected to have survived? By the time of the Restoration, in 1660, the English had

had assumed quite a different character. We no longer find them the same joyous, cheerful, and poetic people, who delighted in innocent games and jubilees, and whom Shakspeare had so spiritedly described to us, but we find them rather a narrow, serious, reflective, and prosaic nation. To this was now added that element of frivolity imported by Charles II. from France, an element not only quite foreign to the English character, but destructive to all real feeling for art, and which, favoured by the Court, influenced also the literature of the day. From this combination arose a spirit of rationalism and scepticism, and a narrow-minded system of education, which was in the highest degree pernicious to that fancy with which the artist has most to do. These unsavourable agencies show themselves largely in the works of English poets of that time, of whom I will only particularise Swift—who excelled in that form of verse which nearest approaches prose; namely, in satire—and Pope, the representative of the French “*esprits*.” This was not the atmosphere in which any native art could expand, therefore we need not wonder that the chief patronage of art should have been engrossed by foreigners,—by Sir Peter Lely and Sir Godfrey Kneller as portrait painters, and by Verrio the Neapolitan and Charles de la Fosse as executants of that insipid and flimsy form of historical painting which was still in request in the palaces of the great. With the confirmed stability of the House of Hanover under George II., the power and political consequence of England became greatly augmented. Private wealth increased, and a sense of peace and security returned, to which the national mind had long been a stranger. A natural consequence of this was a reaction in art and literature, in which that combination of reality and humour, indigenous to the English character, once again appeared on the stage, and took that form which suited the spirit of the times. In literature this reaction was achieved by such men as Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne, in whom sentimentality was an additional feature; and in art by Hogarth, who, to a realistic and humorous tendency, added a moral aim in his pictures. But it required all the extraordinary talent and energy of Hogarth's character to assert and maintain this totally new tendency against that cold and affectedly ideal form of art which still prevailed. He was 53 years of age before his six pictures of the *Mariage à la Mode*, which he then sold by public auction, found a purchaser; nor did they realise more than the paltry sum of 110 guineas. The realistic school was now taken up by Reynolds and Gainsborough, while the more idealising tendency of the landscape painter Wilson, which, in its beautiful forms borrowed from Italian nature, and in all its poetic subjects taken from Greek mythology, has a certain affinity to Claude, found so little favour with the English that it was difficult for him to dispose of his pictures even at the lowest prices. Nor did Barry, who pursued much the same tendency, fare better. Not till Flaxman, the great sculptor, appeared, endowed as he was with the richest powers of invention, and a rare feeling for beauty of form and grace of movement, did this tendency find any favour with the public, and then not in the degree which his exalted merit

merit deserved. Greater success attended the efforts of Stothard, who, with his versatility of talent, combined both the realistic and ideal tendencies, and whose productiveness continued into an advanced age. As the transmission, however, of correct technical principles, which in the painting schools of the middle ages had been perpetuated from generation to generation, had, with the extinction of the early English school, long been lost, the new school was compelled in this, as in every other respect, to evolve the principles of art afresh.'

We turn now to those 'maturer forms of art which invest a dwelling with the highest intellectual sanctity, the daily companionship of which is one of the best pleasures wealth can enjoy, and one of the few poverty may envy. Odious is the luxury, even in a worldly sense, which has not the redeeming element of art. England would have been by this time the most detestable of *nouveaux riches* had she not applied some of the maimon her prosperity has given her to obtain that which may help to correct it. But we shall best estimate the treasures of art we now possess if we take a short retrospect of our former penury.

There are two ways in which a nation can honour art—by the development of native genius, and by the acquisition of works which shall kindle and inform it. In both respects England has been peculiarly hindered from running the race with other countries. And there are two different points from which the taste and demand for art may start—the one the court, and the other private individuals. England began, as was natural, from the first. The fashion showed itself in the English court as early as in any other north of the Alps. Henry VIII., probably in mere emulation of his more genial brother Francis I., formed a small collection; but the taste, if he had it, was not transmitted to his children. It is true Ticozzi mentions Titian's having painted a picture, '*di divoto argomento*,' for Queen Mary, but Elizabeth at all events had no sympathies of the sort; and it was well, as Horace Walpole says, that her successor had none either, or he would have introduced as bad a taste into the arts as he did into literature. Taught, therefore, probably by the precepts and example of the Earl of Arundel and the Duke of Buckingham—the first enlightened patrons of art in England—the two sons of James I., though of a descent—Scotch on one side, Danish on the other—little favourable to such tastes, developed an early partiality for paintings, and were both enthusiastic collectors from their youth. Prince Henry, who died at the age of eighteen, had already formed an interesting cabinet. To Charles I., however, belongs the merit of having gathered together a gallery which, as a whole, has never since been equalled in England for extent

and

and quality. The chief contents had been accumulating for 150 years in their native soil. The family of the Gonzaga, Dukes of Mantua, were second only to the Medici in the patronage of the arts; and the purchase of the great Mantua gallery constituted the main body of Charles's irreplaceable collection. We may well say irreplaceable, since thirteen Raphaels and forty-five Titians, the one including the *Pearl*, the other the *Venus del Prado*, with numerous gems of Cörreggio, Giorgione, Palma Vecchio, and others, can hardly be drawn together again in a single gallery even by English wealth and energy. Their spoils enrich to this day Vienna, Paris, and Madrid. The restoration of the House of Stuart brought back, it is true, a portion of the dismantled gallery, but it did not bring back the *taste*; this had taken flight more irrevocably for the time than the pictures themselves. Hampton Court, St. James's, and Windsor were again adorned, but the scale of excellence was far lower. Whitehall alone recalled in some measure its former glories, for here were deposited the pictures which the States-General had restored, together with such as Charles II. had been elsewhere able to reclaim. But a fatality worse than revolutions awaited them. The palace took fire, and Raphaels, Leonards, Giorgiones, Titians, and Holbeins perished miserably in the flames.

Next ensued fresh political disturbances—the country again changed its rulers, and, as respects art, certainly not for the better. Neither Dutch nor Hanoverian sovereigns sought recreation from the toils of government in the refined company of the arts; religion disowned, and luxury did not adopt them. At the beginning of the last century we might be said to be comparatively destitute of this great element of civilisation, which was neglected alike by court and nation. Foreigners came, not like Dr. Waagen, to profit by our 'Treasures,' but to spy out the nakedness of the land, and write theories on the incompatibility of mercantile pursuits and æsthetic sympathies. Voltaire himself sneered at our apathy, and denied our capacity for the fine arts,—but the sneers and denials of the arch-infidel were doomed to be as false as usual. The Englishman bided his time. He had much to do before he could be ready for artistic enjoyments, and his first step, sordid as it might appear to his more elegant neighbour, was to put himself in a position to afford them. The last century, ugly and uninteresting though it may look to our present more fastidious eyes, was essentially a time of recovery. Great affectation and odious taste there was, when any taste was pretended to, as we see in many a passage alluding to the arts in the Vicar of Wakefield and other writers of that period. But the frippery lay on the surface. John Bull was always *real* at the

core—

core—and meanwhile the lump was being slowly leavened. We were at least spared the spectacle, elsewhere seen, of elegant rulers and a wretched people ; the one was as little our portion as the other. Nor are countries, not yet conscious of the want of the fine arts, at all the better for having Raphaels within their palace walls ; the atmosphere of England for a time was one in which their sweetness would have been wasted, as it is to this day in that land where the Houghton and the Barbarigo galleries are virtually entombed.

Nor can we feel it any disgrace that such collections as began to be formed in this country towards the end of the last century were indicative of very moderate aspirations. The only disgrace in such matters is pretension. Our first collectors acted up to their light, and we shall never do better than copy their principle, however much we may excel them in the application of it. The real and right view of the subject is that our grandfathers, bad as might be their taste, were far in advance of the court, and were sincere and independent. Although, therefore, the few galleries founded in those times may abound overmuch with Luca Giordano, Carlo Dolce, and Salvator Rosa, yet all honour be to them, for they owed their existence neither to the fashion set by a sovereign nor to the cost of a people. And if this latter sentence be not altogether applicable to the Houghton Gallery—the finest the country could boast—we at all events profited little by it. It left these shores for perils by sea and dishonour by land—was shipwrecked in the Baltic, and, when landed, was retained in its cases till the death of the monarch who wanted it only for its name.

But now the time was approaching when the same fearful agency which had depopulated England of pictures was to restore them, and in some instances to bring back the identical works it had formerly dispersed. The French Revolution found the houses of ministers of finance and farmers-general furnished with the most exquisite cabinets, and a people who gathered nettles for their food. Collections were consigned over to England by men who loved them next to life and liberty ; and some were parted with to assist the best, and others to further the worst causes. The last years of the eighteenth century and the first year of the nineteenth are memorable in the annals of art. The great Orleans Gallery, containing many a *chef-d'œuvre* from the treasures of Charles I., was sent over to this country, exhibited to a wondering public for six months, and then drafted off into the different houses of its fortunate possessors, carrying with it sources of undying pleasures throughout the land. The main portion of it constitutes some of the finest collections we yet can boast, while a few of its single

single prizes founded Mr. Angerstein's collection which founded the National Gallery.

The flood-gates were now fairly thrown open, and crowds of minor galleries and pickings of galleries followed in the same track. The storm of the Revolution, as it passed in turn over the countries of Europe, shook this glorious fruit in deplorable plenty into our laps. Wars and rumours of wars—tributes, confiscations—fears and necessities—all brought pictures, as they brought their refugee owners, to that country where they were, sure of liberty and a market. Time-honoured possessions, and recent ill-gotten spoils, alike came to the hammer. English enterprise and capital took a forward part in transactions that were both adventurous and profitable. 'No sooner,' as Dr. Waagen says, "was a country overrun by the French than Englishmen, skilled in the arts, were at hand with their guineas." Napoleon helped us to the purchase of 'treasures which he snatched but could not hold himself; and, having enriched us with the stores of Italy, Holland, and Belgium, he was finally the means of opening the tight-locked palaces and monasteries of Spain to our negotiations. Picture-dealing was a finer thing then than it can be now, or, we hope, will ever be again. Great difficulties had to be encountered, for which great energies were required, and men like Messrs. Buchanan, Smith, Neuwenhuys, and others who were chiefly instrumental in importing such works, are richly entitled to the gratitude of the country, for they imported not only the fruits of art but the germs.

Nor did the harvest of fine works of art end with the restoration of peace and order, though it has been more deliberately gathered. A strong picture current has continued to set towards our shores. To supply the growing wants of improving taste we have kept up prices such as few can pay but ourselves. English purchasers are foremost in the continental sales, while the home market has seen a succession of glorious prizes pass through it. Immense numbers of pictures have continued to cross over from France. The flower of Bourbon, Buonaparte, and of later Orleans collections, have, in turn, pointed a moral in this land. In 1841 the Duke of Lucca's pictures were sold here,—in 1847 the beautiful Hoffman collection, and the best pictures of the Verstolk cabinet, also came to the English hammer. Ghent has lost its Van Scamp and other collections, and their gems must now be sought for here; the same may be said of the Bisenzio and Fesch collections, and of the magnificent gallery of the late King of Holland, while the possession of the Louis Philippe and Standish pictures complete our cycle of schools.

Having enumerated some of our golden opportunities in respect to

to pictures, Dr. Waagen thus sums up his opinion as to the use we have made of them, and of others of a kindred nature affecting art in some or other of its forms, with a little tribute of regret at last for such as we have missed.

'In the warm interest I feel for the advance of art in England, I have been the more delighted to observe the progress it has made since my first visit in 1835. Not only do I remark a great increase of feeling for works of art, both of the old and modern schools, but also an incomparably greater catholicity of taste, and a growing conviction of the high importance of the arts, no less as a means of moral culture, than as the assistants in various branches of manufacture. The truth of what I state has been brought before me in very various ways. Above all, the Government, both by what it has done by the advance of already-existing institutions, and for the foundation of new ones, has proved that it acknowledges the duty incumbent upon it. Thus the treasures of art belonging to the British Museum have been increased in a really magnificent spirit. By the acquisition of the Assyrian and Lycian sculptures, the collection of large works of sculpture has become the finest in the world. While in 1835, as regards the department of antiquities, vases, and coins, the British Museum stood far below the continental museums, it has now, by a series of fortunate acquisitions, been advanced to a level with them. The purchases of manuscripts, with miniatures of the middle ages, of various countries and schools, have been so important that this department may now compete with collections of the same kind in the Vatican, in Vienna, and Munich, and is only surpassed by that in the Bibliothèque Impériale at Paris. The collections of engravings also, formerly but poor, has been so enriched by judicious purchases, that in rare specimens of all the schools of the fifteenth century, and in the etchings of the Dutch masters of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it need not fear comparison with the first collections of this class in Paris, Vienna, Dresden, Berlin, and Munich. In point of drawings by the old masters, however, though possessing single examples of great distinction, the British Museum is still far in arrear; which is the more to be lamented, since the sale of such collections as that of Sir Thomas Lawrence and of the King of Holland are never likely to recur.'

We have something to say as regards this old complaint. A foreigner naturally looks on these things from his own point of view. He is accustomed to Governments who ostentatiously supply their subjects with such intellectual food, quite as much from motives of policy as from a love of art, and to a people as little encouraged as able to cater for themselves. But it is different with us. The Government of this country has till lately been in the habit, whether rightly or wrongly, of looking on these higher luxuries of life as things which a free and prosperous people might take or leave as they would a country-house or an opera-box, but which it was as little bound to

supply. The nation shared the same views. No one cried shame on Mr. Pitt for declining to purchase a glorious Rubens—none but Haydon inveighed against the tardiness of Ministers in securing the Elgin marbles—and certainly both the people and the Government that brought in the Reform Bill were far from associating the honour or the shame of the country with a set of drawings by the old masters, however fine. The question we should rather ask ourselves is, whether it be more advantageous to a people, and more honourable too, that the taste for art and consequent patronage of it should spring from the Government or from the nation?—and there can be no hesitation as to the answer. With us, as we have shown, the taste of the country has had its root in private impulses. All the prizes have been thus obtained. The British Museum began from a legacy—the National Gallery was founded by the purchase of one private collection, and the bequest of two others—the finest monuments in the land were erected by private persons. Shall we stigmatise a Government which has made individuals freer than itself? and though doubtless it has lost opportunities without number, who, with this book before him, can say that the country has lost pictures, drawings, or anything else? It is wise and right to have a National Gallery; and, if we compare ours with the accumulations of foreign sovereigns, it is but an insignificant affair; but we have only to let things take their native English course, and we have no doubt that future Committees of the House of Commons will see it the finest in the world, for the proceeds of private liberality and taste will flow into it as into a natural centre. Meanwhile, what other nation can boast of a British Institution, through which the finest pictures in the country are gradually passing, providing the most enchanting feast for cultivated eyes, instructing young amateurs in the way they should go, and with such inexhaustible resources to draw upon that there is no fear of any failure in the supply? Let us at all events give good Governments the credit for that inestimable, if unintentional patronage of art, which consists in securing us the prosperity that has thus enriched our own mansions, and saving us from the convulsions which have stripped so many galleries abroad.

Dr. Waagen examined no less than 157 collections during his three visits to England, besides single pictures of value. Added to which he gives a catalogue of such as he was told of, but was not able to inspect, either from want of time, or of leave of admission. This latter, however, was of rare occurrence, though too often, however rare; and we should do injustice to the gratitude he often expresses did we not admit, on his evidence, the great improvement in this respect. It is true, he met with some Cerberuses

Cerberuses no sops could satisfy, and was driven through galleries by awful ladies in black silk, whom no imploring appeals from his spectacles could propitiate. We need not mention where this happened, but only refer the owners of those collections—as we may gratefully do every one in better things still—to the highest example in the realm. The Queen's housekeeper should be a pattern to all. No fine lady ushers you into the private apartments at Windsor, but an unassuming, cotton-gowned woman, who waits your time and pleasure—speaks when she is spoken to, and then not like a parrot, and, moreover, respectfully refuses all gratuity.

We refer the reader at once to the index, which tells marvellous tales! It is constructed on a greatly improved system, placing a census of the picture population—its number and locality—directly before us, and offering results which will be found to exceed our most vain-glorious expectations. The combined forces of England lie gathered together here in vast numerical strength. We shall have occasion presently to mention some of these surprising sum totals; but first we must draw the reader's attention to the fullness and completeness of the specimens illustrative of the long series of schools and styles, which the acquisitions of the last twenty years have supplied.

Much has been said, and not least by Dr. Waagen, regarding a more earnest taste and the comprehension of those masters who preceded the blossoming time of art, whose pictures he remarks *à propos* of Lord Ward's remarkable collection,

‘ have that intensity of feeling, and that exclusively earnest and enthusiastic character, which afford the highest enjoyment to those connoisseurs with whom the moral significance of a work of art constitutes the essential merit. To such connoisseurs no meagreness of forms, hardness of outline, erroneous perspective, or defective keeping, outweigh the pleasure inspired by the deep significance of these productions, especially when compared with other works of art, as for instance those of the Carracci school, which, though possessing in perfection every quality in which these older pictures are deficient, convey none of that earnestness of meaning and thorough comprehension of the subject which touches the feeling.’

The late Mr. Ottley, the most refined connoisseur we can boast, was the first to open the way to the appreciation of such works in this country. And indeed he may be altogether looked upon as the leader in this early taste and knowledge, for he preceded the Boisserée movement in Germany, though that was directed exclusively to the old German schools, and may be said to have contributed to it. His collection fully illustrated and bore out the definition given above, and all the pictures it contained are stamped with a certain prestige of excellence. Many of them

have passed into the collections of Mr. Fuller Maitland and Mr. Davenport Bromley, which, with those of Lord Ward and Mr. Barker, represent that period of the Italian school—the fifteenth century—when the deep things of art seemed to stand in closer communion with the mystery of the human mind—spirit, if we may so say, witnessing to spirit. Fiesole, the angelic monk, whose pure image is only associated in the mind with those ineffable realms which none have depicted like himself, has several specimens scattered about the country. He is seen in all his sweet characteristics in his Last Judgment, now at Lord Ward's—or we should rather call it his Paradise—for who looks at the other side of the picture!—a work which words are not intended to describe, ‘for art stands alone in this her holiest province.’ Benozzo Gozzoli, too, the scholar of Fiesole, who grafted a grandeur of his own upon the purity of his master, is now felt to be a needful link in the chain of development. Four of his pictures appear on the list, but he is seen in greatest perfection in the Adoration of the Kings at Mr. Barker's, and in a little gem, one of his rare easel pictures, at Miss Rogers's. Another old master also, coeval with Fiesole, Pesello Peselli, too little known even in his own land, may be studied in this country in his master-piece—a picture at Mr. Davenport Bromley's, which, according to Dr. Waagen, marks a boundary-line in the progress of art, for while still embodying the strict ecclesiastical forms of composition, it displays a grandeur of conception, a dignity in the heads, and a drawing of the nude quite in advance of them. This specimen has double credentials, being mentioned by Vasari, and further accredited by Mr. Ottley. Sandro Botticelli, too, worthy to stand in the Florentine genealogy, between Giotto and Michael Angelo, has his vehemence of feeling well characterized in the pictures in Mr. Fuller Maitland's possession, also from the Ottley collection, while Dr. Waagen reports a work at Hamilton Palace, such as Italy herself does not possess, viz. his largest altar-piece, formerly in S. Pietro Maggiore, at Florence.

But though we may fondly accept the works of Fiesole, and also of Raphael, as the true exponents of their own finely-constituted natures, which walked in closest union with their high vocation, yet it would be vain and unphilosophical to suppose that it was any happy immunity from human corruption in the painter which gave that stamp of spiritual purity to the works of the fifteenth century. Many things worked together to produce that result. Much was owing to the types and subjects to which they were restricted, but more still to the reserve and frugality in the means of Art herself, which rendered her disciples powerless for evil, and yet turned their very incapacity into a beauty. Life and

and movement were only just beginning to display themselves in the pictorial efforts to keep pace with nature. It was not in the painter's power to infuse anything more, stirring into his figures than the most solemn passiveness; yet, as this was the true and utmost expression of the age, it rightly assumes in our eyes the aspect rather of a voluntary abstinence than of an involuntary restraint. We see this in the expression of the human countenance—a thing unknown till then—the first attempts at which have a reverential timidity, which suggests not so much the inability of the painter to do more, as the awe with which the imitation of his Maker's image inspired him. But for these hindrances which hedged art round with what, in its childlike helplessness, now appears as a divinity, it would be hard to account for the frequent discrepancy between the man and the painter—as to wit, in Fra Filippo Lippi. Not that the worst looked on their vocation lightly. Earnest they all were, and devout they sought to appear, for, we must remember, they were teachers then, not playfellows as now, and they taught from a rigid text-book.

There was an actual beauty moreover which characterised these times, and which all the painters possessed too much in common for any one to claim as an individual merit. What Dr. Waagen says of the mental emotions produced by the effects of light, though he says it of as opposite a school and time as can well be imagined—viz. the pictures of Peter de Hooge—is applicable here. It is in the exquisite rendering, if not strictly of aerial perspective, yet of atmospheric space, in these ethereal old pictures, that much of their spirituality of expression lies. The commonest figures, nay even an inanimate object, when steeped in these unfathomable vaults of air—which, as art matured in more material and sensual respects, gradually vanish from the scene—give rise to emotions which no amateur needs us to describe.

But while admitting the increase of pure taste which the value set upon these pictures argues, we must not disguise some symptoms which portend rather the reverse. It is always a critical moment in this country when a taste becomes a fashion, and more especially when it is in any way connected with antiquity. We are an antiquarian people, and once bitten with a mania for anything, and particularly for the oldest specimen of anything, no degree of frightfulness can disturb our relish. And to this reason—for antiquarianism enters most illogically both into our enjoyment and criticism of art—we must ascribe the appearance of a class of pictures which, however interesting as chronological curiosities, must ever be regarded by the true amateur as the remains of barbarism rather than as the first fruits of art. This was the touchstone

touchstone of Mr. Ottley's admirable taste—no Gothic atrocities found a place in his collection.

We may turn now with justice to the patriarchs of the Flemish school, for the most memorable step in the development of art—the invention of oil-painting—is owing to them. The increasing earnestness of the age, we hope in everything, has brought Van Eyck and his scholars also more among us. The two exquisite specimens of Jan van Eyck in the National Gallery, cover a multitude of sins of commission and omission. No psychological theories are necessary here—we converse at once with the master's mind. The largest specimen of Jan van Eyck is at Chatsworth, but it appears to be not the most interesting. Dr. Waagen discovered and identified a beautiful little picture of the Virgin and Child at Ince, the seat of Mr. Blundell Weld, deciphering, in further corroboration, the quaint motto 'als ich chan,' which also appears on the small portrait in the National Gallery. His scholars are seen in a remarkable triptych, by Rogier van der Weyden, acquired by the present Marquis of Westminster, and in a most interesting specimen of the rare master Justus van Ghent, in the possession of Sir Charles Eastlake. The first is the type of the strictly ecclesiastical feeling of the period—a memento mori of stern character, softened only by that delicious atmosphere the spiritualising power of which we have just mentioned. A pen study, by the master, of one of the heads, is in the British Museum. The picture, however, does not do such credit to the recent invention of a richer vehicle as the Justus van Ghent—a composition of numerous figures before the high altar of a Gothic cathedral—which has a depth of colour, and a picturesque historic reality, which needs no allowance to be made for the age.

Of the much to be coveted Memling, the sweetest in colour and expression of the early Flemish school, we possess—judging from the standard at Bruges—no adequate specimen. An early work of Mabuse—the Adoration of the Kings—at Castle Howard, although of a later period, may be allowed therefore to complete the group of this highly significant class of pictures now in England. It was exhibited in the British Institution of 1851, and must be fresh in the recollection of the amateur public. Dr. Waagen, before his attention was drawn to the inscription of the name, seems to have adjudged this work to Mabuse solely from internal evidence, having overlooked the testimony supplied in Horace Walpole's anecdotes of painters, which we subjoin:—

' His (Mabuse's) most capital and distinguished performance was a picture painted for the altar-piece of the Abbey of Grammont. It represents the Wise Men's Offerings—a composition of several figures admirably

admirably grouped, with a fine expression of the heads, and the draperies and accessories coloured and finished in the most beautiful manner. It appears by the register of the Abbey, that this picture occupied the painter for seven years, and that he was paid 2100 golden pistoles for his labour. When Albert and Isabella were governors of the Netherlands they purchased it of the monks, and placed it in the private chapel of their palace. After the death of Prince Charles of Lorraine it was sold with the rest of his pictures, and afterwards brought to this country. It is now in the possession of the Earl of Carlisle.

This was an Orleans picture, and was sold under the name of Albert Durer; and it is significant of the little appreciation which a *chef-d'œuvre* of this class then received, that even under this appellation it passed into the hands of the present earl's father for the sum of 21 guineas.

We return now with increased interest to the land—‘che il mar circonde e l’Alpi’—where the practice of oil, though not indigenous, was destined to reap its highest triumphs. Every school had now progressed, *pari passu*, in the means of expression and in the secrets of colour. This novel and fascinating vehicle was more especially favourable to the genius of such painters as Giovanni Bellini, Francia, and Perugino, with whom depth of colour takes the place of force of action, so that but for that their power would have been greatly restrained. Such was the ‘blended softness which Francia the Bolognese and Pietro Perugino,’ according to Vasari, ‘began to put into their works, that the people ran like madmen (“*corsero come matti*”) to see this new and more vivid beauty, the which it absolutely appeared to them nothing ever could excel.’

It is amusing to contrast this opinion, as regards Perugino, with that entertained of him in the last century, when his name was only so far rescued from the oblivion which attended those of Francia and Bellini as to be accepted as the byword for pretension and affectation. The Vicar of Wakefield, in satirizing an empty prig of a ‘cognoscento,’ states the whole art to consist in two rules, ‘the one, always to observe that the picture might have been better had the painter taken more pains; the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino.’ This feeling seems to have been still in force at the sale of the Orleans Gallery, where a large picture of the master—the Entombment, his favourite subject—fetched 60*l.*; a Madonna and Child, 5 guineas; while the third picture, subject unmentioned, remained unsold. The last twenty years have brought these painters in more honour amongst us. Dr. Waagen allows us twelve genuine specimens of Bellini: the two best—in each of which the influence of Antonello da Messina, the first importer of the art of oil-painting

ing into Italy, is visible—are in the possession of Lord Northwick and of Sir Charles Eastlake. Francia is duly represented in our National Gallery by a couple of the most beautiful pictures we, or any other nation, possess; and by nine other genuine specimens, the most interesting being those at Lord Ward's, at Mr. Labouchere's, at Lord Northwick's, and a picture, alone in its sweetness, at Sir Frankland Lewis's. Perugino is scarcer among us: three compartments of a predella picture at Mr. Sackville Bale's, and a greatly restored work at Mr. Labouchere's, seem, according to Dr. Waagen, to be our only genuine examples; but, in default of other testimony to vindicate his fame, we have only to look at Raphael's *Holy Family*, at Blenheim, painted when he was about two-and-twenty, to form some notion of the colouring and expression of his master.

Mantegna is no stranger here: none of the three last-mentioned had any representatives in Charles I.'s gallery, but the master who was taken from his sheep to study the newly-discovered antique, and for whose birth Mantua and Padua contended, came over in great strength with the Mantuan Gallery, and has never deserted us. Dr. Waagen leaves the English public, who now-a-days throng the palace of Hampton Court, no excuse for not appreciating the still discernible beauties in the *Triumphs of Cæsar*; though he evidently expects no such discrimination from a class whom he observed loitering delighted before West, and hurrying past the cartoons. Our chief possessions in Mantegna of a recent date are two characteristic pictures, which passed at the sale of Mr. Coningham's collection into the possession of Mr. Barker and Mr. Labouchere, and a grand specimen in chiaroscuro, belonging to Mr. Vivian, and now engraving in a slight form for Kugler's *Italian Handbook*.

Nor did Charles I.'s collection possess any specimen of two giants of the Tuscan school, Domenico Ghirlandajo and Luca Signorelli, who each acted as a fresh and powerful lever in the onward progress—the one by a realistic strength of conception which bore down old prejudices, an indication of which may be seen in his introduction of the actual portraits of his friends and townsmen as the *dramatis personæ* of his pictures—the other by a grandeur of thought and an anatomic science, the fruits of which Michael Angelo did not disdain to adopt. We muster very few tokens of their prowess. Domenico Ghirlandajo is scarcely to be seen in his own person, except in an altarpiece very characteristic of his realistic distinctness, in the collection of Mr. Barker. This gentleman also possesses four pictures by Luca Signorelli—one of them the *Madonna and Child*, in a circular form, imported direct from Florence, and showing the master

master in his maturest vigour ; but the chief specimen mentioned by Dr. Waagen is a large altarpiece, with ten figures, life size, at Hamilton Palace, which he calls 'one of the most important pictures by this great precursor of Michael Angelo.' A Luca Signorelli of value is also recorded as in the possession of Mr. Stirling of Kier. Considering that there is no specimen of the master either in the Louvre, the Berlin Museum, or the Munich Gallery, and only one in the Belvedere, it seems strange, that there should be two in Scotland.

These two masters and Leonardo da Vinci were born within three years of one another—Leonardo in 1452. Vasari designates him as the founder of a third manner, which he agrees to call the *modern manner*. The terms sound strangely misplaced as applied to a painter who came into the world above four centuries ago. Yet, if we consider, we shall find the real line of demarcation between a period in art which went before him, and another which is not gone yet, to consist in his works. We must not look at his 'Vierge aux Rochers,' at Charlton Park, beautiful as it is, for that still belongs, with its fantastic background, to a foregone mode of conception. We must rather point to the great *Last Supper*, familiar to every cultivated eye by the fine engraving, and of which we possess the best version in the world, in a contemporary copy by Marco d'Oggione, one of his pupils, which belongs to the Royal Academy. What is there in that *Last Supper* which we do not aspire to still, or which we have in any way outgrown ? What is there that is crude, peculiar, or old-fashioned ?—what beauty that it does not develope, or what promise that it does not fulfil ? It remains still the type of just conception, glorious diaper, faultless expression, and, we have no doubt, originally exquisite execution. It is the '*moderna maniera*' still, and there is nothing new to us in it to this day, except its excellence. This great work, which, in its original elements, has long perished from off the face of the convent wall, but the arrangement of which every English child of average observation knows by heart, was completed about the year 1495, in the prime of his manhood, when Michael Angelo was twenty-one, Titian eighteen, Raphael twelve, and Correggio one year old. Who shall limit what it has done for the world !

The time is past when pictures by Leonardo da Vinci are talked about at every corner, as if he really were to be had, like any other master, for money. Nevertheless there is one period of his unceasing activity which has never been satisfactorily accounted for in his works—when he ceased to be the scholar, and had not begun to be the master. All writers repeat the tradition of his scholarship having terminated with the painting

of the angel in Verocchio's picture of the Baptism of Christ. It would be hard to assign the precise date of that event, but there can be no doubt that a genius so advanced, and, like all such, far less fastidious in youth than in riper years, must have thrown off many a picture between the days of his pupilage and the age of thirty, when he removed to Milan. Although, therefore, as Nagler observes, 'it would be difficult and daring to point out works belonging to that time,' yet there is much probability in Waagen's conjecture that certain pictures miscellaneous, ascribed to his scholars, or, in cases more wide of the mark to other masters, were executed by Leonardo da Vinci himself in this intermediate period. Speaking of a picture at Thirlestaine House, assigned, he says, without the slightest cause, to Domenico Ghirlapdajo, he thus remarks :—

'Pictures like this, which have a resemblance to Lorenzo di Credi, Leonardo's fellow-pupil under Verocchio, but which show a purer feeling of beauty—a greater energy, and more profound knowledge, may, I am convinced, be considered to be pictures by Leonardo da Vinci himself, previous to his migration to Milan. The early development of Leonardo's genius is a well-known fact; and before his thirty-first year, at which time he went to Milan, he must have painted a much larger number of pictures than the few which Vasari mentions—especially as in his well-known letter to Ludovico Sforza, he pledges himself to satisfy all demands in painting. Such a declaration from one who was no empty boaster, shows that he was completely master of painting, a result not obtained without much practice. Such pictures, of course, have not that perfection of art as those of his later time, but they have the advantage over them of being finished entirely by the hand of the master.'

Dr. Waagen says the same of a picture of 'great beauty in the possession of Mr. Davenport Bromley, there assigned to Bernardino Luini. It is pleasant for one to see the master mistaken for the scholar, and not *vice versa*.

The time is past, too, for lightly endowing works with the great name of Michael Angelo, but even here it seems that we may prove to be richer than could be supposed; though the caution in accepting such a prize must be proportioned to its value. Nevertheless, whoever has seen an unfinished picture at Mr. Labouchere's seat\* at Stoke, called a Domenico Ghirlapdajo—the favourite *nom de voyage* apparently for all incog. royalty in art—will have felt that the highest name could hardly add to its power over the imagination, and will feel more than commonly disposed to bow to Dr. Waagen's mature connoisseurship; for the question is one which connoisseurship alone can decide. Youthful productions there must have been, as with Leonardo, and, at all events, the want of

of external evidence is the best fault a picture, thus affiliated can have,—it would be difficult to point out any other in this case.

Let us hear our connoisseur upon it,—

By far the most valuable work of art in Mr. Labouchere's collection, however, in my opinion, is a rather large circular picture, purchased by Mr. Labouchere as a work of Domenico Ghirlandajo, but which I am persuaded is a youthful production of Michael Angelo. Having devoted the closest attention to the works of Ghirlandajo at Florence and the surrounding country, in the galleries of Naples, Paris, Berlin, and in the private collections in England, I may venture to assert that my admiration for his pure and kindly feeling for nature, for his masterly execution, both in fresco and tempera pictures, is founded upon knowledge. In no work of his, however, have I ever seen so great a freedom of lines, such nobleness of forms, and so high a character of expression, as in this. His Virgins never rise in form beyond a portrait-like individuality, nor in expression beyond a maternal and decorous feeling. The Virgin in this picture, however, expresses such a lofty purity, so elevated a consciousness of divine maternity, as no artist but Michael Angelo could have attained. The manner also in which the right leg is placed over the left is an action of his own, and which appears often in his later works—for instance, in the Holy Family with the sleeping Child. Also the exposure of one breast is as consistent with the feeling of Michael Angelo as it is opposed to that of Ghirlandajo. The head of the infant Christ standing at her feet, and reaching towards the book in her hand, and that of St. John pointing to him, are quite in the style of Michael Angelo; the same may be said of the four angels at the sides, who are about to chaunt the *Gloria in excelsis* from scrolls they are holding; one of them, with a melancholy expression, is peculiarly attractive. Two of the number are unfinished, being only in outline. The draperies are of shot materials, kept white in the lights. This picture is far finer, and, as an example of the feeling of the youthful Michael Angelo, far more important, than the well-known and somewhat later circular picture in the Tribune at Florence. It is greatly to be wished, for the sake of all who worship this great man, that it should be worthily engraved, and that soon.'

As regards Raphael, too, there is much cause for gratulation. Till lately the only specimen of his larger pictures had been the altarpiece we have already referred to at Blenheim—an early picture of the utmost charm, and shortly destined to be more generally known by Gruner's forthcoming beautiful engraving. Now, however, the public is indebted to Lord Ward—and indebted literally, for he and Mr. Holford make their galleries public property—for the acquisition of a picture which would be sufficiently interesting had it no other merits than those of being the first altarpiece and only Crucifixion of the master, and executed

executed when he was at most seventeen years of age. Nor will any true Raphael worshipper fail to perceive the budding time of the great mind here,—though Vasari, with a strange blindness to the difference between this juvenile touch and the then-matured hand of his master, states that, but for Raphael's inscribed name, no one would believe it to be his work, but rather that of Perugino.

Thus furnished with the earliest and latest types of the master, this Crucifixion and the Cartoons at Hampton Court, we may be said in one sense to have a more complete view of Raphael's mind than other countries possess. Nor is the intermediate space contemptibly filled up. Seven indubitable Madonna and Holy Family pictures—the Madonna dei Candelabri having been acquired by Mr. Monro at the Duke of Lucca's sale—are in England, with a fair portion of other specimens—the St. Catherine and the Vision of a Knight in the National Gallery, the Gabrielli picture, Christ on the Mount of Olives, at Mr. Maitland's, and an interesting picture at Blaise Castle, the seat of Mr. Harford, a repetition of the Spasimo, yet evidently an independent work, regarding which Dr. Waagen challenges the opinion of such connoisseurs as may be acquainted both with the picture in Spain and this. The *disjecta membra* also of Predella pictures are scattered in different collections; three, once forming a whole, being in the respective possessions of Mr. Rogers, Mr. White of Barron Hill, and at Leigh Court, while a picture at Bowood originally formed the centre of the Predella of the altar-piece at Blenheim. The picture at Bowood has been very poorly engraved: we shall hope to see it in course of time undertaken by Mr. Grüner, and the upper and lower compositions so far brought into possible contiguity. Dr. Waagen does not appear to have seen the picture of the Madonna dell' Impannati, at the Rev. Mr. Sandford's, which, in the opinion of some, disputes the palm with the supposed original at Florence.

Raphael's scholars are also not unrepresented among us. Giulio Romano was an early favourite, and came in with the Orleans gallery. Fine repetitions by him of Raphael are in the collections of Mr. Munro, and at Oakover Hall; while Lord Northwick has a characteristic specimen of his own manner. Of Perino del Vaga we have several pictures, and nowhere can he be seen to more advantage than in a large picture at Lord Ward's.

We now stand in the full midsummer of art—the wondrous *cinque cento* time—when every school sent forth its legions rejoicing in their strength, and things of beauty grew up like the flowers

flowers in the field. There were giants in those days, and the least of them did marvellous things. The Venetian school especially, which may be said to represent the complete development and triumph of oil-painting, has long asserted its radiant supremacy among us. We have long eagerly exchanged our gold for him whose works are worth their weight in it—the monarch of colour! to whom nature was prodigal of gifts, and time of years, and the world of honours. In old days Vasari says a painter did a picture once in six years, now, he adds, they do six in a year. Titian did far more than that. We, for instance, are rich in his minor productions—if such a term as minor can be applied to anything which came from the great master's palette—though we possess not a single specimen of his large religious works. Those were not intended to be wanderers on the face of the earth; a few comparatively have changed places seldom, but the greater part never. The palaces of Venice have given up their portraits and allegorical pieces, but the churches remain unstripped, or have only transferred their altar-pieces to the Academy. Spain, who divided Titian with Italy, holds fast, it is reported, no less than eighty-two pictures, comprising the flower of his religious works, for the Escorial in all its portions abounds with treasures, as well as the Madrid Gallery, while the other collections which shared the Titians of Charles I.'s gallery have treasured them as jealously as we ought to have done. The few large pictures we do possess have been long among us, and may be summed up in the great Cornaro Family at Northumberland House, which passed from one English Duke to another, in the mythological works from the Orleans gallery, now in Bridgewater House and at Cobham Hall, and in the Bacchus and Ariadne at the National Gallery—the Diana and Actæon in the Bridgewater gallery being the finest specimen we possess, and one of the finest of the master. Nevertheless, who shall say we are not richly endowed in quantity? for, even making deductions for scholars and copies, more than seventy pictures have passed muster before our censor's eye; while as to quality we have but to point to such works as Mr. Holford's Holy Family; Mr. Munro's picture, of the same subject; the *Noli me tangere* at Mr. Rogers's; and many others that could be mentioned, which fill the eye with his splendour—for Titian was like the sun in beauty of colour—no dewdrop is too small to reflect his rays.

As regards a dearth of Giorgione, whose brush dropped gems as rich as they were rare, no reasons need be given. Our author adjudges two small pictures to him which passed under other names, but it oftener fell to his lot to reverse the arrangement. The zeal of some families in christening their pictures is apt to outrun

outrun their discretion, and they omit to ascertain how far certain names and dates can reasonably be coupled together. Thus, a picture at Wentworth Castle, inscribed with the year 1537, is fondly assigned to Giorgione, who died in 1511; and, what is more, corresponds with him, as the Doctor gravely informs us, quite as little in every other respect. Such courageous misnomers in the very teeth of inscriptions often disturbed the learned connoisseur's equanimity: in one instance, where faith was altogether independent of sight, the discrepancy extended to 103 years. Certainly it was no fault of the owners if Giorgiones do not stand as thick in the index as Titians. The Orleans picture in the Fitzwilliam Museum is the finest perhaps in character; the small St. George at Mr. Rogers's the most indubitable in external as well as internal evidence, being a sketch for the same figure in his grand altar-piece at Castel Franco—the finest existing, though there with a helmet on.

We must pass rapidly over other grand and delicious names of the Venetian school, all of whom have much increased of late years among us. Demigods they were in their works, though not exactly divine in their studios, painting with drawn dagger at their side, ready either to attack or be attacked. Pordenone, the cooler Titian, numbers thirteen pictures in England; his two *chefs-d'œuvre*, according to Dr. Waagen, to be seen at Burleigh House, are there called Bassanos. Palma Vecchio, with the slowest grown but mellowest fruit of all the school, numbers fifteen, and is seen in his finest character in that grand miscellaneous granary of mixed wheat and tares—Thirlestaine House. Bonifazio, too, who, whenever purchased for a Titian, gives his owner no great reason to complain, has twelve specimens; two fine ones at Mr. Holford's, a *chef-d'œuvre* of the Last Supper (recently acquired for the Royal Institution, Edinburgh), and a beautiful picture, the Adoration of the Kings, at that other splendid *omnium gatherum*—Petworth. Next comes Tintoretto, whose pictures, if quicker executed, have been quicker ruined than any others, especially his larger works, so that there is as much of his character to be read in the better preserved class of smaller specimens amongst us as in the chaotic grandeur at Venice, which can hardly be read at all. That he should be fifty-four strong in Waagen's work is nothing for the little dwarf who painted like a giant. We have splendid specimens of his portraits, while his finest sacred subject—an old Charles I. picture—is Esther before Ahasuerus, at Hampton Court. Paul Veronese comes now, as great a painter as any: the precursor of Rubens in power and splendour, whose scenes are palaces and his figures noblemen. We have no adequate specimens

men of his pompous entertainments, except the noble sketch for his *Feast of the Pharisee*, at Mr. Rogers's, which Dr. Waagen has omitted to mention: but the master is seen in another phase of his grand nature in the four splendid allegorical pictures at Cobham, from the Orleans Gallery. And last, though not least—for those who love the Venetian school in its colour unadorned—we have twenty-five Giacomo Bassanos, including the two dogs from the Duke of Bedford's which enchanted the eyes of the public at the last British Institution, more perhaps with their tones than their forms, and which Dr. Waagen adjudges, doubtless most correctly, to this master instead of to Titian.

Sebastian del Piombo must stand between Venice and Florence, for he appears in his twenty-one pictures chiefly as the follower of Michael Angelo. The *Raising of Lazarus* our connoisseur unequivocally pronounces as 'the most important picture England possesses of the Italian school'—now no relative compliment. Next to it, and in close affinity, he classes the *Holy Family* with the *Baptist* and the *donor*, belonging to Mr. Baring, formerly at Stratton; and a picture containing portraits of the most lofty conception, at that fine collector's, Mr. Labouchere.

We turn to the school of Florence. If her first monk, Fra Angelico, was the first to clothe the ecclesiastic types with the feelings of humanity, her last monk, Fra Bartolommeo, was the last to imbue the forms of humanity with the strict ecclesiastic feeling. He stands among his great contemporaries like one left behind from a former age—with them, but not of them. His pictures show alternately the influence of Leonardo, Michael Angelo, and Raphael, in a sweetness, power, and earnestness only inferior to each; but these attributes are combined with a solemnity of his own, which falls heavily on the mind like the sense of the past. This is particularly seen in his picture at Panshanger, the *Virgin and Child* and *St. John*, the most beautiful specimen of the master with which Dr. Waagen is acquainted. Raphael has given these three figures more touching spirituality, but not even he such intense mournfulness. This picture has been long in England, the Panshanger Gallery having constituted, in its elevated character, a solitary exception to the usual taste which characterized the first collections of the last century. Another grand Florentine keeps him company in the solitude and freshness of this lovely country seat—Andrea del Sarto, who has some grand portraits here; but, upon the whole, as Wilkie discovered on visiting Florence, we can form but little idea of this painter, who, though '*senza errori*,' had not the art of concentrating his beauties like other masters.

It was different with Correggio. His glorious pictures in the  
National

National Gallery contain his whole essence, and fully account, if need be, for the numerous followers who looked no higher and fell far lower than himself. He is essentially the painter of humanity—alive with the fullest throb of life and excitement—but not glorified, hardly idealised. His figures dazzle us with their glow and ardour, but, when seen through the radiance, they are but happy or yearning, suffering or sympathising, men and women. However exalted above the comprehension of the spectator in the glories of his art, Correggio always comforts him with his fellowship: for perhaps we might best designate the young Lombard as the painter who puts, not the most spirituality or power or dignity or even sweetness into his subjects, but the most expression of a human *heart*. Lord Ashburton's remarkable Correggio is another of those youthful productions, puzzling connoisseurs, which have found their way to these shores, and which are to be prized not only for their own intrinsic interest, but as affording a sure starting-point for a future chronological series.

Parmigianino can be also done full justice to in our National Gallery. No finer specimen of him exists than his great Vision of St. Jerome; while his picture at Mr. Morrison's, with the Virgin and St. Catherine, looking like portraits of tall high-bred countesses by some Italian Reynolds, shows the graceful affectation of his later manner. As combining both the qualities of Correggio and himself, Mr. Harford's Marriage of St. Catherine appears to be the finest example.

Ferrarese masters also, with their intense colour, homely piety of conception, and minute execution, now begin to appear in our galleries. Mazzolino da Ferrara, and Lorenzo Costa, and Ercole Grande, with Garofalo—a cross between Ferrara and Rome—more graceful, but also more conventional. These masters have the advantage over others in England from their size, inasmuch as the small pictures which best suit our houses are their best and usual scale. There is an interesting provincial air about them, as if they had lived out of the current of great ideas, and were behind the other schools in force and originality of action, yet inferior to none in what earnest men may do in retired homes, working out their modest aims with conscientiousness of execution and slow-wrought glowing harmonies.

Nor can we omit another painter, Ferrarese by name, but Milanese by birth, and partly Roman in education—Gaudenzio Ferrari—whom Lomazzo places as one of the seven lights in his Temple of Painting—the other six being Michael Angelo, Polidoro, Leonardo, Raphael, Mantegna, and Titian. The scholar may be excused for thus extolling the master. His light has been comparatively extinguished even in his own land, and has

has never till lately shed a ray in our galleries. Judging, however, from Mr. Holford's exquisite picture—the Virgin and saints adoring the Child, and boy-angels fondling it—this master will be gladly added to the national favourites, for his mode of conception, with its wayward reality grafted on great dignity, especially addresses itself to English feelings.

Not so the Sienese school—too abstract in its contemplative piety to feel the need of that true imitation of nature which is the principal condition with the English mind under every form of excellence. From the earnest spirituality which characterised their first masters, most of the early schools derived a pure foundation; but as the feeling for the life and variety of outward forms developed with the power for it, the Sienese were contentedly left behind in the race, and even the period of their prime offers but few interesting names. Razzi is their greatest painter, and, as Dr. Waagen says, 'ranks in his best pictures with the best Italian masters.' Lord Elcho has a good specimen of him.

But we must hurry on, and place ourselves at the expiration of that great period which will ever rank as one of the intellectual wonders of this world. Each school had now worked out the character proper to itself, and spent power had gradually subsided into insipidity, mannerism, or extravagance, as the tendency might be, when another school arose, which strove to kindle its fires at the ashes of each of its predecessors. Great was the energy of the Eclectics—let no one undervalue that. They threw themselves into the struggle of the painter's life with every property fitted to endow it save the one polar star of native feeling. They succeeded in their undertaking, as none but men of marvellous power could have done; but their splendid mediocrity in such incongruous walks was at once their greatest merit and their greatest misfortune. As the leader of a school, no painter ever exercised so wide an influence both over his own and succeeding generations, as Annibale Carracci. 'By his unassisted vigour he made head against the great rival body of painters which at that time divided with him the empire of the arts; but this, the aim of his life, was the mistake of it; for every picture in which he yields to his native bias shows us that, had he not vowed himself to the opposition of the *Naturalisti*, he would himself have been the great redeeming leader of them. The Carracci, and their grand and graceful followers—Domenichino, Guido Reni, and Albano—have reigned paramount in England. Our oldest galleries, are rich in their finest works; but, though no present collector of the Italian schools would consider himself complete without them, yet it

may be said that their day is over in this country. The causes for this change lie in their very eclecticism ; they will ever come in and go out with the ebb and flow of deep artistic feeling. Formerly their assumed ideality was extolled as the type of that fallacious attribute—quite distinct from the painter—the watch-word of affectation—called ‘ the grand style.’ Now their suppressed reality offends a generation who have begun to feel that the secret of true art lies in the fidelity with which it expresses the master’s own mind. Their pictures, as Dr. Waagen said above, have every attribute that can please the eye and satisfy the reason, but we remain unmoved before them, for they represent no form of that individual nature which makes the whole world kin.

No better example of this principle can be shown than Nicolas Poussin, whose nature, though of a very unnatural kind, yet finds its way to our sympathies, simply because it was true in him. Classic subjects were his native tendency. Arcadia was his Paradise : he painted nymphs and fauns, as Fiesole did angels and Teniers boors. Even when we feel his classic forms, which we moderns associate with the buskined stage, to be out of their element in sacred subjects, we yet perceive them to be at home in him, which is the only candid view of a painter. Our galleries abound with fine examples of this master ; and it is remarkable that we engross both sets of his Seven Sacraments—the one at Bridgewater House ; the other, less known, at Belvoir Castle. Dr. Waagen gives a decided preference to the latter.

As regards the Eclectic school, however, it would be assuming too much on the advance of the age in true taste not to admit that other causes may have ministered to the diminished demand. The great increase of the Spanish school, which offers very much the same incongruous qualities, shows rather that the taste has been transferred. The Spaniards have ever been a nation of realists in art as well as in literature. Their early miniatures show the strongest realistic tendency, combined, as with us, with the fantastic humour that seems its natural accompaniment. Netherlandish painters, from Memling to Teniers, have ever been their favourites ; and had Titian been more ideal, it may be questioned whether Spain would have engrossed his eighty-two pictures. But, adventitious reasons, whilst they for a time extinguished the natural life of art with us, have always sorely cramped it there. How little the Spaniard is disposed to select themes of an elevated nature for the employment of his pencil, is proved by the fact that, though superstition dictated to him the religious subjects which his modes of conception so little adorn, yet hardly a Spanish painter can be quoted who

who has voluntarily chosen history or mythology. Cean Bermudez, in his brief notes on the style and taste of the Seville painters, assures the reader that 'Luis de Vargas, Juan de las Roelas, Antonio del Castillo, Bartolomeo Estevan Murillo, and many other professors of great credit in the *Escuela Sevillana*, never painted a passage from profane history or mythology ;' while Passavant, in his recent 'Christian Art in Spain,' describes a mythological Velasquez, in the Royal Gallery at Madrid, as something between the lamentable and the laughable. From this frequent discord between the painter and his subject no high development of feeling could reasonably be predicated ; but no one really suspected how much the art on the other side of the Pyrenees owed to the charm of romance and the dignity of history with which the brilliancy of one writer and the gravity of another had invested it, till it appeared itself in sufficient force to dispel the illusion. The exhibition of the Louis Philippe Spanish pictures last summer was a great puller down of *chateaux en Espagne*. Messrs. Ford and Stirling had sought and wooed the bride for us, and sang her praises in our ears : and she was beautiful—till she lifted the veil. Not that the world has anything to complain of in the disappointment : as regards the writings of those accomplished individuals, we are greatly the gainers, while, as respects the Spanish school, we stand where we did. Murillo and Velasquez are indubitably great masters ; but with them, we humbly venture to think, the glories of the Spanish school pretty well begin and end.

But now we must turn our regards once more to the north, and inquire how oil painting has further progressed in the land of its birth. Strange are the results that meet the investigator. The rich seeds of homely, earnest conception, fine feeling for colour, and profuse powers of imitation, sown by those intense early pictures we have described, were never reaped. The descendants of Van Eyck repudiated their birthright to run after strange teachers. Those who should and could have been independent leaders in their own Brabant, each working out his own individual feeling, and thus step by step adding to the upward scale of true art, were better pleased to be tame renegade imitators in Italy of what they could never attain. They committed that most fatal mistake in any walk of life, of not knowing and respecting the excellence proper to themselves. Mabuse, whose Castle Howard picture proves him to be an honest, genuine Fleming, glorious in his homely truth and individuality, ended as a miserable make-believe Italian with no individuality at all. The same story may be told of Bernhard van Orley, Martin Heemskerk, and others. 'This frantic pilgrimage to

Italy,' as Fuseli calls it, 'ceased at the apparition of two meteors in art, Peter Paul Rubens and Rembrandt van Rhyn, both of whom, disdaining to acknowledge the usual laws of admission to the temple of Fame, boldly forged their own keys, and, entering by their own power, each took possession of a most conspicuous place.' Before the genius of Rubens all false gods fled away. The great master, whom canvas could not contain, showed his greatness in nothing more convincingly than in his rejection of all forms in which he was not constituted to excel. No influence and no example ever made him waver in his instincts. Italy, Spain, and France, with their great works, past and still present, were familiar to him: he learned and studied wherever he went, but melted down his gatherings by the fervour of his genius, till they were resolved into his own glowing elements. It would be difficult to imagine two men or painters more dissimilar than Rubens and Rembrandt, but it was sufficient that they were alike in self-reliance. Instead of being tempted into any imitation of Rubens' radiance, Rembrandt is reported to have been stimulated the more to work out his own aims by a directly opposite process. Great was the personal power of these men over their fellows—one great painter refined upon Rubens, another vulgarized him, and many imitated Rembrandt; but their influence was most convincingly showed in the fact, that from their time no Netherlandish painters attempted to expatriate their instincts. Foreign styles and foregone types were abandoned, and native art sprang up in sturdy independence, levying its nourishment from the commonest things around it, and proclaiming to the world how abundantly nature gives, and how little art needs, where the true feeling for each exist in the breast. The painter was now monarch of all he surveyed. Dutch landscape, Flemish physiognomy—the gatherings of men in their daily life—their brawls at play, their bargains in the market, their struggles in fight—a solitary woman at her spinning wheel—a solitary girl with a sunbeam—the varying countenance of heaven—the restless surface of the sea—all became his property. He little favoured the romantic, he knew nothing of the ideal, and he forgot the antique; but he adored nature, and he idolized art, and he found the Beautiful in all that he saw, albeit in the flattest country, and, judging from their pictures, among the ugliest people in the world. These were the painters for John Bull, ever as real in his tastes as they in their subjects. These were the men he felt himself competent to admire; never fearing to find himself out of his depth, as in that Grand Style which he had bowed before more in humility than pretension.

The

The Englishman has the right instincts of the connoisseur at his heart after all, for he loves the commonest every-day objects, even a stagnant ditch, or a pollard willow, when it has passed through the mind of an artist (though Mr. Ruskin does not); and no blame to him also if he judges sometimes by his understanding instead of by his imagination, and is further even guided by his convenience in choosing a style of art which suits him in size as well as in subject; for we English, as Dr. Waagen has frequent occasion to remark, *live with* our pictures more than any other nation, and therefore are justified in preferring those adapted in scale to be our daily companions.

The Dutch and Flemish, or, what we are now taught to call the Netherlandish, schools, are therefore most numerously represented in this country, for the taste has never fluctuated since Englishmen began to collect at all; though no one could be prepared for such an enormous sum-total which such a work as this alone could lay before us.

It is not so much the popularity as the fertility of certain masters which Dr. Waagen has brought to light. Vandyck lived and flourished within these shores with numerous pupils doing all that could be done under him, and his 240 pictures—almost exclusively portraits—scattered through the land, however enormous the amount, might in some measure be expected. Nor does Rubens either, the hundred-handed, with his 148 specimens, and glorious ones among them, so entirely take us by surprise. But it is the 115 Rembrandts, the 147 Teniers, the 72 Ruysdaels, the 91 Cuyps, masters whose exquisite and characteristic work no one did or could assist in, and in which the experienced connoisseur is least likely to be mistaken, which fill us with amazement, and tempt us to ask either what manner of men these masters were, or whether this country alone engrosses the whole labour of their lives. Considering also the drain upon the Continent that has been unceasingly kept up for more than half a century, it would be little surprising, if that should prove to be comparatively the case. Holland, as Dr. Waagen says, has been regularly explored by the picture-dealers, like a hunting ground; notice been given in the small towns by a public crier that all who possessed old pictures might come forward and sell them, till we verily believe very few of certain masters can be left behind. It would be absurd to pretend to any correctness of comparison as to the relative amount of the principal Netherlandish masters abroad and in this country; nevertheless such a criterion as the chief public accumulations of the Continent afford we offer to the reader—setting against our private collections and insignificant National Gallery the aggregate contents of the Amsterdam, Hague, Antwerp,

Antwerp, Aremberg, Cassel, and Brunswick galleries—of the Louvre, of the Madrid Gallery—of the Belvedere, and the Esterhazy, the Munich, and the Leuchtenberg galleries—of the Berlin Museum, the Städelsc̄le Institut at Frankfort, the Dresden Gallery, the Pitti and the Brera, the Naples, Genoa, Turin galleries—of the Vatican Gallery—and of the Imperial Gallery at Petersburg; and if, as we know to be the case, some addition, though not considerable, must be allowed for the private collections of these countries, it must also be remembered that what Dr. Waagen has registered here by no means comprises all we are worth.

The pursuit of Rembrandt through all these collections shows some strange results. He appears to be more abundant everywhere than in his own land. The public galleries of Amsterdam and the Hague number but seven of this great man between them. Of those nearest in locality, if not in affinity, Antwerp has none—the Aremberg collection but one; while Paris has 17, Petersburg 12, Munich 18, Vienna 10, with other galleries in due proportion; three even at Genoa—two in the Pitti, and one in the Brera: in all amounting to 103. Most of these pictures are known to connoisseurs; nevertheless, we have little doubt that, if a comparison could be made in quality as well as quantity, the 113 specimens in England, which this writer has described, would be found to stand the scrutiny equally well. The national predilection is seen most naturally in the number of Rembrandt's portraits, and in his rarer landscapes; but our treasures also include some of his finest and most peculiar sacred pieces, in which the religious solemnity of mere light compensates for the absence of every other solemnity of expression. The portraits comprise the *élite* of his works in this department—grand, real creatures, living and labouring in their generation, and ennobled by a light which sheds a dignity over the most homely features and scenes. Amongst them may be distinguished Lord Ashburnham's splendid picture of a Man and his Mother; a stately figure at Lord Brownlow's; two grand full-length representations of the English clergyman of Rembrandt's time at Amsterdam, and his wife, in the possession of Mr. Colby, of Norfolk; and the Shipbuilder and his Wife, so called, at Buckingham Palace. We possess also no less than fifteen out of the twenty-one genuine portraits of Rembrandt himself, with various versions of his mother, his wife, his daughter, and an old grandmother, usually called his mother, but eighty-three years old when he was twenty-eight, from whom, if there be anything in resolute physiognomy, he must have inherited more than mere external likeness. His landscapes are headed by the glorious mill—an Orleans picture—at Bowood; while, as peculiar specimens

specimens, not elsewhere seen, may be mentioned an equestrian portrait of Marshal Turenne, at Panshanger; a genre picture of a nursemaid and children, with a goat, at Sir Anthony Roth-schild's; and an allegory of the Deliverance of the United Provinces from Spain and Austria, at Mr. Rogers's.

With Teniers the discrepancy in numbers is still smaller. He lived till eighty years of age, and painted with light heart and cool head, as well as steady hand, as is proved by his so called *après-dîners*—little pictures performed in one afternoon. Strange to say, his place knows him no better than in the case of Rembrandt: Amsterdam has but six of his pictures; the Hague two; while Antwerp, his native city, where he filled the position of director of the Academy, possesses only one! If not a prophet in his own land, however, it would be difficult to say in what other country he is not; Paris numbers her 15, Munich 14, Vienna 19, even Turin has 6; altogether, there and elsewhere, mustering 141. This amount falls doubtless greatly short of what the Continent really possesses; but, on the other hand, there is no question that a large number exist in England of which Dr. Waagen knew no more than we do, while the numerous small copies at Blenheim are not included at all in the 147 which he noticed among us.

It would be in vain to enumerate his *clefs-d'œuvre*; what particularly strikes the reader of this work as singularly exemplified in England is, the full scale of that eccentricity and diversity of subject in which Teniers is unique, and which is least to be regretted in a master whose sovereign beauties of tone and touch remain the same in all. We have his marvellous Village Feasts; an unrivalled specimen at Woburn Abbey; others at Lowther Castle, and at Lord Ashburnham's; we have his dignified representations—half landscape and all portrait—of his family and his château, at Grosvenor House and Hopetoun House. Mr. Heusch has his capital Market at Ghent, Mr. Baring the finest landscape known by him. Two of his five pictures of the Seven Works of Mercy are with us—one at Lord Ashburton's, the other in Mr. Morrison's town collection; we have every variety of his boor and sot, bar-maid and cook, pot and pan, guard-room and kitchen; we have several of those fantastic devilries, the taste for which he imbibed from his father, but still more from his wife's uncle, Hell Breughel—a tendency originally derived from Jerome Bosch; we have two of those representations of the Archduke's gallery, originally at Brussels, which, in the apathetic absence of all food for imagination, argue a mind the very antipodes of that shown in the foregoing—one at Petworth, the other at Mr. Phipps's. We have his Four Elements

and

and his *Four Seasons*. We have a picture at Lord Ward's, unrivalled in discrepancy between treatment and subject—Christ crowned with Thorns—the figures, boors; the scene, half-kitchen half-alehouse—altogether a painful curiosity; while Belvoir Castle shows us one form of subject strangest of all, for it is the last to have inspired any painter—viz. a representation of Dutch Proverbs!—‘a large landscape with the most strange and senseless occurrences going on in all parts; for instance, a man filling up a pit after his cow had fallen into it; another, throwing money into the water; a pig being sheared, &c. This fantastic subject, which hardly belongs to the department of art, is painted with all the master's power, in his warm but transparent flesh-tones, and with his silvery sky.’ But this is illustrative of Teniers; so long as he could revel in his silvery tones and matchless touch, he cared not to what subject they might be applied, and perhaps his truest admirers will confess the same. Finally, we have further proofs of his unlimited versatility in his imitations of the most divers masters—of Rubens, Gonzales Coques, Rothenhammer, and Palma Vecchio!

We now come to a sweet painter whose chief strength, it has long been suspected, lay in this country, though we could have no idea of the extent of the monopoly till figures placed it before us. No less than 91 Cuyps are among the collections mentioned in this work, and others, such as Lord Hardwicke's, might be cited from personal observation, while, in the whole range of foreign galleries quoted above, the sum total amounts only to 14! He has been imported neither to Petersburg nor to Madrid; there is only one specimen of him in the Belvedere, one in the Dresden Gallery, and none in the Louvre, while Amsterdam and the Hague are satisfied with three between them. But the disproportion in our favour is neither so surprising nor so unfair, when it is remembered that the English were the first to appreciate his merits. We adopted the painter whom his fatherland neglected, and that of our own choice, for there were no Cuyps in the Orleans Gallery to graft the taste upon us. According to Mr. Smith's Catalogue Raisonné, it appears that, on reference to numerous Dutch catalogues of the principal sales in Holland down to the year 1750, there is no example of any picture by Cuyp fetching a higher sum than 30 florins—something less than 3*l.*—Cuyp having died shortly after 1672; so that his countrymen had had plenty of time to repent; while Dr. Waagen mentions a small and exquisite landscape at Sir Robert Peel's, originally purchased in the town of Hoorn, in Holland, for about *one shilling English!* and which passed into Sir Robert's hands for 350 guineas. Nor is there anything surprising

rising in the English love of this master. His landscapes agree with the quiet peaceful pulses of English country life, while they greatly resemble our individual scenes. They represent not so much our sunshine as our sunshine and mist together; our own soft exhalations on Midsummer Eves; seen in every flat county over winding streams, rising to follow the day that is gone, and destined to return to us in kindliest dews. No matter what the features of the landscape, where all is gold and soft gradation, and where the rudest things have a halo of glory. One remembers nothing else in those pictures of his in every great English gallery—the landing of the Prince of Orange at Bridgewater House—Five Cows in a meadow at Mr. Hope's—that view of Dort, once cut in halves by some Dutch stepfather, at Mr. Holford's—another at Lord Brownlow's: all so many peaceful, joyful, glowing atmospheres, in which ships and boats lazily float, and cows and sheep, and all good men are happy. We suspect there is something in our predilection for Cuyp which has trained us for Turner's sometimes kindred atmospheres.

Hobbema is another child of our adoption, redolent of oaks and fresh air, such as our English soul loves. He, too, was overlooked in his own land; and his works, by a natural attraction, have congregated here—few anywhere, but in the proportion of 38 in our private galleries to eight in the public resorts of the Continent. Sir Robert Peel, Lord Hatherton, and Mr. Ford, possess masterpieces—the latter gentleman one of the largest he painted. ‘The fact of this picture having been in the possession of Mr. Ford's family for four generations proves how early this great master was appreciated by the English.’

Ruysdael, too, with his mournful, cloudy morning lights, is plentiful among us, and not failing anywhere. We number 80, and the public galleries abroad 37. This painter is the very antithesis to Cuyp—inviting neither man nor sunshine to enliven his works. His figures, when he has any, are wanderers or fugitives through his scenes, not dwellers among them. His animals are startled from their thick coverts, not ruminating in safe pastures. His sun is struggling in a few watery beams through thick clouds, or entirely obscured by them—not consuming them in his path, as with Cuyp, or sending them forth as golden messengers before him. No painter inspires such a sense of loneliness; the mighty spirit of Nature reigns undisturbed in his foaming waterfalls, or dark, cool, placid pools, with water-lilies calmly floating; or it triumphs overwhelmingly in his rough darkening seas, on which we would willingly trust no human life.

But it would be in vain to enumerate further our treasures in this

this form of art. Sweet Van de Veldes—one for land, the other for sea—64 by William, and 50 by Adrian—showing a great surplus over the public galleries of our neighbours,—with Carel Dujardin, Both, and Berghem, and other dainty and delicate painters, who make daylight fresh and moonlight warm; and 88 Wouvermans, of silvery tone and painless minutiæ of touch; and Gerard Dow the finished, and Metzu the refined, —men who all did thoroughly what it belonged to them to do. And then the host of jolly good fellows who follow in the train of Teniers,—Isaac and Adrian Ostade, Maas the forcible colourist, Adrian Brouwer, and last, though not least—for we have no less than 63 of his uproarious scenes—that cleverest of all clever vagabonds, Jan Steen.

Nor can we stop to dwell upon other national favourites, Claude Lorraine and Gaspar Poussin—the one with 96 pictures —his *Liber Veritatis*, and numerous other drawings among us—the other with 78 pictures—masters who take us back to Italy, and yet who are, strictly speaking, as distinctly sundered both from Italians and Netherlanders as they are from each other.

Where shall the different schools of paintings be now seen if not in England? Surely it would be wise for ourselves and generous to our neighbours to permit some of these great men to appear from time to time in their single strength at the British Institution, as we have seen Reynolds, Lawrence, and West already—and Etty and Mulready at the Society of Arts. Every true painter is best studied in his rising strength or declining glow—for when a master is setting, his rays of colour linger last, while, in the acquirement of those sound principles by which all should be viewed, the concentration of one form of mind is far more beneficial than the variety of an unconnected succession.

But it would be unjust to ourselves and to the writer to conclude this notice without adverting to a portion of his task for which we give him greater credit than in apparently more difficult undertakings—we mean his observations on the modern English school. Contemporary criticism, common as it may be, is the most difficult of all. We look for sympathy from living artists and poets, but it is for sympathy with our fancies. They very surely, and not always undeservedly, command the admiration of the day who respond to the foibles of the day. The whole man in his strength or weakness is seldom seen till he is far off, and with him the fashion of his time. The foreigner, therefore, who is neither removed as to period, nor near as to prepossession, has a two-fold difficulty to overcome, and if he succeed in so doing we may listen to him with the same sort of deference as to a voice

voice from the future. Dr. Waagen bespeaks our confidence by the respect he shows to the elder children of our affections, though they are not all the best treated ; and if he views them frequently from a different point to that we usually select, the exchange of one beauty for another will be felt to be no robbery. Our Sir Joshua is a long established 'great master' in Dr. Waagen's eyes—he pauses before his dignified portraits with a profound sense of their worth, and extols 'the lovely bloom and artless innocence of the beautiful race of English children' with a zest that argues a tenderer sentiment than a mere connoisseur's. Gainsborough and Wilson also are fully appreciated ; the former more for his portraits than his landscapes, in which we subscribe ; and even West has his due in one way as being acknowledged as 'the founder, in some measure, of that mode of representing coeval history of which Horace Vernet's works are such brilliant examples.'

But we hear him with more interest still touching a master whose great and original power is at once expressed by the fact of his dividing the English public into opposite extremes of opinion—one who was and is the test of a certain class of perception among us, yet of a perception we should never have imagined to be exclusively English, did not the treatment of the grand Valhalla picture at Munich, and other indications, witness to a total incapacity for his comprehension among foreigners generally. We have had him defined at home by a brilliant imagination, not over particular, as it has proved, as to the consistency of what it plays round ; now let us submit him to that sound understanding which Dr. Waagen applies to all he views. We need not apologise for the preamble :—

' The strong feeling for the various beauties and peculiarities of nature, which distinguishes the English nation, sends them travelling over all parts of the globe ; and it is not too much to say that the greater number of the English tourists of each sex return home laden with sketch-books commemorative of their impressions. Hence it is quite natural that scenes from nature, when assisted with every appliance of skill and taste, should be very attractive to the public. Next to subject-painting, therefore, no department of art is so richly supplied in England as landscape-painting, in which must be included marine scenes—also a national taste easily accounted for. At the same time the realistic tastes of the English have influenced the style of landscape-painting, which inclines far more to the rendering of the common scenes of nature than to the free and poetical line of composition, or to the so-called historical style. That the English, however, are fully alive to the beauties of these last-mentioned departments of art is proved by the admiration for Claude and Gaspar Poussin, and by their devotion to the late celebrated painter TURNER, the chief representative of this ideal

ideal landscape-painting, which he united in a singular degree with the realistic tendency.

‘Of all the English painters at the period of my first visit to England I knew least of Turner, having seen very few of his works, and those almost entirely of his later time. In my two last visits, 1850 and 1851, I endeavoured to repair this omission, and, having succeeded in examining a number of his pictures and drawings of the most various periods, I feel myself qualified to give my deliberate opinion upon them. It appears to me that Turner was a man of marvellous genius, occupying some such place among the English landscape-painters of our day as Lord Byron among the modern English poets. In point of fact, no landscape-painter has yet appeared with such versatility of talent. His historical landscapes exhibit the most exquisite feeling for beauty of lines and effect of lighting: at the same time he has the power of making them express the most varied moods of nature—a lofty grandeur, a deep and gloomy melancholy, a sunny cheerfulness and peace, or an uproar of all the elements. Buildings he also treats with peculiar felicity; while the sea, in its most varied aspect, is equally subservient to his magic brush. His views of certain cities and localities inspire the spectator with poetic feelings such as no other painter ever excited in the same degree, and which is chiefly attributable to the exceeding picturesqueness of the point of view chosen, and the beauty of the lighting. Finally, he treats the most common little subjects, such as a group of trees, a meadow, a shaded stream, with such art as to impart to them a picturesque charm. I should, therefore, not hesitate to recognise Turner as the greatest landscape-painter of all times, but for his deficiency in one indispensable element in every perfect work of art, namely, a sound technical basis. It is true that the pictures and drawings of his earlier and middle period overflow with an abundance of versatile and beautiful thoughts, rendered with great truth of nature; but at the same time his historical landscapes never possess the delicacy of gradation and the magical atmosphere of Claude, nor his realistic works the juicy transparency and freshness of a Ruysdael, while many of his best pictures have lost their keeping by subsequent darkening, and with it a great portion of their value. In his later time, however, he may be said to have aimed gradually rather at a mere indication than a representation of his thoughts, which in the last twenty years of his life became so superficial and arbitrary that it is difficult sometimes to say what he really did intend. Not that I overlook even in these pictures the frequent extraordinary beauty of composition and lighting, which render them what I should rather call beautiful souls of pictures. The raptures, therefore, of many of Turner’s countrymen, who prefer these pictures to those of his early period, I am not able to share, but must adhere to the sober conviction that a work of art, executed in this material world of ours, must, in order to be quite satisfactory, have a complete and natural body, as well as a beautiful soul.’

Let us hear him “also on another of our great men, on whom there was no difference of opinion, and who lived and died as true a painter as this world ever knew.

‘SIR

‘**SIR DAVID WILKIE**, as the greatest subject-painter, not only in England, but of our time, stands first on the list here, taking a similar place in the English school to that occupied by Hogarth in his time.

‘In the most essential particulars Wilkie has the same style of art as Hogarth. With him he has great variety, refinement, and acuteness in the observation of what is characteristic in Nature ; while in many of his pictures the subject is strikingly dramatic. Nevertheless, in many respects he differs from him. He does not, like Hogarth, exhibit to us moral dramas in whole series of pictures, but contents himself with representing, more in the manner of a novel, one single striking scene. His turn of mind is also very different. If I might compare Hogarth with Swift in the biting satire with which he contemplates mankind only on the dark side, and takes delight in representing them in a state of the most profound corruption and of the most frightful misery, I find in Wilkie a close affinity with his celebrated countryman Sir Walter Scott. Both have in common that genuine refined delineation of character which extends to the minutest particulars. In the soul of both there is more love than contempt for man ; both afford us the most soothing views of the quiet, genial happiness which is sometimes found in the narrow circle of domestic life, and understand, with masterly skill, by delicate traits of good-natured humour, to heighten the charm of such scenes. Also, as true poets, whether in language or colour, must do, they shew us man in his manifold weaknesses, errors, afflictions, and distresses, yet their humour is of a kind that never shocks our feelings. What is especially commendable in Wilkie is, that in such scenes as the Distress for Rent he never falls into caricature, which often happened to Hogarth, but, with all the energy of expression, remains within the bounds of truth. It is affirmed that the deeply impressive and touching character of this picture caused an extraordinary sensation in England when it first appeared. Here we first learn duly to prize another feature of his pictures, namely, their genuine national character. They are, in all their parts, the most spirited, animated, and faithful representations of the peculiarities and modes of life of the English. In many other respects Wilkie reminds me of the great Dutch painters of common life of the seventeenth century—for instance, in the choice of many of his subjects, and particularly by the careful and complete carrying out of the details in his earlier pictures, in which he is one of the rare exceptions among his countrymen. If he does not go so far in this respect as Gerard Dow and Mieris, he is nearly on an equality with the more carefully-executed paintings of Teniers and Jan Steen. His touch, too, often approaches the former in spirit and freedom.’

Nor need we hesitate to introduce another great name—still, we may rejoice, in fullness of life and power among us—whom the Continent has long enthusiastically acknowledged, and in the honouring of whom future generations will rival, but can never surpass us. It is pleasant to have his encomium thus registered, while we know that we have himself as well.

‘**SIR EDWIN LANDSEER** takes the first place, in this branch of art. He

He distinguishes himself from other animal-painters, both of earlier and of present times, by his presenting to us his favourite animal, the dog, in those relations in which this animal exhibits a certain likeness to man, and even as playing a human part. This is exemplified, for instance, in his picture *Laying down the Law*, in which not only all the varieties of race are observed with the utmost delicacy, but also such traits of expression in which the canine and the human nature are found to agree, most humorously and shrewdly given. Next to dogs, horses and stags are his favourite animals, which he also presents to us with a variety of aspect and with an analogy to human nature which I have met with in no other animal-painter. In order to accomplish this with the more success, Sir Edwin has so carefully studied the human race, that, but for the circumstance that animals, properly speaking, constitute the chief subjects of his art, I should have assigned to him a distinguished place among the subject-painters of England. With this style of conception he unites the most admirable drawing, by which he is enabled to place both animals and men in the most difficult and momentary positions; his pictures also exhibit a finely-balanced general effect. His feeling for colour leads him both to choose his unbroken colours of a cold scale, and also to aim at a prevailing cool tone. In his earlier pictures the execution of every detail evinces a thorough love and understanding of nature. In those of his later time the touch is much broader and freer, and, when closely examined, every stroke will be found to express what he intended. After these few remarks, it is unnecessary to add a word as to the exquisite delicacy with which the physiognomy of both dogs in *High Life and Low Life* (No. 44) are expressed. *Highland Music* also is most admirable, not only in the different expressions of the dogs, but in the masterly keeping. If these two pictures may be said to exhibit him in his higher department as the historical painter of the race, the Spaniels of King Charles's breed (No. 90) show him as the portrait-painter—these little creatures being rendered with a love and correctness such as Leonardo da Vinci may be supposed to have exercised in the delineation of the *Mona Lisa*. Finally, we see him in his full dramatic power in the picture of *The Dying Stag* (No. 94): the expression in the head of the noble animal is quite touching.

Our other living painters also receive the tribute of Dr. Waagen's experienced discrimination, their leading merits and characteristics being defined in brief, sincere, and simple words, which, in many instances, we apprehend, will pass into a text. And it is a pleasant parting conviction, after all the treasures through which we have conducted the reader, that the Englishman, while feeding his eye and filling his house with the productions of other periods and nations, has not become indifferent, nor even affected indifference, to the excellence of his own living countrymen. The time will come when we shall hear where all the Mulreadys, Stanfields, and Landseers are dispersed; meanwhile such collections as those of Mr. Sheepshanks, Mr. Bicknell, and others, may justly make us proud of their owners as well as of their contents.

ART. VII.—1. *Correspondence relating to Turkey presented to Parliament.* Parts I. to VII. 1853-54.

2. *Lettres sur la Turquie.* Tome II. Par M. A. Ubicini. Paris, 1854.

3. *Armenia: a Year at Erzeroon and on the Frontiers of Turkey, Persia, and Russia.* By the Hon. Robert Curzon. London, 1854.

4. *A Year with the Turks.* By Warrington W. Smyth. London, 1854.

5. *Journal of a Residence in the Danubian Principalities in 1853.* By Patrick O'Brien. London, 1854.

6. *The Greek and the Turk; or, Powers and Prospects in the Levant.* By Eyre Evans Crowe. London, 1853.

7. *Travels in Turkey, with a Cruise in the Black Sea.* By Captain Slade, Admiral in the Turkish Fleet. London, 1854.

8. *Communications respecting Turkey made to Her Majesty's Government by the Emperor of Russia, with the Answers returned to them: January to April, 1853.*

FTER many months of doubt and hope, the Speech from the Throne on the opening of Parliament announced to the country that peace was about to end, and that the nation was preparing for war. The terms of this announcement were still vague and unsatisfactory, and, in our opinion, neither worthy of the occasion nor calculated to call forth an earnest and unanimous response to the appeal thus made to the people of England. It is true that in the House of Commons, during the debate upon the Address to her Majesty, Lord John Russell, in a speech characterised by a straightforward and manly expression of the true policy of England, removed any doubts which might have prevailed with regard to the course the Government were bound to pursue; but Lord Aberdeen, and those known to be immediately connected with or inspired by him, have used language, if not directly opposed to, certainly at variance with, that held by the leader of the House of Commons, and those who are supposed to think with him. It is this state of things, showing a very great divergence of opinion in the Cabinet, that has chiefly given rise to that uncertainty which has prevailed throughout the country, and which, we do not hesitate to say, has contributed greatly to the increase of our difficulties, to the embarrassment of our allies, and to the encouragement of Russia. All these doubts are now removed. The sword has been drawn, and the issue of the great struggle has been left to the fate of war.

To justify their policy, and to prove to the world that this mighty contest is one not lightly entered into or wantonly provoked,

voked, her Majesty's Ministers have presented to Parliament the correspondence and various state-papers connected with the recent negotiations between this country and Russia. The time is now almost gone by for any criticism of these state-papers, but we cannot refrain from adverting to them with some satisfaction as a complete corroboration of the views upon the Eastern question put forward in our previous Number. We now have the admission of the Russian Government itself, that Count Leiningen's mission was one of the causes of Prince Menschikoff's embassy to Constantinople. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, in a despatch of the 9th April, declares that it had reached him from more quarters than one that among the motives of Russia for increasing her influence in Turkey was the desire of repressing Protestantism wherever it appears. The moderation shown by the French Government, and its readiness to withdraw any demands, however just, inconsistent with the claims or even pretensions of Russia, and which might tend to embarrass the Porte, is most fully proved, whilst the communications of the French Ministers afford the most convincing testimony of the honourable and straightforward conduct of the Emperor himself, and his desire to give effective and, speedy support to Turkey. At the same time it is impossible to rise from the perusal of these papers without being deeply impressed with the fatal effects of a vacillating and undecided policy, and without a solemn conviction that, had the British Government adopted in the first instance a firm and vigorous tone in dealing with Russia, England would have been spared the terrible necessity of a war. Had doubts remained upon this point in the mind of any man after perusing the two volumes of correspondence first published, they must surely have been removed by the supplemental or fifth part subsequently added to them, and containing the communications respecting Turkey made to Her Majesty's Government by the Emperor of Russia during the early part of last year. The first despatch in the collection (Sir G. H. Seymour to Lord John Russell, January 11, 1853) gives the clue and key to the whole Eastern question, and shows beyond a doubt why the moment was chosen for hastening a crisis which might prove fatal to the existence of the Ottoman Empire. The supreme direction of the affairs of this country had, from a series of most unexpected occurrences, been confided to the Earl of Aberdeen. Unfortunately it was especially upon his foreign policy that his character as a statesman both at home and abroad was founded. He had aided the Emperor of Russia in striking the first great blow against Turkey in 1829. He had in 1842 done his best to hand over to Russia the important Turkish province of Servia; he had been duped by France in the questions

questions of Algiers and the Spanish marriages ; and he had been declared by two of the most eminent statesmen of England to have a leaning towards the political principles of Austria. It has now transpired that in 1844 the Emperor of Russia had proposed to Lord Aberdeen, then the Foreign Minister in Sir Robert Peel's Government, the partition, on a certain contingency, of the Ottoman empire. A memorandum was drawn up recording the final results of the deliberations of the Emperor and three members of the British Cabinet. The real objects of this memorandum are shown by the two propositions which occur near its close. The two countries —or rather three, for Austria is assumed to be a consenting party —first pledge themselves to maintain the independence of Turkey, and secondly, to concert together what is to be done *should it be foreseen* that she were likely to fall to pieces. It would be utterly impossible to determine what symptoms were to be accepted as undoubted signs and proofs of dissolution, as this could but be a matter of opinion. Hence the great danger of this memorandum, and the fatal error committed by Lord Aberdeen. Russia well knew that she might at any time, through her intrigues and the influence she exercised over a portion of the Christian population of Turkey, bring about events which might be construed into the forerunners of the catastrophe she desired to hasten, and that she could, if not opposed, take advantage of them to execute her views. This extraordinary memorandum, unaccompanied by any explanatory documents, unsigned, and without any apparent mark of authenticity, was preserved as a state secret of the most vital importance, and was handed from Minister to Minister, in a separate box, as a political legacy too portentous to be even placed in the archives of the Foreign Office. These precautions give an additional importance to it, and render the circumstances under which it was drawn up, and the discussions which preceded it, still more suspicious and dangerous.

Lord Aberdeen soon after quitted office, and was succeeded by other Foreign Ministers, who were justly supposed, both from their characters and connexions, to be less open to any such proposals as had been made by the Emperor Nicholas in 1844, and they were consequently not revived. Now begins the second act of this great drama, to which, whether for its all-absorbing interest, or its tragic results, a parallel may perhaps be sought in vain in history. The scene was shifted from London to St. Petersburg, where fortunately we had an Ambassador who in acuteness and high principle has shown himself worthy of the country he represented, and who has chronicled the details of the colloquies with a faithful and lively pen not unworthy of Boswell himself.

On the last days of 1852 a new ministry came into power in England. At its head was Lord Aberdeen. The news of this event could scarcely have reached St. Petersburg before the 11th of January. On that day a festival was held in the palace of a member of the Imperial family—the Grand-Duchess Helena. Sir Hamilton Seymour was invited to meet the Emperor. In the midst of that brilliant company, the Czar eagerly sought the British Ambassador. He graciously and warmly expressed his pleasure at the intelligence of the formation of a new government in England under the guidance of a nobleman whom he had known for forty years, and for whom he entertained equal regard and esteem. He lost no time in proving the genuineness of these sentiments and showing the extent of his confidence in his friend, for in the next breath he recurred once more, after the long silence of nearly ten years, to his favourite scheme for the partition of Turkey. The astonished diplomatist naturally shrank, with feelings somewhat akin to horror and dread, from such dangerous advances. But what must have been his astonishment when, some time after, the Emperor, on repeating to him the views which he entertained with regard to Turkey, declared that, if he could have but ten minutes conversation with one of the British ministers, with Lord Aberdeen for instance, who knew him so well, and who shared a mutual confidence, he could come to a complete and satisfactory understanding with England upon them? Ten minutes to resolve one of the mightiest political problems that has ever been submitted to a statesman, and to perfect the schemes which had been for nearly two hundred years the great end of Russian policy!

Lord John Russell, and afterwards Lord Clarendon, rejected these overtures, but not with the spirit which might have been expected from British statesmen upon such an occasion. We detect in their somewhat vague and indecisive replies the evil influence of the head of the Government. Here was the first great error, one of the principal causes of all our subsequent difficulties and our present embarrassments. It is of the conduct of the British Government in this stage of the proceedings that the Emperor of Russia has, we must admit, to a certain extent, good cause to complain. We should then have declared explicitly that England would not tolerate any interference in the affairs of Turkey; that, however much inclined a ministry might be to view with indifference or favour any steps taken by Russia to hasten the dissolution of the Ottoman empire, yet that the state of public opinion in this country was such as to render any understanding or connivance for this object impossible; but that any attempt to dictate to the Sultan or to invade his territories would inevitably lead

lead to war. Had such language been held in a firm though friendly tone, who will now question whether the Emperor would not have avoided engaging in a contest which, if properly conducted, can only end in his own overthrow or humiliation? We therefore repeat that the Emperor of Russia *has* some grounds of complaint against the British Government.

How, we next ask, in the face of the indisputable proofs of double dealing on the part of Russia which both the secret and public despatches of Sir Hamilton Seymour afford, and with a full knowledge of the scheme which had been for years uppermost in the Emperor's mind, could Ministers accept the assurances given last spring, so far relying upon them as to neglect such ordinary precautions as would have saved us at least from commencing a war at a subsequent period under the most manifest disadvantages? And how, moreover, can Lord Clarendon justify his conduct in declaring to the people of England that he had the fullest confidence in the Emperor of Russia, and that there was no cause whatever for alarm, when he was acquainted with all these despatches, quoting in some instances, in support of the opinion thus unhesitatingly delivered to the British Parliament, documents which contained statements directly opposed to his assertions? This is indeed a serious charge against a British statesman—nothing less than that of wilfully misleading the country.

We are at a loss to understand how, under the accumulated mass of evidence furnished by the public and secret state-papers before us of the designs of the Emperor, and of the means he was adopting for carrying them out, some precautionary measures beyond the mere despatch of the fleet, which was destined to do nothing, were not taken during the summer and autumn of last year. The campaign on the Danube was allowed to be commenced and to be carried on without any official agent being present at the camp of Omar Pasha to furnish accurate information to the British Government. We believe that up to this moment the events which have occurred at the seat of war both in Europe and Asia have been entirely misrepresented; that the Turkish army is in a far worse condition than is generally believed; that its means of resistance, its numbers, its discipline, and the capabilities of its commanders, have been enormously exaggerated; and that the skirmishes on the Danube, which have been magnified into great victories, have after all been affairs of minor importance, which have inflicted little serious loss upon the Russians. Kalafat, although a position of considerable political importance as cutting off the communication between the Russian troops and the population of Servia, acts as a drain upon the resources of the Turkish army which is almost fatal to

its strength and its efficacy. In the meanwhile Russia has been leisurely accumulating her forces in the Principalities, and has now assembled an army, probably double in numbers that of the Turks. It is more than doubtful whether Omar Pasha could successfully dispute the passage of the Danube in any one place, and whether he could meet the Russians in the field with even fifty thousand men. He must content himself with entrenching his detached divisions and defending place after place against the advancing enemy. It must always be borne in mind that this has been a last great effort on the part of the Turks—that their reserves as well as their standing army have now been brought into the field, and that with them every man lost is one that cannot be replaced. With Russia this is not the case. Her resources in men are almost inexhaustible; she may defy both war and disease.

In this momentous state of things no proper provision has as yet been made by the British Government. Prudent statesmen, with a crisis such as the present impending over them, would have at least prepared themselves to meet it months ago. But we learn from the most unquestionable authority that up to the time we are writing no steps whatever have been taken to get together in Turkey supplies necessary for an army, or the means of transport that are absolutely required to make it effective in the field. No one acquainted with the country has been hitherto entrusted with the management of the commissariat. The nature of the Turkish Provinces in Europe seems hardly to have been taken into consideration. It is perhaps not known, that they are at all times deficient in that which is necessary for the maintenance and for the operations of a considerable force, especially when composed of Europeans. And now that the Turks have exhausted the scanty supplies which the villages could furnish, we much doubt whether anything remains for those troops which are destined to succeed them. The means of transport will probably be found utterly wanting, and must be obtained from the islands of the Archipelago, or from the farthest corners of Asia Minor—those most remote from the seat of war. Months must elapse before they can be got together ready for a campaign. By that time the heats of summer, perhaps even the fevers of autumn, will have commenced—both equally to be dreaded in the case of British troops.

A mere entrenched camp for the defence of Constantinople we believe to be an utterly useless measure. When the Russians have repulsed the Turks on all sides—when Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, and Rumelia are in arms—it will avail us little to save the capital. It is then that our difficulties will really commence, and

and that we shall find ourselves in a position from which the most sanguine and able statesman might fairly recoil.

But whilst on land we have been thus negligent, what terms of condemnation sufficiently strong could be found to apply to the unaccountable want of decision, energy, and common vigour, displayed by the fleet? We are utterly at a loss to explain the accounts we receive on this subject from the East. So far back as last October the British Admiral appears, from the published despatches, to have been placed in a position not only to protect the Turkish territory, but to have closed the navigation of the Black Sea to the Russian fleet. The massacre of Sinope is an event which has not been explained, and which as much needs explanation as any slur that has ever been cast upon the British arms. But if there had been any doubt as to the powers of the Admiral previous to that fatal occurrence, surely there could have been none whatever afterwards. Instructions of the most distinct nature were forwarded to Constantinople. No Russian vessel of war was to be permitted to leave Sebastopol; and yet up to this hour we hear of detachments issuing from that arsenal, landing troops on the Turkish territory in Europe, carrying away the garrisons that were exposed on the Asiatic coast, and throwing men and supplies into Circassia and Georgia. The only step which we have hitherto taken appears to have been to send a steamer to report some of these proceedings, to make an ineffectual attempt to enter the Danube, and to reconnoitre the enemy's defences. What has led to this state of inactivity—we might almost say, to this disobedience of positive orders from home? Have the disagreements, which have so unfortunately broken out between the Ambassador and the Admiral, paralyzed the action of the latter; or have there been secret instructions directly at variance with those published, and with which the country has not been made acquainted? We know of no other way of explaining what has occurred. Had the English fleet done that which it would have done under a Nelson or a Rodney—cut off the Russian fleet on its return from Sinope, and struck a blow at that moment at Sebastopol, England might have dictated a peace, and Turkey been saved.

We appear to be doing our best to undermine and weaken the Turkish Government, whilst neglecting to afford it that immediate and effective aid which can alone save the Empire from destruction. Instead of sending a body of efficient troops and a few competent officers to the camp of Omar Pasha, thereby producing a moral effect of enormous importance at this moment—instead of covering the Black Sea with our cruisers, watching every movement of the Russian fleet, and encouraging by our presence

the

the Mussulman populations on the coast—we are debating at Constantinople some new privilege for the Christians; wringing from the Turks, in the time of their utmost need, concessions which are contrary to the very principles of their faith and policy; weakening the really liberal and well-disposed, and strengthening the retrograde and intolerant party in the state. If in the midst of the present crisis a revolution should break out at Constantinople, 'and the Sultan's life or throne should be in danger, in what difficulties should we find ourselves! Would we send our troops to take part in a civil war, and to support one party in the capital against another, whilst the Russians, availing themselves of the moral effect that such an event would have throughout the Empire, were advancing with rapid strides to Constantinople? And yet such a state of things is not impossible. Already the fanatical party is gaining strength, and the ministry becoming weaker. Russian intrigues are at work, any unexpected outbreak might verify our most serious apprehensions.

We contend that the concessions now demanded of the Porte, however advisable in the abstract under different circumstances, are by no means indispensable to the welfare of the Christian population. At this moment no two opinions can exist as to the impolicy of pressing them, at every risk, upon the Sultan's ministers. We believe that the time will come when all we seek may be obtained without danger to the safety of the Empire. Many concessions of vast importance have been made, and those who are now at the head of affairs in Turkey are willing to extend the rights and privileges of the Christians still further. It is only by the course we are now taking that their hands will be tied, and that their good intentions will be frustrated.

If the Christians were really suffering from oppression and misrule to the extent that some travellers would have us believe—if they really were the hopeless victims of injustice and intolerance they have been described—it might be necessary, before aiding the Turks in maintaining their dominion in Europe, to exact some direct pledge or guarantee for the future better government of this portion of their subjects. But such is not the case; and in order that much misapprehension on this subject may be removed from the public mind, we will endeavour to convey some more accurate information than that which generally prevails upon the relative position of the Mussulmans and Christians in the Ottoman Empire, and more especially upon the true condition of the latter, than which no subject has been more liable to misunderstanding and exaggeration. This may be the natural consequence of a tendency in the human mind to generalise, especially when the feelings are excited, and the sympathies engaged. Isolated acts

of cruelty, oppression, and intolerance have furnished grounds for charges against a whole people and a whole system. The origin of such acts, and the character of their victims, have been forgotten or wilfully overlooked. As a rule, the Christian is always assumed to be right, and the Mohammedan always wrong. Even the just punishment of a notorious criminal, or the necessary rigour displayed in putting down an insurrection, has been converted into the wholesale massacre of an innocent community, whilst its supposed authors have been held up to the indignation of the world, and have, in many instances, been visited by the most unmerited punishment. In making this assertion, we do not, of course, mean to deny that acts of great cruelty and oppression have frequently been committed; but we could quote a vast number of cases in proof of the exaggeration which is habitually employed to excite very undeserved commiseration. Mr. Warrington Smyth, whose admirable little work, 'A Year with the Turks,' is written with a full knowledge of the people and the country, furnishes us in his Preface with a case in point. He refers to a recent work on Turkey, by Mr. E. Michelsen, in which it is stated that the Mohammedan Albanians, during an outbreak, plundered and burnt down many Christian villages; and that even 'Vrania, a considerable town, inhabited by Christians, did not escape this fate; the churches having been destroyed, the men massacred, and the women and children dragged away into slavery.' Now it appears, unfortunately for the veracity of this story, that Mr. Smyth himself, having been in Vrania at the very time these atrocities are alleged to have been committed, is able to give an entirely different account of the whole transaction, which fully warrants him in asserting that—1st, he heard of no case of a village having been plundered or burnt down; 2nd, that Vrania is not a Christian but mainly a Turkish town; 3rd, that a church was destroyed, but by a party of Albanians who had risen against the Turkish authorities; 4th, that nobody was massacred, the only loss being on the side of the Turks, with whom the quarrel commenced; and 5th, that the carrying away of the women and children into slavery was a pure piece of fiction. In fact, it was one of those outbreaks which were not of uncommon occurrence during the struggle between the Turkish authorities and the wild tribes of Albania, when the Porte was endeavouring to enforce its new system of administration and reform. They were undoubtedly caused in many instances by the misconduct of the officers sent to carry out the just and enlightened views of the Government; and, these agents, who alone were responsible, frequently met with condign punishment. Unfortunately the Christian communities were but too often the victims

victims in the insurrections; but whilst the wrongs they endured have been enormously exaggerated, it is unjust to attribute even what they did suffer to any spirit of intolerance on the part of the Turkish Government, or to lay it to the charge of the *Turkish* population.

It has more than once been observed, that all the internal wars in which the Porte has been engaged during the last ten years—wars which have entailed upon it very considerable sacrifices of life and treasure—have been waged in defence or on behalf of the Christians. The campaign in Albania in 1843 and 1844 was undertaken to compel its wild tribes to accept the *tanzimat*, or system of reform, which conferred equal privileges upon the Mohammedan and Christian subjects of the Sultan, and the introduction of which was long opposed by the Mussulman population of the provinces most distant from the capital. During the insurrections which ensued, the Christians, being looked upon as the cause of the obnoxious interference on the part of the Turkish Government, naturally became the object of the vengeance of the insurgents. But the chiefs of the rebellion were ultimately seized, and are still, we believe, undergoing in the galleys the punishment of their excesses and crimes.

The Albanian insurrection had scarcely been suppressed by Omar Pasha, when that distinguished general, who has during his military career rendered such eminent services to the Porte, was called upon to command an expedition against the Kurds.\* Beder Khan Bey,† the fanatical chief of those ferocious tribes, which had never been brought under complete subjection to the Sultan, had committed a most barbarous massacre among the Nestorian clans. To avenge this atrocious act, and to reduce the Kurds to obedience, the Porte fitted out a considerable army. After several engagements, in which the Turkish troops were always victorious, behaving with great gallantry, and showing remarkable qualities when contending against a vastly superior force, in an almost inaccessible mountain district, and in the midst of a hostile population, the Kurds were completely defeated, and Beder Khan Bey, with their principal chiefs, were taken prisoners.

Shortly after his return from the Kurdish campaign, Omar Pasha was sent to put down a formidable insurrection which had broken out in Bosnia. In this instance again the Mussulman

\* In the Albanian and Kurdish campaigns Omar Pasha had the real command of the troops, and brought the war to a successful issue, although the nominal authority was given in the one instance to Reshid Mehemet Pasha, in the other to Osman Pasha.

† Beder Khan Bey is the chief with whose arts many of our readers will have become acquainted through Mr. Bayard's work on Nineveh.

population had risen against the Turkish authorities, mainly on account of new privileges granted to the Christians. The tenure of land in this province differed from that in other parts of the empire. The Mussulman landholders were feudal proprietors. The peasantry, chiefly Christians, were, to a certain extent, attached to the soil. They were subject to many vexatious exactions, and services or *corvées*; amongst the most grievous were the obligation to work without pay so many days in the week for the landlord, and to perform other gratuitous labour. By the *tanzimat* all such abuses were abolished. Bosnia, being the most remote from the capital of the Turkish provinces in Europe, was the last to receive the new law. The Mussulman population rose against its enforcement, and a long struggle ensued, in which the Sultan's troops were again successful, and the Christians were freed from the hardships under which they had previously suffered.

A most unjustifiable interference on the part of the Austrian Government prevented Omar Pasha from completing the work which he had commenced in Bosnia, by reducing to obedience the wild inhabitants of Montenegro. Austria, by the most unfounded misrepresentations, succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of part of Christendom on behalf of a tribe of notorious robbers who continually ravage with fire and the sword the Turkish provinces, are no less dangerous to her own Dalmatian territories, and whose almost inaccessible mountains have become a focus for Russian intrigue among the various Slavonian populations of the East of Europe. We remember the time when the late warlike Bishop of those wild mountaineers, after showing his visitors the heads of a few miserable Mussulmans who had been slain in the forays periodically made by his flock over the Turkish border, and which adorned a tower opposite the windows of his episcopal abode, would lead them into a room of his palace-convent, hung round with epaulettes, arms, and white uniforms, and triumphantly point to those spoils from his opposite neighbours. We confess our inability to understand the grounds of this interference on the part of Austria,—so diametrically opposed, it would seem, to her interests, and so inconsistent with her true policy. Nor can we find any excuse for the disgraceful conduct of the Austrian authorities, who, after guaranteeing the unmolested retreat of the Turkish troops, permitted the Montenegrins to fall upon their rear, and to use the advantages which had thus been ensured to them to inflict bloodshed and suffering upon the retiring army.

But to return to the position of the Christians under the Turkish rule. We repeat, that we do not mean to deny that acts of

of cruelty and oppression are too frequently committed by those who are acting under, although abusing, the authority of the Sultan, and that the smouldering fanaticism of the Mussulman population in some of the most bigoted cities of the empire is occasionally fanned into a flame, and leads to deeds of violence against the Christians. The massacre at Aleppo, which occurred three years ago, and in which many Christians were unfortunately slain, is but a recent instance. But we wish to guard our readers against the exaggerations and misstatements to which the most trivial events give rise, and to impress upon them that these misdeeds are neither authorised nor tolerated by the Turkish Government—very rarely even by the authorities entrusted with the local administration ; but that, on the contrary, means are taken—not always, it is true, efficacious—to prevent them, and that they are as much condemned by the most enlightened of the Turkish ministers as they are by the most earnest advocates of the Christian cause. The very massacre of Aleppo will furnish us with a proof of this fact. This rising was part of a wide-spread conspiracy directed against the Turkish authorities, but more especially against the Christians, because they were believed to have been the cause of the introduction of the reformed system, and to be the principal objects of the solicitude of the Government. The parties to the conspiracy were the most fanatical sections of the populations of the principal cities of Syria and Mesopotamia—and the insurrection was to take place simultaneously, or nearly so, in these places. It first broke out in Aleppo. The Turkish authorities and troops behaved with great vigour and courage. After some days of fighting, during which much blood was shed on both sides, they succeeded in defeating the insurgents and protecting the Christians. Essad Pasha, a very old and faithful servant of the Sultan, since dead, was at that time governor of Diarbekir. Having received information of the plot, he seized the Syrian post, and found letters to the head men of the city, announcing the attack on the Christians at Aleppo, which they were to support by a similar demonstration. Calling those to whom the letters were addressed before him, he bade them read the news. 'I am an old man,' added he, 'and have but a year or two more to live. It signifies little, therefore, whether I die to-morrow or a few days later : let a man raise a finger against the Christians in this city, and either every one of you perish, or I and those who are with me will be buried under the ruins of this palace.' By this energetic conduct he checked an insurrection which might otherwise have extended to Mosul and Baghdad.

We cannot excuse the exaggerations into which travellers are frequently

frequently led when they treat of events which they have themselves witnessed. It is not surprising that the Christians themselves should endeavour to enlist the sympathies, and to obtain the support and countenance of influential persons, by either giving grossly overpainted descriptions of the suffering they endure, or by stating that which is positively untrue. No traveller in Turkey ever yet entered a town or village inhabited by Christians in which he was not immediately surrounded by a crowd of idlers, with the Khodja-Bashi or primate at its head, all anxious to relate to him some tale of cruelty or oppression. If he be ignorant of the language, before these various stories are reproduced to him through his Greek dragoman the victims will have increased in number as rapidly as Sir John Falstaff's men in buckram. Should he really desire to investigate the various complaints made to him, he will find that for the most part they are utterly untrue, or that they rest upon the smallest possible foundations. It is probable that the very persons accused have been standing by all the time, or that his own Mussulman cavass has been present whilst his co-religionists have been subjected to every manner of accusation and abuse. The impunity with which the Christians thus state and exaggerate their grievances proves how small are their grounds of complaint. Would the inhabitants of a village in Austria or Italy dare thus openly to appeal to a stranger? It is not an uncommon sight either in the capital or in the provinces to see a party of Greeks or other Christians in a coffee-house, heaping every term of abuse—and their language is rich in such terms—upon the Turkish government and the Turkish authorities, whilst a few old Turks are quietly seated near, treating all this treasonable language with the most perfect indifference. There is no secret police—no espionage. A Christian is safe in his own house; he may say what he pleases; he may read works the most hostile to the government under which he lives, and to the religion it professes. He prays on Sunday in his church for the Emperor Nicholas, and for the speedy overthrow of the infidel—to wit, his own sovereign;\* and yet we are seriously told that he is living in the most abject slavery; that he is the victim of the most terrible oppression and cruelty!

It is surprising how much ignorance is shown with regard to the nationality, if we may use the term, of the Greeks—and by the Greeks we mean such as speak the Greek tongue, profess the Oriental or Greek faith, and claim descent from the ancient Greeks. Those who in the House of Commons and through

---

\* Prayers to this effect have been introduced by the priests in the pay of Russia in many of the churches of Bulgaria and Roumelia.

the press urge the claims of this race to the sympathies of Europe, on account of the inestimable services which their ancestors rendered to mankind in the great cause of freedom and knowledge, and who found upon those claims arguments in favour of a restoration of the Byzantine Empire, appear to possess the vaguest notions of geography and history. We have shown in a previous article that the real Greeks, as we have defined them above, form a very small portion of the population of Turkey in Europe. In the most important provinces, in Bosnia, Bulgaria, Servia, Thrace, and even Macedonia, there are scarcely any Greeks at all. Even in Constantinople they are greatly outnumbered by the Armenians. It is only in Thessaly and in Epirus, or Southern Albania, that they exist as the dominant Christian race. We had, until recently, considered it unfortunate that at the time of the settlement of the limits of the new kingdom of Greece, its frontiers were not carried farther to the north. Had the Greek population of Thessaly and of Epirus been included within them, not only, we believe, would Greece have been considerably strengthened and better able to meet the claims upon her, but a source of weakness would have been removed from Turkey herself. It is notorious that there is no sufficiently well-defined boundary between the Greek province of Livadia and the Turkish province of Thessaly, and that the frontier throughout was a mere conventional line, so devoid of great natural features, that we have heard persons engaged in laying it down relate, that the Greek villagers would frequently, at night, alter the position of the stakes and other marks placed during the day by the commissioners, and that considerable difficulty and delay were experienced in recognizing and rectifying the fraud. The result is, that the border districts have ever since been the scene of disgraceful acts of brigandage and outrage, openly encouraged by the Greek authorities, and against which there are scarcely any means of protecting the Ottoman territories. We must do the Turkish government the justice to say that, while taking every step in its power to repress these proceedings, it has acted with the most perfect good faith towards Greece since that kingdom has been separated from Turkey. We have never heard an instance of any attempt on the part of the Porte to violate the Greek territories, or to encourage discontent or rebellion in the Greek provinces. But how have its efforts to protect its Christian subjects, and its honourable regard for treaties, been responded to? We could mention numerous instances of direct protection given by the Greek authorities to notorious brigand chiefs, who, after crossing the frontier, burning both Mussulman and Christian villages, and plundering

dering and torturing their inhabitants, retreated to their strongholds on the other side of the boundary, where respect alone for international engagements prevented the Turkish officers from following them. On more than one occasion the British embassy at Constantinople has been compelled to send agents to the frontiers to put a stop if possible to this disgraceful state of things, and to make the strongest representations to the Greek government on the atrocities which they were publicly encouraging. When at length a notorious Klepht — one Valenza — who had committed the most brutal acts of rapine and cruelty within the Turkish territories, was, after the repeated demands of the Porte, brought to Athens and subjected to the farce of a trial, he boldly avowed his misdeeds, justified them by his ancient and glorious lineage, claimed the sympathy and applause of his fellow-countrymen, and was acquitted by the jury amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the court and spectators. What European nation, we would ask, would have permitted such conduct in a small and easily-punished neighbour?

As upon land, so upon the sea, the Greeks have committed the most flagrant violations of the Ottoman territories, and have inflicted the most serious injuries upon the trade of Turkey and of its allies. The friends of Greece may find some excuse for the swarms of pirates who issued from the Greek islands during the war — bloodthirsty monsters who spared neither friend nor foe ; but how will they justify those who for the mere love of gain have continued these atrocities during a time of peace and upon the shipping of all nations ? In a small work called 'Words for the Windbound,' a kind of guide for seamen in the East, ten cases of piracy are recorded on English, Austrian, French, Dutch, and Turkish vessels between 1836 and 1842 ; and several vessels are mentioned as having been met at sea, abandoned and plundered, which are supposed to have fallen into the hands of Greek pirates. A year never passes without such cases happening, even in the very harbour of Constantinople. A Smyrna paper of the 2nd of March gives details of several piratical attacks upon Turkish vessels near the island of Rhodes during the month of February last ; and we learn that piracy is daily increasing to an alarming extent in the Archipelago. All these cases may be traced to boats fitted out in the Greek islands, frequently with the knowledge of the Greek authorities, and in some instances more than suspected to be sanctioned and protected by Greek consular agents. We trust that during the war British cruisers will deal summarily with these pirates, notwithstanding the sympathy they may command in this country, and that those who harbour and protect them will not escape the treatment they deserve.

The

The only grounds we have now for doubting whether it would have been wiser to add Thessaly and Epirus to the kingdom of Greece, are furnished by the gross misconduct of the Greek government itself, and by the ruffianly state of the populations under its rule. We have seen it asserted that the inhabitants of the villages in Thessaly were migrating into Greece. Such may possibly have been the case in some instances and under peculiar circumstances, but it is certain that for many years the very contrary was the fact. We can affirm that whole communities have sought refuge within the Turkish territories from the acts of oppression and cruelty to which they were subjected by the Greek authorities, and could mention instances where expeditions have been fitted out to seize and even murder those who had thus crossed the frontiers.\*

Although some of the outbreaks which have recently occurred on the frontiers are to be attributed to the misconduct of the Turkish authorities, we learn from a source upon which we place the most complete reliance that the rising was owing for the most part to the methods adopted to drive the Christian subjects of the Porte into rebellion, and to expose them to the suspicions, and consequently to the vengeance, of the Mussulmans. Forged petitions were published in the Greek newspapers, with the connivance, if not the direct sanction, of the government, purporting to come from the Christian inhabitants of Aylona and other towns in Thessaly, and calling upon the Hellenes to cross the borders for the purpose of liberating their suffering brethren from the Ottoman yoke. To these fabrications the names of the primates, clergy, and principal inhabitants of the places in question were attached. The wickedness and cruelty of such a proceeding are evident. Fortunately only two months before, these very people had sent, through a British consul, to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, addresses expressing their thanks for the assistance they had ever received from the British embassy, and begging the ambassador to assure the Turkish ministers of their allegiance to the Sultan, whose kind and benevolent interest in their prosperity and happiness they acknowledged with heartfelt gratitude. Had it not been for the existence of such documents, it is not improbable that the Turkish authorities might have been induced to distrust these Christian communities, and that some unmerited punishments might have ensued. Without wishing to justify any such conduct on the part of the Turks, let us consider the matter impartially, and ask ourselves in what European and so-called civilised country the result would have been different. We have

\* M. Ubicini states (p. 22) that nearly 60,000 persons passed from Greece into Turkey in three years, 1834-35-36.

heard how the Russians have dealt with the miserable inhabitants of villages in Wallachia and Moldavia who were only suspected of having a leaning towards their lawful sovereign. How would we ourselves be inclined to treat British subjects whom we had reason to believe were during a time of war in open correspondence with the enemy?

We have already observed that those who advocate the Greek cause frequently display an unaccountable confusion of ideas on history and geography. It is strange to hear men of general information confounding the ancient Greeks—the Greeks of Athens and Sparta—with the mongrel races which made up the lower Greek empire. It is surprising to hear gentlemen rising in the House of Commons and urging the restoration of the Byzantine empire, with eloquent descriptions of the academies and battle-fields of classic Greece. We have not space to enter into the ethnological questions connected with the present Greek race, but it cannot be unknown to our readers that, in the opinion of some of the most trustworthy authorities on Byzantine history, not a drop of real Greek blood is to be found in the Morea or Peloponnesus. In the islands of the *Æ*gean, which were not so completely overrun by the Illyrian, Sclavonian, and Italian races, descendants of the primitive Greeks may still be found. It is not impossible that the Greek communities on the coasts of Asia Minor may afford the best specimen of true Greek descent. No intelligent traveller can have failed to remark the striking difference in personal appearance between the population of the kingdom of Greece Proper and that of the Islands and ancient Ionia. In the one case we find a stunted, ill-featured, ill-favoured race, with many of the physical characteristics of the lowest Slave tribes; beauty whether of form or feature being almost unknown even amongst the women. Nowhere is this fact more strikingly brought to one's notice than at Athens. The constant intermixture with Illyrians and Sclavonians, and with those European peoples which have at various periods held the Morea, has produced this result. Such, however, is not the case in some of the islands of the Archipelago. Tinos, Naxos, Samos, and other favoured spots in the *Æ*gean, still furnish types of that glorious race which gave models to Phidias and Praxiteles. In the men there may still be seen beauty of form and the most ample development of the muscles and limbs,—perfect symmetry united with manly strength. In the women the straight brow and nose, the delicately formed mouth and chin, the smooth and rounded neck—losing itself in the flowing curve of the shoulders, and bearing, like a pedestal of Parian marble, the exquisitely shaped head,—

head,—the graceful carriage, and the well-proportioned limbs. As the idler in the Christian quarter of Smyrna passes, on a summer's afternoon, the spacious doorways opening upon the shady courtyards, he may spy, seated beneath the trembling trees, female forms such as these; or, if he should seek the fountain of a Greek village on the coasts of Asia Minor, when, as the sun goes down, the women hasten to fill their pitchers at the crystal spring, he will see maidens of whom ancient Hellas might have been proud.\*

At the time of the Turkish conquest of Constantinople Greek nationality had entirely perished. The very empire, miscalled 'a Greek empire,' had dwindled down to little more than the capital. For centuries previous to the fall of Byzantium, the advancing Sclavonian and Bulgarian tribes had gradually extinguished the Greek race, which may once have been found to the north of Pindus and ancient Thessaly. The Greek provinces themselves had become the appanages of foreign princes, and had been divided into semi-independent kingdoms, governed and almost peopled by strangers. The Venetians and Genoese possessed the islands; Frenchmen and Italians ruled at Athens and in the Peloponnesus. The Byzantine Court was a scene and source of corruption, intrigue, cruelty, and vice, which have perhaps never been equalled even in the most barbarous of Eastern nations. The historian passes rapidly over its chronicles of treachery and crime, and the reader is wearied and sickened at even his hasty narrative. The glowing pen of a Gibbon has failed to create an interest in the lives and deeds of a long succession of bloodthirsty tyrants and impotent debauchees. The antiquarian points to the monuments of that period, and the numismat to its coins, as indisputable proofs of the utter barbarism into which the representatives of the two most civilized and powerful nations of the world had fallen; and in this condition be it remembered, the Byzantine empire lasted for many centuries. For more than a thousand years was a large portion of the human race exposed to a system of tyranny and misgovernment which it is now proposed to revive. True it is that during that period a little flame still flickered in the schools of Athens, and that on the fall of Constantinople a few learned men showed to Christendom that the wisdom and glory of Hellas were not forgotten, although they had passed away. It would be ungrateful not to acknowledge the debt we owe to those who, after the Mohammedan conquest, left their native land, and gave to Europe many of the works of ancient Greece which are

\* There are many beautiful Greek women in Constantinople, but on inquiry it will generally be found that they are natives either of the Islands or of Smyrna, counted

counted amongst the treasures bequeathed to the whole human race. But although a solitary scholar in his closet, or a monk in his cell, might still ponder over the deeds and wisdom of those whose name he bore, the spirit of that mighty race had long since fled, if the race itself had not utterly perished!

The shattered remains of the Byzantine empire fell an easy prey to the hardy and warlike tribes which had gradually spread over eastern Asia, had invaded Europe, and had established their outposts almost at the gates of the capital. The Ottoman race had already been brought into contact with the Christian populations, had learnt to appreciate the arts, degraded as they might be, which the Byzantine Greeks still professed, and to profit by the little learning and knowledge which they owed to tradition and to a scanty acquaintance with ancient literature. The Turkish conquerors must not be looked upon as mere barbarians; they respected the Greek monuments of former taste and skill which they found in Constantinople, and they were disposed to respect the hereditary privileges of the inhabitants themselves. That magnificent edifice which Justinian had raised, and which was the glory and marvel of the eastern world, fell of course by the right of conquest into the possession of the conquerors, and was used for their own worship, but all other churches were equally divided between the Mussulmans and the Christians. Sultan Mahomet lost no time in calling before him the Greek Patriarch, and in confirming by imperial edict not only his spiritual, but even his civil and political rights and privileges; he gave him moreover rank amongst the highest dignitaries of his empire, and assigned to him a body-guard of janissaries for his dignity and defence. This Hatti-Sheriff is still recognised by the Turkish Sultans, and upon it are in reality founded the claims of those professing the Greek faith to the enjoyment of the rights and immunities guaranteed to them by the Porte. Justly, then, did the Turkish Government, on receiving the celebrated Vieuna note, indignantly deny the assertion of the Emperor of Russia, that it was to the interference of himself and his predecessors that the Greeks owed what liberties and protection they enjoyed, and declare that those favours had been conferred upon them spontaneously by the Ottoman sovereigns themselves.

It is not to be denied that the imperial promises were on more than one occasion broken, and that the Christians were frequently exposed to persecution and violence. M. Ubiccini, in his interesting and authentic Letters on Turkey, gives the most remarkable instances of these violations of the original Hatti-sheriff: but they were but temporary; their injustice and

impolicy were recognised almost as soon as the cause for them had passed away. The prosperous state of the Greeks under the Ottoman rule furnishes the best proof that, notwithstanding some just complaints, they enjoyed on the whole a very great amount of protection and freedom,—far more than was enjoyed at the same period by any European population similarly situated. Montesquieu has borne witness to the improved condition of the Greeks under their new masters. Prosperous communities soon rose in different parts of the Turkish empire. Schools and colleges were founded, education received an impulse at that time certainly unequalled in any Christian state, commerce was protected by the government, and, above all, there existed the most perfect freedom of opinion.

We may judge of the state of prosperity to which the Christians may attain under the Turkish rule by referring to the three Greek communities of Ambelakia, Aivali, and Zagoria. On the rugged sides of Ossa, overhanging the wooded vale of Tempe and the winding Peneus, may still be seen a group of spacious and once handsome mansions, now fast falling into decay, and only tenanted by a few inhospitable Greeks. These falling edifices are the remains of the celebrated commercial community of Ambelakia, of which a French traveller of the last century has left us the following description:—\*

‘ Ambelakia by its activity appears rather a borough of Holland than a village of Turkey. This village spreads, by its industry, movement and life over the surrounding country, and gives birth to an immense commerce which unites Germany to Greece by a thousand threads. Its population has trebled in fifteen years, and amounts at present (1798) to four thousand, who live in their manufactures, like swarms of bees in their hives. Every arm, even those of the children, is employed in the factories; whilst the men dye the cotton, the women prepare and spin it. There are 24 factories, in which, yearly, 2500 bales of cotton yarn of 100 okes each (6138 cwts.) are dyed. This yarn finds its way into Germany, and is disposed of at Bude, Vienna, Leipsic, Dresden, Anspach, and Bayreuth.’

The decline and ruin of Ambelakia have been attributed to various causes—internal disputes, expensive litigations, European, especially English, competition, and that political intrigue which subsequently led to the Greek revolution. To the excitement caused by the prospect of an approaching struggle may with most truth be attributed that neglect of the more

\* We take this extract, translated from Beaujour's ‘Tableau du Commerce de la Grèce,’ from Mr. Urquhart's *Spirit of the East*, a work which (with all its faults) contains perhaps more eloquent and truthful descriptions of the manners and condition of the Turks than any book in our language.

sober duties of life which led to the ultimate failure of the merchants of Ambelakiá.

As Ambelakia was celebrated for its commercial prosperity and for the happy condition of its inhabitants, so Aivali, the Kydonia of the Greeks, was equally remarkable for its colleges and schools, and for the learning and the culture of its Christian community. But, like Ambelakia, Aivali is now a heap of ruins. Amidst the olive groves on the fertile slopes descending to the arm of the sea which divides the island of Mitylene from the mainland, may still be traced the streets and public edifices of this once flourishing colony. In 1740 it was a small market-town of Asia Minor, but in consequence of political privileges granted to the Greek inhabitants it had, as M. Balbi observes, rapidly become one of the most industrious, most commercial, and best regulated towns of Ottoman Asia. But its numerous manufactories, its tanneries, its oil-mills, its beautiful college, its library, its printing establishment, its fine churches, its 3000 houses, and 36,000 inhabitants, disappeared during the war of the resurrection of Greece.

Scarcely less remarkable than that of Ambelakia and Aivali has been the history of Zagoria; but fortunately here we have not to lament over a departed prosperity and a poverty-stricken community. As in the communities already described, commerce and learning were encouraged and flourished, so in Zagoria a few Greek villages, in the midst of a wild Mussulman population and protected by the Turkish Government, have preserved for centuries their ancient freedom and independence. To the east of the Lake of Tanina, and in the midst of the dark mountains of Pindus, there is a small district, broken into a thousand deep chasms and frowning precipices; in its fastnesses numerous Greek families took refuge on the fall of the Byzantine empire, but they submitted to the Mahomedan conquerors without provoking an assault, receiving in return a guarantee that their political privileges and religious rites should be for ever respected, and that no Mussulman should settle amongst them. The Greeks of Zagoria have since formed a kind of independent republic under the protection of the Porte. Forty-four villages, said to contain about 25,000 inhabitants, are almost buried in its narrow ravines or perched upon its lofty rocks. Each village elects a primate, whose duty it is to collect the taxes, to be in communication with the *vakeel*, or head primate, and, taking counsel of the chief men, to watch over and advance the interests of the community. The whole district, in order to be represented effectually and economically at the court of the Pasha of the province, chooses an agent,

who is called the *Vakeel* of *Zagoria*, and resides at *Ianina*, the seat of government. This officer is elected for six months, being changed in the spring and autumn by two representatives from each village, who assemble at *Ianina*, examine the accounts of the previous agent, sign them when found to be correct, and proceed to name his successor. The new *Vakeel* takes an oath to perform the articles of an agreement into which he has entered with the *Zagoriotes*, and to maintain inviolate to the best of his power the privileges and liberties granted to them by different Sultans. It is his special duty to communicate with the *Pasha* on all business connected with the district which he represents, and especially as to the amount of the taxes, to take means to have those taxes paid when due to the proper authorities, to investigate all disputes between the inhabitants of *Zagoria*, to adjudicate in them, and to see to the execution of the decrees which he may pronounce.

The privileges thus conferred upon the *Zagoriotes* have been faithfully respected by the Turkish government, and their territory has remained inviolate, except when a rebellious Albanian chief may have carried his marauding expeditions into their tranquil villages. The district is too barren and rocky to admit of much cultivation, and its inhabitants have not engaged in commerce and in manufactures, like those of *Ambelakia*, but they have carefully educated their children, and have fitted them for holding places of the greatest trust and responsibility. Each village has its schools; and perhaps few districts in the world could be cited where education is more general than in *Zagoria*. A traveller, whose journal is before us, writing in 1842, thus describes its state:—

‘ Each village has its school on the allelodydactic or *Lancasterian* system, and frequently a second school for common instruction. In *Chapellovo* and other villages there are also masters for such youths as have made some progress in the ordinary branches of education, and are desirous of instruction in the Greek classics. I found boys reading with fluency *Demosthenes* and *Eschylus*. The masters are paid by the communities, general rates being raised for the purpose. They are mostly well informed, and some of them are not unacquainted with French and Italian, in the rudiments of which they instruct their pupils. There appeared to be a lamentable deficiency of books, and especially of elementary works. In one village the whole library of the master consisted of an odd volume of *Voltaire*’s philosophical works and *Rousseau*’s political essays. The lower schools are not even furnished with the common religious works which are usually found in establishments of this nature. The primate complained much of this want of the essential means of instruction. The number of children attending the schools bears a very large proportion to the number of families. In *Frankades*,

Frankades, a village of about 80 houses, there were 50 children in the school; in Kato-Sudina, with 100 houses, 60. In Végades the numbers were about the same. In Chapellovo, a village of 120 houses, there were two schools—the lower containing 60 pupils, and the upper 30. This account was taken during harvest, when many of the children were absent in the fields, and the attendance was consequently thin; but I was assured that there were then 3958 children of both sexes receiving instruction, out of a population of about 25,000, or about one-sixth.

In consequence of the comparatively high state of education in Zagoria, its male inhabitants have long been distinguished in the East for their intelligence and learning. After leaving the schools, the youths usually seek their fortunes in various parts of Turkey, in the Danubian Principalities, or in those European ports which trade with the Levant, and become lawyers, merchants, and schoolmasters. After a few years of successful industry, they return to their native villages, marry, reside a limited period with their friends, again seek occupation abroad, and visit their homes at distant intervals, until they finally retire from active life, and settle in Zagoria to finish their days. The traveller in Albania, after traversing some of its wildest districts, is surprised to find himself suddenly in the midst of a highly civilised community—to see around him spacious and elegantly furnished houses, so different from the huts to which he has been accustomed, and to be accosted by men of refined and gentle manners, speaking more than one European tongue. The women of Zagoria, too, afford an exception to the usual Greek population of Turkey and the Morea. They are remarkable to a proverb for their beauty. More lovely women are rarely to be seen than in this retired district.\* They wear a picturesque though not elegant costume, which scarcely adds to their attractions. As the men are mostly absent during certain times of the year, the villages are frequently tenanted almost by women and children alone. But even in such cases the well-known hospitality of the Zagoriotes—so different from that of the Greek communities in general—is not forgotten. The traveller no sooner arrives in a village than he is claimed by more than one eager lady as a guest; and it will be difficult for him to pass on without accepting at least for a night these cordial offers of entertainment. We speak of Zagoria as it was some eleven years since; we know not what Greek intrigue may have made it since.

We have cited the cases of Ambelakia, Aivali, and Zagoria,

\* The women of Zagoria are so different in personal appearance from those of other Greek communities in Turkey in Europe, that we are almost inclined to doubt whether they are of the same race. The name of Zagoria we believe to be Wallachian.

to show how Christian communities may prosper and may enjoy a great amount of freedom under the Turkish government. M. Ubiccini has given a detailed account of the various schools and seminaries which have at various times existed in Turkey, and of the learned men whom they have produced. These are no solitary instances. No one who has seen the Greeks of Constantinople and of the Princes' Islands during a feast would have the face to talk of the oppression and wrongs which at least this portion of the Christian population endures. In a very few days from the time we write, when the festival of Easter will be celebrated by the Oriental Church, nearly all the Greek inhabitants of the capital—we might almost say of the empire—will be seen congregated in the public places, dressed in their gayest dresses, indulging in the most extravagant display of jollity, and for the most part in a very forward state of intoxication. A few Turkish cavasses, or policemen, and a smiling soldier or two, will be observed lazily sauntering amongst the crowd to keep order and prevent any very serious drunken quarrel. Whilst gazing with some degree of wonder on the scene, you may be joined by a Greek merchant of your acquaintance bespangled with jewellery and dressed in all the extravagant foppery of a French beau. He will whisper to you that this holy season of Easter has been chosen for a terrible massacre of the unhappy Christians—that he has learned from the best source that the Turks have been buying up arms and hoarding gunpowder—that the Russian embassy has closed its great doors and demands a military guard—and that that very night the streets of Constantinople will flow with Christian blood. Such rumours prevail every Easter, and on every occasion throw into the utmost consternation the gobemouches of Pera. The bloody-minded Turks all the while are listlessly watching with a quiet contempt the drunken freaks of the victims of this fabulous treachery.

Let us go from the capital to the provinces. We are spending the evening of some Greek saint's day in a village on the Dardanelles. It is the summer season. The sun sinks into a bed of purple and gold. The rocky islands of Samothrace and Imbros, and the pyramid of Athos, throw their lengthening shadows over the motionless sea. Beneath our feet in those immortal plains glitter Simois and Scamander. Behind them Mount Ida lifts its wooded sides. The wide world will not match the scene. The sound of music breaks the solemn stillness. Seek the place from whence it comes, and you will see a happy crowd of men and women, boys and girls, joined hand in hand, dressed in many-coloured robes adorned with silk and gold braid, moving gracefully

fully round in a spreading circle. They are the villagers, and their friends from afar, celebrating the feast of the holy protector of their village, and dancing a dance as old as old Troy itself. The elders of the villagers are seated near, probably indulging in that greatest of luxuries—the abuse of those who are in authority over us.

Let the scene be changed to a Russian village. If it be a festive day, the noble owner of the lands is throwing nuts or bonbons to a scrambling mob of dirty, skin-clad, poverty-stricken serfs, scarcely human in their appearance or in their intelligence. Each family around is bewailing the loss of those who have been torn for ever from them and condemned to certain death from the bullet or disease in the ranks of an army that loses more men by the greatest neglect and contempt of human life than ever disgraced a civilised government. Would the Greeks of Turkey wish for the change?

We will not hesitate to affirm that, notwithstanding all the acts of injustice and oppression to which they have been at various times exposed, and the degradation which they may esteem their state of political and social inequality as regards their Mussulman rulers, the Greek populations of Turkey, whether of the towns or of the country, enjoy more real liberty, abuse it more, are more happy and prosperous, have better means of education, and are consequently more generally intelligent, than almost any peasantry in the world. We have seen that in many instances the great progress which they had made was suddenly checked by the unfortunate events to which the Greek revolution gave rise. How the condition of the Greeks who have become subjects of King Otho has improved, we will leave their own friends to determine, referring our readers to one of the most zealous advocates of the Greek cause, and the most illiberal of the enemies of Turkey—Mr. Crowe. We confess we do not understand the preference which some men may assign to having their thumbs broken under the screw, and their eyes forced out by cords twisted round the head ('The Greek and the Turk,' p. 90), whilst their wives and daughters are exposed to equal tortures and public shame, for the sake of obtaining a vote for the government candidate, over a bastinado from a greedy pasha, to be avoided by the payment of a few hundred piastres! In the one case truly the victim has the satisfaction of living and suffering under a free, constitutional government—in the other he is the slave of a Mussulman despotism.

One of the principal causes of complaint of the Christians of Turkey is, that they are not placed on the same social and political footing as the Mussulman subjects of the Sultan, but are

are looked upon as an inferior race. This charge is, to a certain extent, true, yet, like all others made against the Turks, has been most grossly exaggerated. It is the fact that Christians have not been admitted to those high political posts in which they might control the very destinies of the empire; and a moment's reflection will furnish us with sufficient reasons for their exclusion, however desirable, and even politic, it may be deemed by some that such restrictions should be removed. Are we prepared to confer such privileges upon our Mussulman subjects? Do we permit them to fill even the least important political offices in India, or to rise to any rank above that of a non-commissioned officer in the army? But it is untrue that the Christians in Turkey do not rise to any high political and social positions. It is scarcely necessary to quote the various instances of Greeks who, almost from the time of the conquest, have held the most distinguished offices in the state, and to whom have been confided the most important and delicate political transactions in which the Porte has ever been engaged;—of Panaioti, who, as grand interpreter of the Divan, enjoyed the full confidence and esteem of successive Sultans and their viziers, and through whose influence the Orthodox Church obtained that very firman upon which it now founds its claims to the Holy Places in opposition to the Latins; of Alexander Mavrocordato, an author of extensive learning, who took part in the great affairs of state, negotiated and signed the treaty of Carlowitz with Austria, and received from the Porte the new title of 'privy councillor.' The celebrated Greek quarter of Constantinople, called the Fanar, furnished the Princes of Wallachia and Moldavia, as it did those who were employed by the Divan and by the great officers of the empire in communicating with foreign powers and with their ambassadors—a duty which required in its execution the utmost delicacy, and involved the greatest responsibility. The diplomatic service is open to them, and we have seen Turkey represented at the same time at London, Paris, Brussels, and Berlin by Christians. The present Turkish ambassador in this country is a Greek, yet such is the ignorance prevailing amongst even well-educated persons upon this subject, that we have frequently heard surprise expressed that the worthy representative of the Porte at the Court of St. James's should allow his wife to be seen by the public, and that her Majesty should receive a lady who is supposed to hold a somewhat equivocal position, by sharing with several other "fair partners the affections of her spouse.

With regard to the social position of the Christians, we have only to point, in direct refutation of the charge against the Turks,

Turks, to the great commercial houses established at Constantinople, Smyrna, and other parts of the Levant, and to those wealthy Armenian bankers in whose hands are the very strings of power, and who are one of the curses of the State. The Baltazzis, the Rallis, the Mavrocordatos, and a thousand others, whose correspondents and agents are established at Marseilles and in Paris, at Manchester and in London—in almost every great commercial city of the world, and who are gradually establishing a trade which excites the wonder and jealousy of the most experienced and long-established European merchants—are really Turkish subjects, owe their wealth and prosperity to the extraordinary liberality of the Ottoman Government, and unhesitatingly prefer a residence at Constantinople to one at Athens. The confidential friend and adviser of the Sultan's mother, whose influence in the state was unbounded, was an Armenian banker. The same gentleman is no less honoured by her son, and has entertained on more than one occasion the Sultan himself and all the great officers of state at his country house on the Bosphorus. Even his Majesty has given banquets, to which the primates of the Catholic, Greek, Armenian, and *Jewish* communities have been invited, as they are now indeed to all public festivities: a degree of liberality which could not probably be matched in any civilized country of the world.

If the Greeks have to complain of any want of confidence and respect on the part of the Turks, let them reflect upon its origin and cause. Let them remember that an unbounded confidence which was once placed in them was most signally abused, and was turned to the very destruction of those who had implicitly trusted them. Let them not forget that the want of respect is justified by the proverbial meanness, the immorality, and the dishonesty of the Greeks of the Levant.

The religious and political privileges which the Sultans, from the time of the conquest, had accorded to their Christian subjects were confirmed and extended, soon after the accession of the present Sultan, by the celebrated Hatti Sheriff of Gulhanè, which has been termed the *Magna Charta* of Turkey. To give every possible solemnity to its promulgation, the diplomatic agents of the European Powers were invited to the ceremony, which took place on the 3rd of November, 1839, in the presence of the Sultan himself and of the great dignitaries of the empire. The equal rights before the law of all the inhabitants of the Turkish empire, whether Christians or Mussulmans, were now formally recognized. The protection of their lives, honour, and fortunes was guaranteed to them; a just system of imposing and levying taxes, and the establishment of a regular mode of recruiting

recruiting the army and fixing the term for military service, were declared to be the principal objects contemplated by the Imperial ordinance. The promises then made have been on the whole, as far as the Sultan and his Government are concerned, faithfully performed, and the best proof that can be adduced of such being the case is the vastly improved condition of the Christian populations, and the resources which Turkey has shown in the present war. Many other measures have since been adopted, equally liberal in principle and equally advantageous to the Christians. Councils for the administration of local affairs, whose duty it is to advise and control the governors, and in which the heads of the different Christian and Jewish communities have seats with the Turkish authorities, have been established in all the principal cities of the empire. The old law, which punished with death those who renounced the Mussulman religion, has been abrogated. All forced labour, *corvées*, and contributions for military and other purposes, have been abolished. The taxes have been put upon a just basis, and fairly assessed. Irregular impositions, presents to the authorities as *rishvets* or bribes, have been declared illegal. Courts of law, in which Christians are placed upon the same footing as Mussulmans, have been established for the settlement of commercial and other civil suits. And we now learn that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe has obtained an Imperial firman, authorising the reception of Christian evidence in all cases whatever: a concession the importance of which can scarcely be overrated.

We do not pretend to assert that these good measures are always observed to their full extent. Far from it; they are perhaps violated every day in different parts of the empire. But we have this most important fact, that the principles they involve have been solemnly declared to be the basis upon which the Ottoman Government is at all times prepared to act, and upon which it will deal with its Christian subjects. It must moreover be borne in mind that these great reforms have only been introduced within the last fourteen years, and it is impossible to change a whole generation in a day. The enlightened ministers of the Sultan who devised and are prepared to carry out the improvements, cannot yet find the instruments to effect their purpose. Those who from education and personal character are most trustworthy are selected for the more important governments in the immediate vicinity of the capital; the distant provinces are necessarily confided to men who are less capable or less honest. It is exactly in these provinces, far removed from the control of the central authority, and frequently without an European consul or any other person in authority who can report

report to the Ministers, that the scenes of oppression and cruelty usually occur which have justly excited the indignation and horror of travellers. But even these abuses are gradually being removed. Every one who has been intimately acquainted with Turkey during the last fifteen years must admit the extraordinary improvement which has already taken place in the condition of the Christian populations and in the general security of life and property. We need only refer to the lively and instructive work of Captain Slade, now an admiral in the Turkish navy, as furnishing abundant proofs of the fact. If the Christians have any cause to complain, it is that they are being placed too much under those laws of police, which are injudiciously recommended for adoption to the Porte as the institutions of civilized Governments. We question whether any one who has enjoyed that perfect liberty of action, that unbounded hospitality, and that complete absence of all control which once formed the great charm of Eastern travelling, will prefer a system of passports and public caravanserais, and all the annoyances which the police regulations of European states inevitably entail.

But the real impediment to the rapid progress of the Greek communities of Turkey is to be sought in their own clergy. The ignorance and immorality of the Greek bishops and priests have brought them into merited contempt with the Turkish authorities, whilst their rapacity has exposed their flocks to endless vexations, and their intolerance has checked almost every attempt at education and social improvement.\* Although now admitted into the municipal councils, their vices, dishonesty, and want of truthfulness destroy that influence which they might otherwise enjoy. We have before us an official report upon the condition of the Greeks on the borders, which furnishes details of the frightful immorality and misconduct of the bishops of nearly all the towns in that part of Turkey too disgusting to be more than referred to. The same description applies to the European provinces of the empire where Greek priests are placed over Sclavonian and Bulgarian communities.

It was to remove this state of things that many of the reforms introduced by the Turkish government were devised; it is to maintain and encourage it that the Emperor of Russia has been mainly induced to make those demands which have led to war. As long as the clergy can keep the people in a condition as corrupt and brutal as their own, and can have the entire control over their civil as well as their spiritual concerns, the Czar

\* There would be little difficulty in showing that the Russian clergy are no better than their co-religionists. We may refer our readers to an article on the subject in the number of *Blackwood* for March.

need not fear the possibility of the establishment of any strong Christian power in Turkey in Europe. But the Greeks are gradually emancipating themselves from this degrading yoke. The spirit of inquiry is abroad; and, for the sake of humanity and civilisation, we trust that the time is now come when the only check to it will be for ever removed.

We have hitherto, only spoken of the Greeks. Most of our remarks, especially those which relate to the improved condition of the Christians of Turkey, will equally apply to the other Christian populations under the Sultan's rule. As in the case of the Greeks; so in that of the Armenians, many of the evils complained of are to be traced to their own hierarchy, and to the rapacity and immorality of the heads—civil as well as religious—of their sect.

Having thus given some account of the condition of the Christian populations of Turkey, our article would be incomplete were we not to devote a few remarks to that of the Mussulmans. We will confine ourselves to the Turks, properly so called: our space will not permit us to touch upon the various Mohammedan races which are found in the empire. By the Turks we mean all the non-Christian inhabitants of Turkey in Europe, except the Albanians, and those of Asia Minor who speak the Turkish language, including of course the great Turco-man tribes of its central plains.

We will take Mr. Crowe as a specimen of those travellers in whom it is difficult to separate misrepresentation of facts from inexcusable ignorance. This gentleman, on setting foot in Constantinople, gives us the following description of a people with whose manners and language he is completely unacquainted, and whom he sees for the first time:—

‘Once in the streets of Constantinople, the Frank cannot be mistaken in perceiving that he is surrounded by a crowd of barbarians, filthy fanatics, and furious ruffians, who regard him with ineffable yet undisguised contempt. The looks of the fellows sufficiently express this; but a very trifling accident, any collision with you or your dragoman, unless the latter be an official kawas, will call upon your Christian head, and upon those of your relations, a volley of filthy vituperation, at which the blood boils. The desire to have this rabble taught their true value and position in the scale of human existence is the strongest feeling that animates a stranger on first visiting Constantinople. Custom may blunt, and politics outweigh susceptibility, as well as the wishes it excites. But, however reckless one may become of Turkish execration, and however inimical to the idea of having Russia lording it in the capital of the East, it would afford infinite pleasure to most people to learn that the rabble of Constantinople was kicked into the Bosphorus.’—*The Greek and the Turk*, p. 183.

And

And this is said of a population which has distinguished itself by unexampled moderation under circumstances which would probably have driven into open revolt the inhabitants of nearly every city in Europe! We will not remark on the bad taste displayed in these unseemly and uncharitable paragraphs, but we cannot conceal our surprise that they should come from one who displays his complete ignorance in almost every page of his volume of the subject on which he professes to treat. He has scarcely seen the Turkish coast when we find him committing the egregious error, repeated, if we remember rightly, more than once in his work, of speaking of the migration of the Tartar tribes to replenish the Turkish race as still continuing, and attributing to it the present disturbed and neglected state of Asia Minor. 'The pastor-tribes of the north still continue the southward movement of the great migration, though they are not in masses or in any way to be heralded by history!' (p. 175.) No such migration has taken place for centuries, and any acquaintance with the political geography of Western Asia would at once show that it is impossible that it should. The Orouk and other Turcoman tribes now found in Asia Minor are the descendants of those who for many hundred years have pastured their flocks in the same vast plains.

We open again, p. 188, and find three misstatements together. Mr. Crowe describes the meanness of the Greek houses in the Christian quarter of Constantinople called the Fanar, and upon this fact, attributable alone to the meanness of their inhabitants, he finds a sweeping accusation of oppression and intolerance against the Turks. He has not the candour to state that the finest mansions of Pera and the most spacious country-houses on the Bosphorus, furnished with every European luxury, surrounded by gardens, and almost vieing with the imperial palaces, have been built and are inhabited by Armenians and Greeks.\* If you leave the Fanar, he tells us, and do

more

---

\* The author of 'Anadol: the Last Home of the Faithful,' who has had more experience of the Greeks than most Englishmen, in a few words describes the Armenian and Greek houses, and well hints at the causes of the flourishing state of the one and the ruined appearance of the other. 'Here are splendid Armenian dwellings at Ortakiu, light and new; there, tumble-down Greek mansions, at Kuru Tshesmeh, black and old; wealth acquired by assiduous speculation, and ruin entailed by national ambition. Rich bankers and diamond-merchants, Allaverdis and Duzoglis (two of the principal Armenian families) are here, and unconsciously comfortable they look; but where is the Greek Prince Morusi, who signed away Bessarabia in the treaty of Bucharest; and where is Prince Soutzo, who informed the French Ambassador Sebastiani of the Turkish capitulation when Admiral Duckworth passed the Dardanelles? Where are they? Evidently not at home; both clean gone—beheaded. The miserable Patriarch of the Greek Church, Gregory, who joined in the revolutionary Hetairia, of his nation, lived in this rickety

more than sneak through the bye-lanes around, to steal a furtive glance at the Mosque of Eyoub, your indiscreet curiosity may cost you your life! The entrance to the Mosque is undoubtedly forbidden to all but Mussulmans, but the traveller may loiter pleasantly enough for an idle hour amongst the trellised tombs rising amid the pleasant gardens overgrown with roses and wild flowers, and, if he be not bent on wilfully insulting the religious feelings—or call them prejudices, if you will—of those amongst whom he is a guest and a stranger, he may enjoy many a friendly and profitable chat with the students of the colleges, or the guardians of the sacred building.

Mr. Crowe, in the next paragraph, repeats a story current in Pera of the murder of the son—for we believe there was only one—of the Sultan's sister, in consequence of a barbarous law, or rather custom, which condemns to death at their birth all males of royal descent, except the Imperial children. We can state, however, on the authority of an eminent English physician, who attended the Imperial family, and was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, that, by the express command of the Sultan, the child was not put to death. Both mother and child died, but from natural causes.

Again, we open at p. 194, and find Mr. Crowe repeating a vulgar fallacy that, according to the Turks, women are not admitted into the Mohammedan paradise, and that any religious disposition in her is at least discouraged. This is completely false. Women in the east are as punctual at their prayers as the men, and perform with equal strictness all the duties of their religion. Before Mr. Crowe ventured to give us disquisitions upon the religion and the habits of the Turks, he might as well have read the Koran, and taken the trouble to obtain some information, however slight and superficial, upon the subjects on which he treats. He repeats the absurdest of vulgar errors on these subjects. He enormously exaggerates the extent and practice of polygamy, and

---

rickety building; what has become of him, too? Long since hanged, and thrown into the Bosphorus. . . . At Nichori few notabilities exist. There is no lack of large houses to be sure, with their own private quays towards the sea; the bridges over the street, and their terraced-gardens climbing the heights behind the villages; and they are occupied by wealthy Armenians, too. But there is a real live Greek magnate here, a good specimen of his kind (the well known Logothete, the political agent of the Greek Church—the promoter and developer of all Russian intrigues). Clinging to old prejudices and pusillanimities, he makes a fair show of poverty in the external aspect of his habitation, though it contains sumptuous apartments within: for he is rich withal; nor has he forgotten the time when Greek well-being excited Turkish persecution, and, still paying a daily court in the antechambers of Pashas, he dreams of bowstrings and daggers, long since fallen into disuse and rusty, and calls the great men's meanest household slaves his valued friends, in the hope of securing thus his life and fortune, which, while enjoying by virtue of an altered system, he thanks his abject sycophancy for.”—(pp. 7-13.)

he is completely ignorant of the influence of women in the East, and the liberty they really enjoy. Every Turk must have, according to him, a well-stocked harem—a hundred wives appear to be but a small allowance. The law, according to its interpretation by that sect to which the Turks belong, permits four wives; but the expense—to say nothing of public opinion, which goes a good way—enables only the most wealthy to have more than one. With a few exceptions, the ministers of the Sultan and the principal dignitaries of Constantinople have but one wife. Sir Charles Fellows states the same fact of the poorer inhabitants of the provinces:—‘Though the law,’ says he, ‘allows several wives, it is a liberty of which the people seldom take advantage: I have seen, in thousands of instances, the Turk in his tent with his one wife, appearing as constant in his attachment to her as a peasant of a Christian country’ (*Travels and Researches*, p. 224). The influence, too, which Eastern women exercise over their husbands and families is very considerable—quite as great perhaps as in the West. The Sultan’s mother, it is well known, was consulted, and took an active part, in all the principal affairs of state. Children treat their mothers, and husbands their wives, with the utmost deference and respect. And as for the liberty enjoyed by Turkish ladies, a very slight acquaintance with Turkish society will suffice to show that it might perhaps be restricted with advantage to their morals, and without much interference with their personal freedom; for a lady in her veil may go where she likes and may defy recognition—even from those to whom she may be best known.\*

Great as may be the evils of the harem and of polygamy, and opposed as both undoubtedly are to the complete civilisation and regeneration of the Mahomedan races, yet they are by no means so fatal to social happiness or to the liberty of women, or so conducive to immorality, as many European writers would lead us to believe. Unfortunately, the principle involved in the question is one of the most sacred in the Mohammedan faith, and it is one which must be touched upon, when arguing with Mussulmans, with the greatest delicacy and caution, and will probably be the last to be given up. In no capital in the world

\* There is a common story current amongst Levantines, that a Turkish lady has only to place her slippers on the outside of her door to prevent her husband entering her apartment, and that she is thus able to carry on an intrigue in her own house. Like many similar calumnies against the Turks, propagated by ignorant Greek dragomans for the edification of travellers, it is based upon a fact. According to the law a man cannot see or converse with a woman who is not his wife, or who is not nearly related to him; consequently, he cannot enter the harem when his wife receives her female guests. As it is the custom in Turkey for people to leave their slippers at the door, he knows by seeing those of strange ladies that the entrance is forbidden him.

is there less immorality, less to shock the feelings, than in Constantinople: we speak of the Mussulman quarters of the city, where a bachelor is not even allowed to take a house. In the Christian quarters there is an European license. Each Turkish quarter has its own domestic police. The older and most influential men meet of an evening at some coffee-house, and discuss the passing events of the day. If any one has misconducted himself or has exposed himself to grave suspicion, he is quickly compelled to leave the place.

We open at page 208, and find Mr. Crowe, from his knowledge and experience of Turkish manners and habits, asserting that 'no labouring man—not even an artisan—can afford a wife'; and then describing the utter poverty and misery of the poorer classes in Turkish cities:—

'They die out on dunghills. And when a poor Turk does grow old or sicken unto death, how fearful is his fate! For him there is no hospital, for him there is no physician; no woman tends his couch, no son, no daughter pays to him the last melancholy duties. . . . They die like dogs, and even worse than dogs—uncared for and un tended.'

It would be impossible to give a more untrue picture of the Turk than is conveyed in these sentences. In the first place, there is probably no country in which marriages are more general amongst persons of all classes than in Turkey. Almost the first thought of a father, in however poor and humble a condition he may be, is to marry his son; and any one who has had the opportunity of seeing much of the Turkish peasantry will know how general marriage is amongst them, the truth being that wives are usually taken at too early an age. Mr. Crowe must be ignorant of the simplest facts connected with the condition of the Turks, as well as of the very first duties inculcated by the Mussulman religion, when he declares that in Turkey neglect is shown to those who are in want and distress. In no country are there fewer poor, or is there less actual misery—in no Christian land is more true sympathy and charity shown for the suffering and the needy:—

'One of the moral benefits of temperance,' observes Sir Charles Fellows (*Travels and Researches*, p. 224), 'may be traced in the exemption of the people from abject poverty. I have seen few beggars except the blind, and few persons looking very poor. The people's wants, which are few, are generally well supplied; and in every tent there is a meal for a stranger, whatever be his condition.'

It is the absolute duty of all Mussulmans to give a large portion of their goods to the poor, to aid those who are in sickness and in distress, and to assist in burying the dead; and it is at least one of the characteristics of the believers in the Moham medan

median faith, in contradistinction, we fear, to many Christian people, that they perform as well as profess their duties. If Mr. Crowe had wandered during his ill-spent days in Constantinople through the vast burying-grounds that surround the city and its suburb Scutari, and had watched the deep and earnest grief of many a poor woman who pays her daily visit to her husband's grave, he might, notwithstanding his uncharitable prejudices, have doubted whether Turks 'die like dogs, un tended and uncared for.'

We will quote no more from Mr. Crowe, although every page of his work would afford us an opportunity of contradicting some vulgar error and of exposing some popular fallacy. Let us turn to those who, far more intimately acquainted with the Turks and with their country than that gentleman, have borne an impartial and willing testimony in their favour. Sir Charles Fellows, after a prolonged journey in the least frequented parts of Asia Minor, inhabited almost exclusively by the Turkish race, with whom he unrestrainedly mixed, thus sums up the results of his experience and observations:—

'How different are now my feelings towards the Turks from those uncharitable prejudices with which I looked upon them on my first arrival at this place! 'To their manners, habits, and character, equally as to their costume, I am become not only reconciled, but sincerely attached; for I have found truth, honesty, and kindness, the most estimable and amiable qualities, in a people among whom I so little looked for them. . . . The feature in the character of the people which first presents itself to the stranger and sojourner among them is hospitality. They are indeed given to hospitality. It was proffered to me by all ranks—from the Pasha to the peasant in his tent among the mountains—and was tendered as a thing of course, without the idea of any return being made. No question was asked; 'distinction of nation or religion, of rich or poor, was not thought of; but "feed the stranger" was the universal law. Their honesty most strikes the traveller. . . . I never lost even a piece of string. On noticing this to my servant, a Greek, he *excused* the honesty of the Turks by saying that their religion did not allow them to steal. . . . . Truth, the twin sister of honesty, is equally conspicuous in them; and here again the *Greek* apologises for them—"The Mahometan dares not lie; their religion forbids it." In every relation or circumstance in which I saw them, in their families and among strangers, love and kindness to one another seemed to prevail; sincerity banishes suspicion, and honesty and candour beget openness in all their dealings.'

Having thus given the character of the Mussulmans, Sir Charles Fellows compares them with the Greeks:—

'The superstition and total want of morality in the professors of the Greek Church may well deter the Turks from seeking to change their faith. The disciples of the Greek Church frequently become followers

of the Prophet, when it will promote their commercial or political success; but there is scarcely an instance of the conversion of a Turk to what is called Christianity.'—*Travels and Researches*, pp. 221-225.

The reason which Sir Charles Fellows assigns for the fact which he has remarked is undoubtedly the true one. The Turks have seen nothing of Christianity—whether as professed in the West or in the East—except in its most forbidding and most debased form. Until very recently almost their only knowledge of Europeans was obtained through a swarm of ignorant and vicious Italians and Frenchmen—who, banished or voluntary exiles from their native land, on account of some crime or political indiscretion, sought their fortunes in Turkey. They obtained, without having the smallest acquaintance with medicine, frequently through the mere commiseration of the Turks, places as doctors in the army, in the quarantine establishments, or in the suite of some Pasha. Giving way without restraint to their own evil passions, they pandered to every vice of their Turkish employers, encouraged them in drunkenness, professed a disbelief in all religion, rivalled the worst class of Christians in the East in habits of the lowest servility and meanness, and justly merited and received the contempt of every respectable man. But, unfortunately, they became the type of the European, who is consequently believed to be an habitual drunkard and an atheist, and to indulge unrestrained in every vice. This refuse of Europe thus furnished the models in too many instances for the rising generation of the Osmanlis.

The conduct, again, of the Eastern Christian is not calculated to insure for the professors of Christianity much respect from the Mussulman population. The gross superstitions of the Eastern churches, their images, their ridiculous ceremonies, are objects not only of contempt but of abhorrence to the true believer, who prides himself on the rigid purity of his faith. As Europeans are looked upon as atheists, so the eastern Christians are considered idolaters. Their want of honesty and truthfulness, their cowardice and servility, have tended to increase these feelings on the part of the Turks. These are circumstances which should never be forgotten by those who argue on matters of religion with Mohammedans. Missionaries have left them out of view, and have consequently failed in their endeavours to make converts among Mussulmans. They must begin by proving to the Turks that the Christianity they have seen is no Christianity at all. It is not by mere words but by reference to facts that this can be effected. Hitherto the Turk has usually had an example before him which is opposed to the simple assertions of his instructors.

We have reason to hope that the separate communities which are

are now being formed amongst the Armenian and Greek converts to Protestantism will go far towards furnishing the proof that is required. As yet the results have been encouraging. The new proselytes have shown an honesty, a straightforwardness, an earnestness in professing and maintaining their faith under persecution, and a simplicity and purity in their religious worship, which have already produced a most favourable impression on the Turks, who have frequently been heard to remark that if this be Christianity they can understand how nations have become prosperous and powerful by professing it. We have always argued the most important results—political as well as religious—from the great movement which has of late taken place in the Oriental Churches. We believe that its results, if they prove such as we anticipate, will be the only possible means of getting at the Mussulmans. Roman Catholicism may have, and undoubtedly has had, very great success amongst other sects, but its outward forms and its superstitions render it peculiarly repugnant to the Mohammedan. In the simpler worship and doctrines of the Protestant Church he thinks he sees a religion more approaching his own, and many of his objections against Christianity are removed. These Eastern races, surpassing all others in the ardour of their imagination and the intense warmth of their feelings, have received with eagerness and have adhered with extraordinary tenacity to a faith distinguished by the absence of all those outward displays which are best calculated to captivate the senses and mislead the understanding. Amongst such nations we need not despair of witnessing the spread of a pure and simple form of Christianity. Of what vast importance, therefore, is it to resist the attempt which Russia is now making to check the progress of Protestantism in the East, and to maintain all the abuses and superstitions of the Oriental Church! The facts brought under public notice by Lord Shaftesbury in the House of Lords on the 10th of March are not only true, but were rather understated than exaggerated, and still more important inferences might be drawn from them than his Lordship, perhaps wisely, ventured to dwell upon on such an occasion. Most cordially, also, do we agree in the testimony which Lord Shaftesbury bore to the devotedness, disinterested zeal, and well-directed exertions of the American missionaries, who have been alone instrumental in carrying on this great work, and in bringing it to its present encouraging state. Their humble labours may prove a means, unanticipated by statesmen and diplomatists, of solving the greatest political problem of modern days, and of establishing civilization and true Christianity in the East.

Mr. Smyth has seen no less of the Mussulman populations of Turkey than Sir Charles Fellows, and has even mixed with them in a more intimate manner. We have not space to quote several highly interesting and characteristic anecdotes of the honesty of the Turks from his amusing volume, which we strongly recommend to such of our readers as may wish to learn how to travel with most economy and with most profit in the East. Of his travelling companions he tells us that they

'had served, some as officers, but mostly as privates, in various corps ; and though sometimes extremely rough, were, as a body, remarkable for a propriety and kindness of conduct superior to what we should meet in a similar group among nations occupying a higher place in European estimation. The injunction to "do unto others as you would they should do unto you" is not considered an idle form of words by the Turks, but is carried into practice. The most wealthy does not disdain to converse with the poorest ; the strong man in the mob will yield to the old, or to women and children ; some exhibit a respect amounting to reverence towards their parents ; and the stranger amid a crowd meets with those attentions which prove that the people possess in a kindly heart and manner one of the most agreeable elements of true civilization.'—(p. 184.)

On leaving his Mohammedan friends he thus contrasts them with his new Greek acquaintances :—

"What's in a name ?" Well had Mahmoud Bey observed to me that, as regarded religion, it mattered little to Allah what we call ourselves. My good Mohammedan friends, to say nothing of their hospitality, had been so scrupulously honourable on the journey, that my share of the expenses, calculated to the utmost farthing, had amounted to an absurdly small sum. I was now to see what the nominal profession of a purer creed would do. The Greeks received me at a house in the outskirts of the town with fraternizing expressions to welcome the brother Christian. But scarcely a quarter of an hour passed before they took advantage of my haste and inability to trade elsewhere ; and as their horse was provided with a *samar* or pack-saddle, cheated me outrageously in the price they gave for the saddle which I was obliged to leave behind. It was the first specimen, and far from the last, of the dirty meannesses and trickeries which, they allowed, were not practised by the Turks, because, forsooth, the Mohammedan religion strictly forbids any deviation from honesty.'—(p. 259.)

Mr. Curzon, in his recent work, remarks in a similar spirit :—

'The progress of infidelity, which has begun at Constantinople, is the greatest temporal danger to the power of the Turkish empire. The Turk implicitly believes the tenets of his religion ; he keeps its precepts and obeys its laws ; he is proud of his faith, and prays in public when the hour of prayer arrives. How different, alas ! is the manner in which the divine laws of Christianity are kept ! The Christian seems

seems ashamed of his religion: as for obeying the doctrines of the Gospel, they have no perceptible effect upon the mass of the people, among whom drunkenness, dishonesty, and immorality prevail almost unchecked, except by the fear of punishment in this world; while in Turkey (*i. e.* among the Mohammedan Turks) not one-tenth part of the crime exists which is annually committed in Christendom.' —*Armenia*, p. 97.

We could quote many other travellers equally well acquainted with the Turks who have borne similar testimony in their favour. It is not surprising, however, that accounts brought back by hasty tourists are so contradictory; for it requires a very long residence in Turkey and a very intimate knowledge of the people to arrive at any trustworthy opinion upon the condition and character of the various races forming the discordant elements that constitute the Ottoman empire. The difficulties are increased a hundredfold in the case of the Mussulmans. The languages they speak are rarely known to Europeans. They themselves, with very few exceptions, are totally unacquainted with any tongue but their own. Those who from education or from diplomatic connexion with Europe talk a little French or Italian, whilst generally about the most lax in conduct and most devoid of principle, are also those who are brought into contact with Europeans, and are hastily accepted as specimens of the whole race. They have acquired, in fact, all the vices of civilisation, and have lost all the virtues of what we call barbarism. Again, the religion of the Turks is a mystery to most travellers, who take for granted that it is a compound of intolerance, absurdity, and fraud, utterly unworthy of notice or inquiry, and without a single redeeming trait. Then the mode of life of the Turk, so different from our own,—his aversion to many of our habits and customs, and his unwillingness to mix on familiar terms with those who continually offend his notions of dignity and propriety,—are further causes which separate the traveller, and even the resident, from the Mohammedan population. The Turk, moreover, of the capital must not be confounded with the Turk of the provinces. The one has been exposed, and has yielded, to all the temptations which are offered by a swarm of needy, unprincipled adventurers from every quarter of Europe; the other, who has had no intercourse with Christians, still retains his ancient manners and his national character.

Another circumstance for which allowance must be made is that, as in many other countries, office spoils the Turk. The humble, charitable, and affable gentleman becomes too often a proud, greedy, and insolent Pasha. His true character can only

only be judged when you see him in his native town or village—living as his forefathers have done before him—still preserving his virtues and his vices; the former not diminished nor the latter increased by so-called civilisation. Mr. Layard gives the following account of the old Turkish landholder, who was somewhat of a feudal chief:—

‘ It is customary to regard these old Turkish lords as inexorable tyrants—robber chiefs who lived on the plunder of travellers and of their subjects. That there were many who answered to this description cannot be denied; but they were, I believe, exceptions. Amongst them were some rich in virtues and high and noble feeling. It has been frequently my lot to find a representative of this nearly extinct class in some remote and almost unknown spot in Asia Minor or Albania. I have been received with affectionate warmth at the end of a day’s journey by a venerable Bey or Agha in his spacious mansion, now fast crumbling to ruin, but still bright with the remains of rich, yet tasteful, oriental decoration; his long beard, white as snow, falling low on his breast; his many-folded turban shadowing his benevolent yet manly countenance, and his limbs enveloped in the noble garments rejected by the new generation; his hall open to all comers, the guest neither asked from whence he came or whither he was going, dipping his hands with him in the same dish; his servants, standing with reverence before him, rather his children than his servants; his revenues spent in raising fountains on the wayside for the weary traveller, or in building caravanserais on the dreary plain; not only professing but practising all the duties and virtues enjoined by the Koran, which are Christian duties and virtues too; in his manners, his appearance, his hospitality, and his faithfulness a perfect model for a Christian gentleman. The race is fast passing away, and I feel grateful in being able to testify, with a few others, to its existence once, against prejudice, intolerance, and so called reform.’—*Nineveh and Babylon*, p. 12.

But although, as Mr. Layard states, this class is fast disappearing, the true Turkish character may still be found among the inhabitants of the little-frequented provinces of Asia Minor, and in such parts of European Turkey as have not yet been much visited by Europeans, or contaminated by Greek intrigue. Those who have seen the Turks in their genuine state know them to be, what they are described in the extracts already given, an honest, truth-telling, humane, charitable, hospitable, and tolerant race. We question whether there be any people in the world to which so many epithets could with equal justice be applied. Their honesty is beyond a doubt. Any one who has travelled much in Turkey will acknowledge that whilst wandering in districts inhabited by Turks only he has felt the greatest security, which was changed for very different feelings when he has entered a province partly inhabited by Greeks. Even at Constantinople,

Constantinople, whilst in the Mussulman quarters perfect confidence prevails by night, although the doors of the houses and shops are almost open and unprotected, in the Christian or European quarters, notwithstanding every precaution, burglary, robbery, and murder are of constant occurrence. It would seem that these facts are already becoming known to those who have ventured amongst our present allies, the Turks. The following paragraph is from a letter which appeared in the 'Daily News' of the 18th of March, and it is amusing to observe the surprise, almost amounting to incredulity, which a common feature of the Turkish character naturally creates in the mind of one who has shared in the vulgar notions on the subject.

'But this toll reminds me of a trait so wonderful, that I am not afraid to say, "If you have ears, prepare to hear and disbelieve." ' To-day I hired a Bulgarian peasant, with his ox-cart, to move my luggage and that of my companion, a Hungarian, and once a soldier. Trunks, portmanteaus, carpet bags, cloaks, furs, and shawls, all lay exposed. Wishing to buy hay for our repose at night (beds are out of date here), a civil Turk, of all tongues, offered to go with me. The peasant unyoked his oxen, left them and our goods in the waggon in the street, and followed. I remonstrated: "Some one must stay." "Why?" said the surprised Turk. "To watch the goods." "Oh," said the Mussulman, "that's not necessary—they can stand there a week. Nobody will touch them, by night or day." I submitted; sat half an hour in a distant coffee-house with the civil Turk, and then went quietly to the waggon. Not a hair had been touched. Remember, soldiers from all Islam are roaming about, and then let this fact be proclaimed to Christians from the pulpits of London. It ought to rouse some of us out of a long nap.'

People talk of the Turks as essentially a cruel and a blood-thirsty race; and they have at times undoubtedly been roused to terrible deeds of violence and blood, and history has recorded the atrocities committed by the first Turkish invaders. But ordinarily they are both humane and gentle—affectionate parents, devoted and respectful children, kind masters, and attached servants. Their humanity to animals has become a proverb, and might well be imitated by Christian nations. Even capital punishment is almost virtually abolished in Turkey, as it is with the utmost difficulty that the Sultan, in whom alone (with the exception of the Viceroy of Egypt) the power of life and death is vested, can be induced to consent to the execution of a notorious malefactor. Indeed this leniency is premature, and is the cause of much evil. Yet in this country it is generally believed that the bowstring and scimitar are still the principal national institutions of Turkey—that every minister is dismissed from office by a cup of coffee, that the mufti is pounded in a mortar, and that some impaled or decapitated

decapitated wretch may be seen at every street-corner of the capital.

An unaffected hospitality is one of the most pleasing features in the character of the Turks. In every village a room is kept for the entertainment of the traveller. There he is provided with food and a coverlet for his night's rest at the expense of the inhabitants. When he rises in the morning to go his way, he will probably not even see again those who have cared for and waited upon him. To offer money in return for this hospitality would be an insult. On the high roads much frequented by European travellers these primitive customs have frequently disappeared ; but they are still found unchanged in the remoter provinces. Even in Constantinople the old Turkish hospitality is not extinct, not consisting in evening routs or casual dinners, which it would appear from Mr. Crowe are the true tests of hospitality (*The Greek and the Turk*, p. 286), but in a house open at all seasons, as well to those who are in misery and want as to friends and equals—a table abundant but frugal, at which any one who enters may take his place.

The religious intolerance of the Turks is greatly exaggerated by European writers. It is a fundamental law of their creed, prescribed by the Prophet, that all Christians should on being conquered adopt the faith of Islam, or pay tribute. When the election has been made, and the subjected race have consented to the payment of the capitation-tax or Kharaj, the agreement has been faithfully kept, and they have been left in undisturbed enjoyment of their religious opinions. The Mussulman has never abandoned his own faith, and has never sought to make proselytes amongst the Christians. The Turkish authorities have ever been very cautious in receiving a convert, especially if he be an European. His motives are always suspected, and he is consequently subjected to a close examination before a competent tribunal. M. Ubicini relates the following anecdote, still current in Constantinople, although of ancient date :—

‘ A stranger, one day presenting himself before the Grand Vizier, Raghib Pasha, declared that, the Prophet Mahomet having appeared to him and invited him to accept the true faith, he had come all the way from Dantzic to make his public profession, impatient to deserve the favours which belonged to Islamism. “ Here is a pretty fellow ! ” cried the Vizier : “ Mahomet appearing to an infidel, and at Dantzic, too ! Why, here am I, who have lived sixty-five years in the city of the true believers, repeating for that time my prayers, according to the law, five times every day, and yet the Prophet has never conferred this honour upon me ! ” He then ordered that fifty sound blows of the stick should be administered on the soles of the feet of the new convert to try his faith.’ ”

We have heard of more than one similar scheme on the part of the Turkish authorities to evade a disagreeable alternative. Four or five years ago a Christian muleteer was brought before the Pasha of Mosul for using most blasphemous language against the Prophet, and the people loudly demanded his death. When the words were repeated to the Governor, he started back with horror. 'It is impossible,' exclaimed he, 'that any man could have spoken thus without at once bringing down upon his head condign and immediate punishment from Allah himself. I cannot, therefore, believe that he uttered these words, for it would be presumptuous in me to punish that which God has not noticed.' There have been no general religious persecutions in Turkey, no inquisition, no *auto da fés*. Thousands of Jews, exposed to a cruel persecution in Spain, deprived of their property, and threatened with fearful tortures, sought refuge in Turkey, and their descendants still inhabit the principal cities and speak the Spanish tongue.\* They live unmolested, and are indeed rather favoured, by the Mussulmans; their only persecutors, we blush to say, are the Christians, *especially the Greeks*. During Easter this fanatical hatred against the Jews is, as is well known, allowed full scope in Athens; whilst in Turkey the unfortunate Hebrews are only protected from the murderous and cowardly attacks of the Greeks by Turkish soldiery — another instance, no doubt, of oppression of the Christians, and of Mussulman interference with their rights and privileges. In Constantinople, in Smyrna, and other cities of the Levant, synagogues and churches of every denomination—Catholic, Greek, Armenian—may be seen side by side. On feast-days, processions of priests, bearing crosses, images, and all the paraphernalia of their respective creeds, may be met in the streets of Pera. The funerals of the dead, performed according to the various rites of the Western and Oriental Churches, pass not only unimpeded, but respectfully treated, through the most crowded thoroughfares; the body exposed and dressed with flowers and tinsel finery, as amongst the Greeks, or followed by the long train of candle-bearing monks, as amongst the Latins. The Sultan himself has lately given a piece of ground for the burial of the Protestant dead. And whilst on this

\* Nearly all the Jews in Turkey in Europe are of Spanish origin, and speak a corrupt Spanish. Mr. Schauffler, a learned and most devoted American missionary to the Jews of Constantinople, has translated and published, in a very beautiful form, the Old Testament in the language and character peculiar to that people. There is a curious ethnological fact connected with them, which we do not remember to have seen noticed elsewhere. Whilst the Jew in most countries is distinguished by his dark eyes, complexion, and hair, in the East he is known by his blue eyes, pale complexion, and light flaxen hair. It would seem that Providence has destined the Jews to be everywhere a separate and distinct race. subject

subject we cannot omit a very pleasing and characteristic anecdote of the present Sultan. When Signor Fossati, the architect employed to repair the mosque of St. Sophia, had removed the plaster placed by the Turkish conquerors over the unrivalled mosaics which adorned the dome and walls of that glorious edifice, the Sultan visited these marvellous remains of Byzantine art. After contemplating for a while, with evident emotion, the colossal but solemn forms of the Virgin and of the Greek Emperor, he turned to Signor Fossati, and said, 'It is against the precepts of our religion that such things should remain exposed on the walls of a place of worship. Cover up the pictures carefully, and so that the plaster may be removed at any future period without injury to them, for God only knows the future, and He alone can tell for whom this building may be reserved.' The commands of the Sultan were punctually obeyed.

Sultan Mahmoud, who has been represented as a bloodthirsty monster, the arch-enemy of Christianity, and the especial oppressor of Greece, regarded with singular favour his Christian subjects, and extended to them his particular protection. He was roused and exasperated when the Greeks rose and committed unheard-of atrocities upon the Mussulmans. But even this feeling of vengeance was soon checked, and, as we have already observed, he successfully restrained a natural ebullition of national feeling which threatened to vent itself in a massacre of the Christians, when the news of the disastrous event of Navarino reached the capital. He behaved with great leniency even to those who had rebelled against him. General Diebitsch had induced the Greeks of Roumelia to destroy their houses, their vineyards, and their plantations, and to take part with the invaders. Desereted on the retreat of the Russians, they were not only permitted to return to their villages, but were released for three years from the payment of all taxes. When Lord Stratford de Redcliffe (then Sir Stratford Canning), after the establishment of the kingdom of Greece—mainly the work of his hands—saw, the Sultan, Mahmoud presented him with his own portrait, set in diamonds, the first time, we believe, that such a distinction was conferred upon an European; and expressed his deep regret that he had not sooner listened to advice which might have saved him from a protracted and bloody war, and the loss of a part of his empire.

Justice has not been done to the character of this very remarkable man. He had been brought up under the old system, in the secret recesses of the harem, in ignorance of all around him. Could it be expected that he should not have possessed many of the vices consequent upon such an education? It is marvellous

marvellous that he should have attempted and accomplished what he did ; but he was endowed with extraordinary qualities —indomitable energy and perseverance, a liberal mind, and an earnest desire to improve and raise his country. No sovereign, not excepting Peter the Great, had ever vaster difficulties to contend with. His people were made up of a variety of races and creeds, all hostile to each other ; the capital was in the hands of a turbulent, irregular soldiery, opposed to all change, and the murderers of his two predecessors ; the provinces were in open rebellion ; Mohammed Ali Pasha of Egypt, Ali Pasha of Janina, and Daoud Pasha, of Baghdad, declared their independence ; the Greeks rose ; the European powers destroyed his fleet and assisted his rebellious subjects ; Russia declared war and almost reached the capital. Unsupported from without, opposed from within, having to struggle against the most deep-rooted prejudices, it is wonderful that a single man, braving every danger, should have overcome difficulties almost insurmountable, destroyed one by one his enemies, introduced reforms at variance with the very fundamental laws of the empire, religious as well as political, and laid the foundation of all those ameliorations which have been made, since his death, in the condition of the Christian populations of Turkey. His difficulties and struggles continued to the end ; the last words he heard announced the success of a rebellious vassal, and he died at an early age of the effects of intemperance brought on by the struggles of a broken but an undaunted spirit. When we reflect upon all he lived to accomplish, and all the difficulties with which he had to contend, we are almost at a loss to find his parallel in history. The only advantage he owed to position was that of being the last of his race. Had he perished, the dynasty of Othman and the representatives of the Caliphs would have been extinct — his person was therefore sacred and his life secure : under such a safeguard he could venture much. His two predecessors had both fallen victims to popular outbreaks. Sultan Selim was a mild and enlightened sovereign, who was scarcely less desirous of improving his empire and of extending his protection to his subjects of all creeds than Mahmoud himself. His reforms excited the fears of the fanatical party in the state. The institution of a regular army, disciplined after the fashion of Europe, caused a rebellion amongst the Janissaries ; Selim was deposed, and Mustafa, the brother of Mahmoud, was raised to the throne.

There were still some who remained faithful to the deposed Sultan. A revolt in his favour first broke out on the banks of the Danube. It was headed by one Mustafa, a standard-bearer of a corps

corps of Janissaries, who was hence called Mustafa Bairakdar. He was a tall and powerful Bulgarian Turk, of undaunted courage and endowed with all the qualities of the old Turkish race. He wore the picturesque dress at that time peculiar to the Mussulmans of the European provinces. An ample turban of many colours encircled his closely-shaven head; a jacket of velvet, profusely embroidered with gold, hung loosely over his flowing shirt; short full trousers, falling only to his knees, left bare his brawny legs. A scarlet sash of many folds encircled his waist and supported the richly-chased yataghan and the long silver-handled pistols. Such is the costume still sometimes seen amidst the mountains of Bulgaria. At the head of a large body of Janissaries, which had increased in numbers as he advanced towards the capital, he encamped without the gates of Constantinople. The Sultan had been led to believe that the Bairakdar had no other object but to petition the government in favour of Selim, and had treated lightly the warnings he had received. On the day that Mustafa forced the gates of the city, he had retired to a kiosk on the Bosphorus. The insurgents passed without any opposition through the streets, entered the great portals of the imperial palace, and, making their way through the outer courts and buildings, reached the brazen doors of the harem. With that deep respect for the law which is the peculiar characteristic of the true Turk, Mustafa Bairakdar stopped at the entrance to those sacred recesses of a Mohammedan dwelling, beyond which it is forbidden for a man and a stranger to advance. He struck the gate with his ponderous mace; it was opened by the head of the black eunuchs, who demanded the business of the intruder. Mustafa replied without hesitation that the deposed Sultan was his debtor, and that by the law he had a right to demand his person. The eunuch closed the gates. After a short delay they were again thrown open, and upon a white stone in front of them was extended the lifeless body of Selim; near it stood the eunuch. 'The law,' exclaimed he, 'has been respected; here is your debtor.' The feelings of vengeance which the sight of the murdered Sultan naturally excited could not be restrained. The Bairakdar at the head of the Janissaries broke into the female apartments and sought for Sultan Mustafa, who, having been informed of what was passing in the capital, had hastened to his palace, but had only reached it in time to conceal himself from the infuriated invaders. He was at length discovered beneath a pile of old carpets, and was strangled after a short but desperate resistance. Mahmoud, dreading the fate which might await him rather from his brother than from the Janissaries, had hidden himself in a cypress-tree in

the garden. It was for some hours that he illuded the search of those who now anxiously called for him. At length he appeared before them and was declared Sultan of Turkey, the only survivor of the dynasty of Othman.

This striking narrative was related to the writer by an aged Turkish gentleman, who was himself a witness of the event he described. It has often occurred to us that it would be difficult to find a subject for the pencil of a painter more striking than the moment of the opening of the Imperial gates—the lifeless body of the murdered Sultan, the hideous eunuch standing over it, the stalwart forms, many-coloured garments, and varied arms of the astonished Janissaries, the mingled expression of dismay and vengeance of Mustafa Bairakdar, and the exquisite tracery of the brazen doors, all backed by the silver Bosphorus, glittering in the sun and edged by its double border of gaudy palaces and wooded hills—that scene which no one who has gazed upon it will ever forget.

The end of Mustafa Bairakdar was not unworthy of his character and fame. He rose high in rank and in the esteem of Mahmoud, and built himself a stone house in the capital. During a period of popular tumult the Janissaries of Constantinople rose against him and besieged him in his dwelling. He bravely resisted until there were no longer hopes of deliverance, and then, setting fire to the gunpowder that remained, blew himself up with those who had fought with him.

We trust we have now shown how much the character of the Turks has been misunderstood in England. Anecdotes are frequently quoted from ancient travellers, and from works published at the end of last century or the beginning of this, in proof of the cruelties and misgovernment of the Mussulmans of Turkey. We might as well describe the manners and the state of the law in England fifty years ago as a proof of the present condition of this country. It is no uncommon thing for our friends on the other side of the water to excite our indignation or our laughter by representing our upper as well as middle classes as a boxing, bull-baiting, dog-fighting, drunken race. We are no less unjust when we confound the Turk of to-day with the Turk of fifty years ago. That they have great defects—we may call them vices—it cannot be denied, and unfortunately they are defects which incapacitate them from competing with those races with whom they are brought into contact, and from making that rapid and peculiar progress which is required by modern civilization. This it is which is leading to the inevitable extiction of the Ottoman empire. The honesty, the truthfulness, and the generosity of the Turk, aye no match against the *roguey*,

roguey, the duplicity, and the meanness of the Greek. His indolence and his indifference render him unequal to contend against the activity and earnestness of the Christians. His dignity, well satisfied with being a 'gentleman' in the true sense of the word, and with ruling over those whom he looks upon as an inferior race, the contempt which he naturally feels for the low vices and degraded bearing of the Christians around him, make him neglect all means of improvement and of obtaining knowledge and wealth. He is content if he can read the Koran and keep a few common accounts, and he despises the learning of the Franks, which as far as he can see has led to no other result than to make them better shopkeepers and less honest and moral than the Turks. He still dreams on in the confidence that he is of a superior race, to which Providence has granted the dominion over one of the finest portions of the globe, and over several millions of Christians, Arabs, and Kurds. It is this internal conviction that enables him still to exercise an authority over a population immensely superior numerically to the Turkish, and openly hostile to its yoke. It must be a matter of surprise to those who do not know the true character of the Turks, to see how a solitary Pasha, with his dozen personal attendants, rules over a vast province inhabited by various tribes, each impatient of his sway and eager to rise against him. To sum up in a word—the Turk still retains most of the virtues and vices of his ancient nomad state, whilst, from his nature and religion, he has been unable, and will, we fear, be for ever unable, to acquire the qualities and habits which are absolutely necessary in the present condition of the world to the prosperity and greatness of a civilized people—that is to say, of a people who live by commerce, successful competition, and peaceful industry.

Nor let us be misunderstood with regard to the Christians of the East. They have many remarkable qualities—activity, great intelligence, and the power of adapting themselves to new habits and opinions. Their almost unexampled love of education and of acquiring knowledge, their power of amassing wealth, and their aptitude for commerce, whether by sea or land, are rendering them day by day more fit to enjoy hereafter political and national freedom. We believe that a great destiny is in store for them. The best way to check and delay its accomplishment is to attempt to reach it too soon, and by acquiring a premature independence to expose themselves to the dangers of internal dissensions and of foreign intrigue, which would paralyze all their efforts and throw them back irretrievably in the scale of civilization. We now learn from a source beyond doubt, what we before stated merely upon well-grounded suspicion—that the Emperor of

of Russia dreads the progress that has been made in every direction by the Christians of Turkey—that he foretells the inevitable result—and that he is persuaded the time is come; at whatever risk to himself, to prevent it. He has himself told us that he will not suffer the establishment of any native prosperous power upon his southern frontier, whether it be in the form of a Byzantine Empire, or of an extended and powerful kingdom of Greece. He is not indisposed to see Bulgaria and the other Sclavonian provinces placed on the same footing as the Danubian Principalities,—that is to say, under—we will not call it his protection and superintendence—but his direct rule. In fact, he is now going to war, by his own admission, not against the Turk but against the Christian. Let the Greeks reflect upon these facts, and see in time the danger they incur by taking any steps which may tend to strengthen their real enemy in his artful designs, and to embarrass the Turks and the European Powers in their efforts to arrest them.

In order to reconcile a large class of persons in this country to the present war, it is of the utmost importance to prove that, whatever defects and vices may pervade the present system of Turkish government, yet that still the Christians living under it may flourish, may read the Bible, may educate themselves, may acquire wealth, and may enjoy high social and political privileges. The position of the Christians of Turkey is improving from day to day, and we would ask any impartial man what would have been the condition of Greece at this moment had she been placed as a semi-independent province under the protection of the Porte, instead of being erected into an independent kingdom, saddled with an incompetent government, exposed to endless internal dissensions, weakened by the continual interference and intrigues of foreign powers, and burdened with the expenses of a court, a ministry, a diplomatic body, and other political machinery, necessities in a great and powerful state, but a mere farce and a useless though fatal drain upon its resources, in a small and struggling nation? No one acquainted with the condition of Greece will hesitate to say that, had she been under the nominal rule of a Turkish Pasha, or under a native prince, dependent upon the Porte, like Servia, she would at this moment have been ten times more wealthy, ten times more prosperous, and infinitely nearer to that destiny she aims at, if it be in store for her, of becoming the great Christian power of the East.

This is no Turkish question. There is not a man in England, we presume, who advocates the cause of the Turks because they are Turks. An endeavour has been made to mislead the country into the belief that we are going to fight

for Islamism, to support a rotten and intolerant system, and to maintain a power which is the habitual persecutor and implacable enemy of the Christian faith. We hope we may succeed in convincing some of these persons that in fighting for the Turks we are fighting for the Christians, and that the war in which we are now most unfortunately engaged is undertaken to repress a deliberate aggression upon civilization, freedom, and religion.

---

ART. VIII.—1. *The Constitution of the United States compared with our own.* By H. S. Tremenheere. London. 1854.

2. *The English in America.* By (Mr. Justice Halyburton) the Author of 'Sam Slick,' &c. 2 vols. London. 1851.

3. *Parliamentary Reform: a Letter to Richard Freedom, Esq., on the Re-distribution, Extension, and Purification of the Elective Franchise.* By a Revising Barrister (Sir J. Eardley Wilmot, Bart.) 2nd Edition. London. 1853.

4. *Minorities and Majorities, their relative Rights: a Letter to Lord John Russell, M.P., on Parliamentary Reform.* London. 1853.

5. *Electoral Facts from 1832 to 1853, impartially stated; constituting a complete Political Gazetteer.* By C. R. Dod, Esq. London. 1853.

WE are told that most of the members of the House of Commons who heard Lord John Russell's speech on the introduction of his present Reform Bill—as well as the majority of persons out of doors—appear to consider and treat the proposition as a *sham*. This may account for the cold dissatisfaction with which it was received by those with whom the very name of a *New Reform Bill* promised to be so popular, and the surprising indifference with which it has been regarded by the Conservative party both in the House and in the country. It seemed to be viewed in no more serious light than as an experiment addressed *ad captandum* to the Radicals on one side, and *in terrorem* to the Conservatives on the other, which the Ministers thought it prudent to have in hand, though with very vague intentions as to employing it. These surmises were very much confirmed by the remarkable shill-shalliness of the Ministerial press as to its *opportunity*. One day it was questioned whether it was wise to begin a foreign war and a domestic revolution simultaneously, but the conclusion arrived at was that the attack on the Russians at Cronstadt or Sebastopol need be no impediment to

to an assault on the freemen of our towns or the freeholders of our counties. A few days after the opposite opinion prevailed, and we were advised that the Government had 'on their hands so much to *do*, that they could not pursue with sufficient vigour their schemes to *undo*. Then came some meetings of the friends of Reform, who thought the new scheme not worth a trial; and others—the most favourable—would only accept it as a small instalment, little better than nothing: and at the late moment that we write these lines we still are in doubt what course the Ministers mean to take.

We on our part believe that the motive and the object were more simple as well as more serious. Our conjecture is that Lord John Russell has long seen that his original Reform Bill had failed—that it had neither pacified the Democracy, nor, what he had still more relied on, secured the official domination of the Whigs, and that stronger measures, though in the same direction, would be necessary to secure these points. He has also a little personal monomania—that *he alone* has a right to be the *reformer* of the age, and that if any further reform is called for, *his* hands must prepare and *his* single voice propound it. In the last years of his own ministry, he found his followers unmanageable, and in the agony of its final months of feeble and feverish existence, he saw that both power and popularity were slipping away from him, and that he had no resource but in a new Reform Bill, of which he would be of course the leader, and eventually the chief beneficiary. The embarrassment of his government—in spite of his attempted Reform Bill in 1852—drove him to resign—not unwillingly—for he probably calculated that it was only *reculer pour mieux sauter*. He foresaw that he would be in a condition either to storm the Cabinet in a new tempest of reform, or make it the subject of a compromise with some new combination of men, in which he, whatever else might happen, should still be the grand Missionary of the measure. This has happened, and we have little doubt that he was so far consistent in his negotiation with his new colleagues, that a new Reform Bill was his *sine quâ non*, and became the fundamental basis of the Coalition.

We confess ourselves astonished at his success on this point. We had fancied that there were parties to these negotiations whom nothing could have induced to pass under the *Caudine Forks* of reform; but it may have been thus brought about. Lord John Russell, no doubt, felt that in accepting, first, secondary office, and, subsequently, the leadership of the House without office, with and *under* his oldest political antagonists, he was making a great sacrifice and entitled to an adequate considera-

tion. That consideration probably was that he should mark his own importance and the total acquiescence of his new colleagues, by having his great object recognised and sanctioned by the solemnity of being announced in the *Speech from the THRONE*—an honour with which he had not ventured to invest his own measure of 1852.

This we suspect to be something very near the secret history of the new Reform Bill, and convinces us that it is no *sham*—at least on the part of Lord John Russell, but that, on the contrary, it is a measure on which he has staked his political existence, and that any hesitation or reluctance as to its progress can only have arisen from those of his colleagues, who, though they may have acquiesced in his general views, may have discovered that it is pregnant with more difficulties and dangers of various kinds than they had at first imagined—as little acceptable to the people as it is discordant with their own former principles; and that the safest and perhaps the only possible course now left to them would be to abandon it.

This can only be a mere conjecture on our part—but neither the secret reluctance of Lord John's colleagues, if it exists, nor the postponement nor even modification of the measure itself, would make any essential and ultimate difference in the state of the case, or alleviate the alarm with which we view this revival of the whole Reform question—not as the inflammation or fever of a season—it has lost all those transient symptoms—not as a question of this session or the next—but as a cancerous disease now inoculated into the vitals of our Constitution. Whether the Ministers had originally more or less intention of forcing on the Bill, or more or less hope of carrying it, can have little importance compared with the more permanent influence which such a proposition solemnly made by a *Cabinet* that professes to be *conservative* as well as liberal, with the sanction of the *Crown*, must ultimately have, sooner or later, on what still remains of the old English Constitution.

We wish on so serious a subject to exaggerate nothing, and we will therefore not say that this is the last nor even the penultimate blow which that Constitution, mutilated as it is, may be able to bear. We do not mean to represent the operation of the Ministerial measure as inevitably sudden, though we believe it to be inevitably certain. We are well aware of the vitality that must exist in a government so old—so tried—so rooted—so successful—so honoured as ours has been. We know that in such a case forms will long survive spirit—that life will still linger under a mortal wound—that the hectic blush of decay may look like a transient bloom of health—that, after a spendthrift has been ruined, he may continue for a time deceiving himself

himself and those who have dealings with him on a hollow and factitious credit—and that, in short, a Constitution, by the illusion of departed strength, by the *prestige* of its ancient vigour, and by the force of a *post mortem* and galvanised action, may be like the hero of romance—

‘Andava combattando—ed era morto !’

This has been exemplified by the state of the country, which for the last twenty years has been sliding down the inclined plane of democracy with little other visible check or jolt than—a most unprecedented and remarkable circumstance to be sure—our having had within that period no less than *fifteen changes of Ministers*; and we think that, even as things stand, no one can reasonably expect more stability for the future; while, on the other hand, we shall show in the course of this paper that if this new Bill is to pass, some of the main causes of that very precarious stability will be utterly destroyed. In short, we have taken a slow poison; and though in the interval we may seem to talk as wisely and as calmly as Plato tells us that Socrates did on the mortuary couch, the event is equally certain, and the awful power stands at the bedside to administer fresh doses, if what we have already taken should be found insufficient.

Let us recapitulate some of the main facts of the case. The Reform Bill of 1832 was made, as its promoters admitted, extravagantly large, in order that party fanaticism should have no excuse for attempting to extend it. Lord John Russell called it a *revolution*, and so great a one that he was determined, he said, not to risk another; and he had so deeply pledged himself to this principle as to entitle him from his own partisans to the discourteous title of ‘*Finality John*’—a designation which, however, we should cite as even more honourable than the title he derives from his birth, if he had really merited it by political wisdom and personal consistency. Lord John Russell, we say, in spite of these antecedents—but under the new impressions created by the failure of his own administration, which we have before noticed—produced in 1852, in the character of First Minister of the Crown, a new Reform Bill, or, to use his own term, attempted a *new Revolution*. Three changes or modifications of the Government have since taken place, all notoriously produced by the weakness of the governing power and the growth of the democratic one in the House of Commons; and yet *He*, who had been himself driven by the caprices of that unmanageable body from the station of Prime Minister into Opposition, and from Opposition to the Foreign Office, and, finally, to leave the Foreign Office for no office at all, but that of leading old enemies against old friends—and all this within two years—*He*, we say,

*Finality John*, now proposes another and worse revolution, of which the obvious and indeed the almost avowed result must be to render *any* administration still more precarious, and the democracy still more unmanageable.

We are, therefore, not surprised that an impression should have prevailed that a course so inconsistent, and so absurd, was never expected nor intended to succeed; but we are satisfied, as we have just stated, that this impression was erroneous, and that the measure was proposed in the most sincere of all tempers—party zeal and individual *amour-propre!* How else could it have received the solemn sanction of a *recommendation from the Throne*—which, on such an occasion, is not a *proposition*, but a *pledge*—a *confession* on the part of the Sovereign that her power, which is hardly sufficient to keep a ministry together for twelve months, is *too great*, and that the already irresistible force of her electoral subjects requires a large addition.

But we have other evidence of the seriousness of this proposition earlier, and *in these times* more authoritative, than the speech from the Throne. We have lately heard much of the divulgation of Cabinet secrets, but nothing we think more curious than as to this new Reform Bill, which contains, besides the old obvious and hackneyed encroachments on the Constitution, with which the former one had rendered us but too familiar, some provisions of so novel and, as they seem to us, so absurd a nature as would have astonished the world if it had not been prepared for them by certain publications, which, if not originally suggested by the resolutions of the Cabinet, must inevitably have been borrowed and adopted by it. We must leave the common sense and intelligence of mankind the choice of the alternative whether the Cabinet prompted those publications, or whether it drew its inspiration of public policy and public duties from such sources. However that may be, the fact is certain that an article in the ‘Edinburgh Review’ of two years ago and another in that for last October, and the pamphlet by a ‘Revising Barrister,’ since avowed in a second edition by Sir Eardley Wilmot, first opened to the wondering eyes of the public the very minute and accurate details of some of the most extravagant innovations which we have since found in the Ministerial Reform Bill—*election by minorities*—*saving banks’ franchise*—*members for the Inns of Court and London University*—*placemen not vacating*—nay, the *names* of places to be disfranchised, and the very scale and lines that were to govern disfranchisement were all distinctly suggested. We do not mention this as a complaint that Ministers should pay attention to the suggestions of their supporters in private or in the press—nothing more natural; we are only surprised to find that our colleagues, gentlemen of the pen, have become

become the advisers of Cabinet measures and the harbingers of the embryo intentions of the Crown. Sir Eardley Wilmot is, as far as we know, a respectable gentleman, though we should regret to find verified a rumour that has reached us that his Ministerial pamphlet has been rewarded with a County Judgeship. We have heard that the author of the article in the 'Edinburgh Review' is also personally as respectable as he is as an essayist; but somehow we do not think it was quite seemly to put these gentlemen forward as the first heralds and organs of the determination of her Majesty the Queen some months before it was communicated to Parliament. But even upon that anomaly we lay little stress, and we notice it only as an additional proof that this Reform Bill is a serious and premeditated design. Its absurd details should not induce us to divert our alarm from its formidable object. It is like what we sometimes read of in the Italian carnivals, where the foulest murder is perpetrated under the masquerade of a jack-pudding.

That ultimate object is to carry out through our whole representative system the *numerical principle*—the power of mere NUMBERS, and especially of AGGREGATE NUMBERS—in short, *physical force*. This was for the first time in the legislative history of Governments attempted in the original Reform Bill, but rather covertly and with some appearance of bashfulness, as if the naked proposition was too indecent to be exhibited. In the present Bill it is more shamelessly avowed, and the slight adjuncts which are hung round it to divert the eye remind us of the female figure in the Great Exhibition, of which the nudity was rather marked than tempered by the adventitious addition of a bracelet round the wrist and a fetter round the ankle. Of no more value for either decency or substantial importance are the pretences of the *educational franchises*, the *protection of minorities*, the *votes for taxes*, and other similar delusions, which are to be attached to the wrists and ankles of the colossus of *Universal Suffrage*, of which, and of nothing else, this Bill is really the model and the mould.

This scarcely veiled principle of Representation by *numbers* is, in our view, the whole Bill, and it is to it that we think it our duty to endeavour to direct the attention of the country by a closer analysis of that principle than we have before had either the opportunity or the necessity of attempting; and we cannot but hope, that late as it may seem, we may still make some impression on the public mind by a more practical elucidation of the case than we have yet seen.

The *verbal* import of the word 'Representation' has been, in our opinion, very mischievously confounded with its real, and, in

in this country, constitutional *essence*. Undoubtedly the abstract principle of *representation* assumes *numbers* as the fundamental basis of political as they are of physical power, and if a Constitution were a mere arithmetical question, any *thousand* men would have a claim to ten times the political weight of any *hundred*; and the logical result of that unlimited principle would be *Universal Suffrage*. But the danger of such an extension, and its incompatibility with the safety of individual persons, the security of private property, or the steady administration of civil government, are so axiomatically obvious, that no country, not even the most democratic republics, have ever ventured on a practical adoption of the unrestricted principle.

If any one should at first sight, and it could only be at first sight, object that the recent experiment in France, and the longer one in the United States of America, are exceptions to this statement, we reply that these are, in fact, no exceptions, but on the contrary pregnant instances of the justice of our opinion. The French republic of 1848 attempted a Government on the basis of *universal suffrage*; but it and all its provisions were summarily swept away within two years by a military usurpation, which *Universal Suffrage* was also *pro hac vice* called in to cover with its delusive authority, and to constitute an absolute despotism, in which neither universal nor indeed any suffrage but the *sic jubeo* of one man is of the slightest weight or importance. France has now for a second time accomplished that sagacious prophecy of Burke's, that her attempts at a republic would end '*in the most complete arbitrary power that has ever appeared on earth*.' Whether it will ever happen that *universal suffrage* shall be really and *bonâ fide* admitted to any effective share in the government of that country is more than we can guess; but we may safely say that there is no rational man in France who wishes that it should. Certain it is that all numerical influence is now extinguished, and that the two great trials thus made of it in 1848 and 1851 have ended not merely in failure but disgrace—the first producing an insupportable *anarchy*, and the second a *despotism*, which will, we venture to prophesy, at no distant period be found equally intolerable.

The example of the United States is more specious; but it is very far from being anything like a case in point, and indeed on the contrary exhibits, when well considered, the most striking illustration, both in principle and in practice, against a merely *numerical representation*. As this is the only precedent which we have ever seen or heard produced in favour of the numerical principle, and as the supposed success of the American experiment

is frequently and confidently urged against us, we think it our duty to enter into it with a detail which would otherwise seem supererogatory.

Several of the checks which the *natural* condition of the States and the deliberate provisions of their constitutions have interposed against the direct power of *numbers* are obvious; but they, as well as some others less notorious, have been brought together and stated with great clearness and force in the very able and *timely* work of Mr. Tremenheere, which we earnestly recommend to the special attention of our readers as well for its interesting exposition of the political and social condition of America as for its more general views of the theory and practice of constitutional government, which are applicable to all countries, and particularly to ourselves in our present very precarious circumstances. Mr. Tremenheere's work is the result not merely of his own personal observations in the States, but of an able examination and digest of the opinions of the greatest American writers, Adams, Jay, Hamilton, and above all, Mr. Justice Story and Chancellor Kent, whose legal authority is not only supreme in America, but of as much and merited weight in our English courts as any text-books of our own. From them we shall see three most important points:—*First*, The natural causes that tended to limit the numerical principle within innocuous bounds. *Secondly*, The political pains taken by the framers of the Constitutions both federal and separate to check it still further. *Thirdly*, The incompatibility of that principle with the very existence of even the Republican Constitution, on which, as is its nature, it is gradually—and as these great jurists think fatally—encroaching. Each of these heads will be found to contain matter well deserving our attention in the present crisis of our constitution.

I. The American Union was, we may say, born a Republic, and inured from its cradle to the direct action of popular government. Even before their independence the royal authority over the internal affairs of the colonies was but a name, and the population was such, both in composition and numbers, as to preclude any undue influence from the masses—in fact there were no *masses* to dread—there was no *populace*—no idle hands itching for other people's property, and the western expanse was—we will not rate it so low as a safety valve, but—a broad and boundless channel for the overflowings of every species of enterprise and ambition; and we see in Mr. Justice Haliburton's work—which we can also recommend to any one desirous of understanding the elements of American Society—how exceedingly slight were the social, and, above all, the *legal* and *constitutional* changes that ensued

ensued on their passing from their colonial to their independent state.

II. The able and judicious framers of the American constitution, while proclaiming as its basis the *sovereignty of the people*, were not blind to the practical danger of the unlimited principle, and they therefore preserved not only all of the antagonistic elements which they found in the original *provinces*, but they endeavoured to consolidate them with new guarantees and preservatives against what they well knew was the greatest, if not the only, constitutional danger—the excess of *merely popular* influences. There was a struggle of many years, while the federal Constitution was in progress, between three conflicting principles—the absolute right of the sovereign people—the restrictions with which the most judicious and influential statesmen wished to bridle that impetuous power—and an immense diversity of local and personal interests and opinions. It was at last, as Judge Story says—

‘a system of compromise and conciliation, in which the strictness of abstract theory was made to yield to a just consideration for particular interests and even prejudices; and some irregularity of benefit was submitted to for the common good.’—*Apud Tremenheere*, p. 39.

The first check on the omnipotence of Numbers is the independent authority of the President. Once elected, he, and with him the ministers and all the subordinate public servants, whom he chooses and displaces at his own absolute will and pleasure, are wholly independent of Congress, and of course of any elective power. He has an original veto upon all legislation, with a provision in certain cases, that if after such a negative the law should be again proposed by a majority of two-thirds of the legislature the veto is annulled. There have been frequent instances of the exercise of the Presidential veto, but no instance is stated in the works before us of the veto having been overruled—but if it were to be so, it would not displace either the President or his ministers, and they would continue to administer the government, as has already twice happened, though notoriously in a minority of both Houses of Congress. Here is a check on numerical legislation with which we presume none of our reformers would think of investing an English ministry. But there occurred in the formation of the American system an earlier, an easier, and yet still more important check, namely, the maintaining the territorial divisions of the old colonies in their new character of *States*. This decision slightly, if at all questioned at the time, and little noticed since, was, both directly and in its consequences, a most powerful exception and antidote to the numerical principle. Delaware, with an extent of about 2000 square

square miles, and a population of perhaps 100,000, is as much a sovereign State, and as such of equal authority in the Union, as its gigantic neighbour, New York, of near 50,000 square miles, and perhaps 3,000,000 of population. From this datum followed others of more practical importance. Each State is governed in all its internal interest by its own separate and independent constitution and jurisdiction. These constitutions exhibited a great variety of modes for the election of its legislators, its officers and magistrates; and it is hardly necessary to add that when their representatives arrive at the federal Congress at Washington, they bring with them a great variety of antagonist interests, and will be considerably influenced by the peculiarity that exists in the constitutional principles and practice of each individual State; and finally, when arrayed in Congress, though each State sends members to the *House of Representatives* proportionable to its population, they have all an *equal* representation in the *Senate*—Delaware with its population of 100,000, and New York with its 3,000,000, have each two senators. This direct repudiation of the numerical principle, first in the President's independence, and again in the legislative power of the Senate, is of the greatest importance, and in the case of the Senate at least of the greatest advantage.

'It has been demonstrated,' says Judge Story, 'that the Senate *in its actual organization* is a most important and valuable part of the system, and the *real balance-wheel* which adjusts and regulates its movements.'—p. 74.

We wish we could say as much for the practical and permanent power of our House of Lords; and we almost equally wish that we could believe that the 'balance-wheel' of the American constitution may be maintained in its undisturbed operation. We shall see presently that, whatever may be our wishes, there is more ground for fear than hope. But even as the case thus stands, we think that those of our reformers who press the American extension of suffrage upon us, should, in common fairness, tell us how they would supply the two counteracting powers which we have just shown to exist in the American case, and without which we do not believe that the American constitution would have survived General Washington.

But even in the election for Representatives the numerical power is by no means so extensive as it is represented. To the assertion that every individual has a right to vote, the American commentators, in common with both the principles and practices of all other representative governments, show that it is not an inherent *natural* right, but a civil privilege conferred by society, modified in a variety of instances by age, by different capacities, and

and by that grand distinction which everywhere has denied the right to *at least one-half* of the human race, who must be contented to be constructively represented—even, though Lord John Russell were to erect the ward of Billingsgate into a separate borough.

‘The truth seems to be,’ says Judge Story, ‘that the right of voting, like many other rights, is one which, whether it has a fixed foundation in natural law or not, has always been treated in the practice of nations as a strictly civil right, derived from and regulated by each society, according to its own circumstances and interests. \* \* \* \* If, therefore, any society shall deem the common good and interests of the whole society best promoted, under the particular circumstances in which it is placed, by a restriction of the right of suffrage, it is not easy to state any solid ground of objection to its exercise of such an authority.’—p. 89.

As a corollary to those principles, he adds an important matter of fact:—

‘That no two of the States have fixed the qualification of voters upon the same uniform basis. From this,’ he adds, ‘it will be seen how little even in the most free of Republican Governments any abstract right of suffrage or any original indefeasible privilege has been recognized in practice.’—p. 90.

The fact itself is thus stated and illustrated by Mr. Tremenheere:—

‘At the time of the framing of the Constitution of the United States the differences in the manner in which the franchise was settled in the different States was remarkable. In Virginia the exclusive right to vote was in the freeholders; in Rhode Island and Connecticut in the freemen; in Massachusetts in persons possessing a given amount of personal property; in other states in persons paying taxes or having a fixed residence. The question was much debated by the Convention which drew up the Constitution, whether it would not be more fair and equal, and more likely to ensure a direct and immediate representation of the popular opinion, if a uniform qualification for voting were adopted for the House of Representatives. It was, however, unanimously decided otherwise; and upon grounds precisely similar to those which are held to justify and recommend *the very great diversity of qualifications for the elective franchise that has so long existed in this country.*’—p. 92.

Perhaps we may be interrupted here by an objection, that we are not menaced by anything like a *uniform franchise*; that, on the contrary, the proposed Reform Bill would extend even extravagantly the diversity of the right. We shall show, when we arrive at the consideration of the bill itself, that this is a mere delusion, that the intended diversities, extravagant and even absurd as they may be, all tend to the one general principle of

the extension of the numerical power, and that these diversities are mere cloaks, and very thin ones, to cover that greater design. And here again the American precedent detects and exposes the fallacy and danger of the attempt, and this brings us to the third head of this portion of our discussion.

III. We have seen the pains taken by the framers of the American Constitutions, to adopt where they existed, and to create where they did not, all the checks within their reach to the numerical principle—of the encroaching activity of which they were sagaciously jealous, and which has exhibited itself more strongly and rapidly than, we believe, even they expected. We copy Mr. Tremenheere's extract from the *Commentaries of Chancellor Kent*—a name not second in American, and we may say European authority to those of Blackstone and of Story:—

*'The progress and impulse of popular opinion is rapidly destroying every Constitutional check, every conservative element, intended by the sages who framed the earliest American Constitutions as safeguards against the abuses of popular suffrage.'*

‘Thus in *Massachusetts*, by the Constitution of 1780, a defined portion of real or personal property was requisite in an elector; that qualification was dispensed with by the amended Constitution of 1821.

‘By the practice under the Charters of *Rhode Island* and *Connecticut*, a property qualification was requisite to constitute freemen and voters. This test is continued in *Rhode Island*, but done away in *Connecticut* by their Constitution of 1818.

‘The *New York* Constitution of 1777 required the electors of the Senate to be freeholders, and of the Assembly to be either freeholders or to have a rented tenement of the yearly value of forty shillings. The amended Constitution of 1821 reduced this qualification down to payment of a tax, or performance of militia duty, or assessment and work on the highways. But the Constitution as again amended in 1826, swept away all these impediments to universal suffrage.

‘In *Maryland*, by their Constitution of 1776, electors were to be freeholders, or possessing property to the amount of 30*l.*; but by legislative amendments in 1801 and 1809 (and amendments are allowed to be made in that State by an ordinary statute, if confirmed by the next succeeding legislature) all property qualification was disregarded.

‘The Constitution of *Virginia* in 1776 required the electors to be freeholders, but the Constitution of 1830 reduced down the property qualification to that of being the owner of a leasehold estate or a householder.’—p. 113.

And in 1851, this ‘once aristocratic State of *Virginia*’ abolished all qualification, and adopted the ultra-democratic form of Constitution by a vote (under the former right of suffrage) of 75,748 to 11,060 against it.—(p. 114.)

‘In *Mississippi*, by the Constitution of 1817, electors were to have been

been enrolled in the militia, or paid taxes ; but those impediments to universal suffrage were removed by the new Constitution of 1833.

‘ So the freehold qualification, requisite in certain cases by the Constitution of *Tennessee* of 1796, is entirely discontinued by the Constitution of 1835.

‘ All the State Constitutions formed since 1800 have omitted to require any property qualifications in an elector, except what may be implied in the requisition of having paid a State or county tax, and even that is not in the Constitutions more recently formed or amended, except in the *Rhode Island* Constitution of 1843. \* \* \* \*

‘ *Such a rapid course of destruction of the former Constitutional checks is matter for grave reflection* ; and to counteract the dangerous tendency of such combined forces as universal suffrage, frequent elections, all officers for short periods, all offices elective, and an unchecked press, and to prevent them from racking and destroying our political machines, the People must have a larger share than usual of that wisdom which is “ first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated ” [James, iii. 17] —p. 114.

Such a pure, calm, and manageable wisdom no people ever will or ever can possess; and accordingly, even in the nine years that have elapsed since Judge Kent published his Commentaries, the evil has rapidly advanced. Of the thirty-one States, and the six *Territories* (candidate States), eight only, and these the older states, ‘ retain the semblance of a qualification of the suffrage ;’ but it is only a semblance ; and the whole case is thus summed up :—

‘ *This almost entire destruction, in so short a period, of all those “constitutional checks and conservative elements,” in the franchise of the individual States, which had been regarded by the framers of the Constitution as essential to genuine liberty, has entirely altered the basis on which those able men placed the Constitution, and on which they relied for its continuing to be what their prudence and wisdom left it.*’ —p. 117.

Such are the direct results of democratic encroachment, but the collateral consequences, though not so visible, are not less important. The Senate—a few years since the *balance-wheel* of the State—is already deranged.

‘ In determining that the Senate of the United States should be elected by the State legislatures, they expected that those legislatures would be composed, first, of a Senate returned by a class of electors representing the more stable elements of the community ; and, secondly, of a House of Representatives resting on similar elements, namely, on the electoral qualifications of property, residence, and the payment of taxes.

‘ The process of change in this short space of time has swept away these expectations ; and the Senate of the United States is now elected by State legislatures, based on a franchise unrestricted by any of the above

above qualifications, except in the very few instances above noticed ; and the members of the House of Representatives of the United States are returned by direct election, by voters having, in twenty of the States, no property qualification at all, and in nine next to none, the remaining two only having retained any valid qualification.'—p. 117.

But this, bad as it is in a constitutional view, is still worse as to the internal administration of justice. We suppose that we need not insist to any man in England, except Lord John Russell, on the expediency—until these late days, we should have said necessity—of keeping the law and the Judges as clear as the nature of our social institutions would permit, apart from political influences ; but see how the democratical encroachments have affected the judicial authority in America :—

' The above great change is far from being the only proof of the progress of ultra-democratical opinions which the legislation of that country has afforded of late years. Among the most remarkable has been the adoption, in more than two-thirds of the States, of the practice of electing the Judges by popular vote and for short periods only ; thus striking at the root of their independence, and violating a principle which has ever been held to be among the first elements of freedom, and of protection to life and property.'—*Tremenheere*, p. 119.

From all this we deduce, and think we have proved, two important points—first, that the American Constitution never meant to give that preponderance to the numerical principle that has been vulgarly attributed to it ; and, secondly, that any opening, however small, however guarded, to numerical preponderance is certain to enlarge itself—like a *rat-hole in a Dutch dyke*—to so irresistible and irremediable an extent, as to spread devastation over all the interests that the dyke had formerly protected.

Most earnestly requesting our readers to ponder on and calmly estimate the opening, the progress, the present state, and the probable results of the great American experiment, and to decide in their unbiassed judgment whether it is not rather an awful warning than a seductive precedent, we conclude by a single observation, perhaps the most important of all—namely, that supposing the American precedent were ever so perfect and successful in all its points, what guide would it be to a country that *professes* to maintain an hereditary monarchy and an hereditary House of Lords ? To those who are not prepared for *that*, of what use to their argument would be the most perfect success of the American system ? Let us, therefore, now return to our own constitutional questions.

*Representation* was from the earliest times an important ingredient in all European governments, and traces of it existed

existed in the most despotic countries of the continent, even before the American and French revolutions had given a new impetus to the popular principle ; but in England alone it had maintained its vitality and constitutional importance. This is attributable no doubt, in a main degree, to our insular position, that relieved us from the necessity of standing armies and fortresses, and of such a concentration of powers and such unity and celerity of action in the hands of the monarch as are hardly reconcileable with the delays and other still more serious difficulties that must arise from the counterbalance and probably the counteraction of an independent and deliberative assembly. But the circumstances which rendered it impossible to our monarchs either to destroy our parliamentary system, or to reduce it, as in France, to merely judicial and remonstrative functions, would not have prevented its destroying itself if the antagonism of its *component* parts had not been, by a fortunate combination of design, accident, and the amalgamating power of time and experience, brought into a working state of harmony and co-operation.

The mode in which this result was accomplished was anomalous, it must be admitted, but rational and effective. Ever since the Revolution of 1688, it is not to be questioned that the real power of Government was—not legally nor avowedly, but practically—exercised, we will not say *by* but *in* the House of Commons. The theory was that the counteraction of three equal forces, might in politics, as in the physical problem, keep the central body in equilibrio. That was a fallacy. Power, like a house, divided against itself cannot stand. There must be unity somewhere. That unity was in the House of Commons. The King and the Lords were independent only in theory—neither, nor even both, could resist a strong and fixed determination of the House of Commons. A House of Commons might indeed be, and not unfrequently has been, dissolved on some special points of difference with the Crown, and the succeeding House has sometimes adopted and ratified the views of the Crown ; but still the *ultima ratio* was in the House of Commons. How then was it that this all-powerful body was kept in such general harmony with what were theoretically called the antagonist branches of the Constitution? Such a sober and steady result was contrary to what might be *a priori* expected from the very nature of a popular assembly.

The first moderating cause was the fact that the House of Commons itself was, as we shall see presently, in a very mitigated degree the representative of the numerical principle. The constituencies in themselves comprised a great variety of counteracting classes—freeholders in both counties and towns—in

in some boroughs, copyholders—leaseholders—corporators of various denominations, aldermen, common councilmen, jurats, burgesses, portmen, freemen by inheritance, by servitude, and by purchase—householders—burgage tenants—scot-and-lot men—and in some very few instances *potwallers* and inhabitants, with little other qualification than mere residence within the district. This variety of constituent classes—which grew to be more numerous and more distinctive as the House of Commons advanced in weight and importance—seems to have been designed—some of them, such as the burgage tenures and the corporations, avowedly were—to divide, and thereby check the impetus of the masses of population—and this diversity Mr. Justice Story cites with approbation as the example by which the constitutions of the several American States maintained similar varieties as conducive to ‘a mixed system, embracing and representing and combining distinct interests, classes, and opinions.’

‘In England,’ adds the enlightened commentator, ‘the House of Commons as a representative body is founded *on no uniform principle either of numbers, classes, or places, such diversities being important checks upon undue legislation*, as facilitating the representation of different interests and opinions, and securing a well-balanced and intelligent representation of all the various classes of society.’—*Com.*, § 585.

But even these local and personal diversities would have not been enough, if the House of Commons, however otherwise well constituted, had been exclusively the organ of popular interests and feelings: for its inevitable antagonism with the Lords and the Crown would not have been sufficiently provided against.

That conciliatory result was only to be obtained by, as it were, calling into council the Crown and the Lords, whose opinions should be conveyed to the House of Commons and infused into its discussions by the means of constituencies, more or less sympathising with the royal and aristocratical influences. *There* was the true balance of power—the real amalgam that brought and kept the three otherwise conflicting authorities together. The final decision of the Lower House no doubt settled all questions, but not without a previous conciliatory discussion, and generally mutual concessions, in which the Crown and the Lords had their reasonable weight, and which discussions and concessions in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred either rendered an open negative unnecessary, or showed that it would be unavailing, and thus prevented a direct collision between the powers of the State.

This compromise—anomaly, if you will—is the true secret not merely of the success but of the very existence of our mixed constitution, of which it is really the *mixing* process, for without it

it the constitutional elements would be not *mixed* but *repulsive*. It is that harmony and *concent* of powers which Shakspeare, the great master of all arts, describes in the character of that wise statesman—the Duke of Exeter, uncle of Henfy V. :—

‘ For government, though *high, and low, and lower,*  
Put into parts, doth keep in *one concent;*  
*Congruing* to a full and natural close,  
Like music.’\*

This passage, which condenses the spirit of any practical representative government, so much resembles one in Plato, and another in Cicero’s Republic, preserved by St. Augustine (since found in Cardinal Mai’s MS. of the ‘*Republic*’), that Shakspeare’s commentators are at a loss to know how his ‘small Latin and no Greek’ should have got at Plato and St. Augustine. He probably found the doctrine in his own sagacity, and decorated it by his own fancy. The sagacity and wisdom of Mr. Burke summed up the whole case in the following remarkable paragraph :—

‘ Mr. Fox and the “friends of the people” well know that the House of Lords is, by itself, the feeblest part of the Constitution ; they know that the House of Lords is supported only by its connexions with the Crown and with the House of Commons ; and that without this double connexion the Lords *could not exist a single year*. They know that all these parts of our Constitution, whilst they are *balanced* as opposing interests, are also *connected* as friends ; otherwise nothing but confusion could be the result of such a complex constitution. It is natural therefore that they who wish the common destruction of the whole, and of all its parts, should contend for their total separation. But as the House of Commons is that *LINK* which connects both the other parts of the constitution (the Crown and the Lords) *with the mass of the people*, it is to that link (as it is natural enough) that their incessant attacks are directed ;—that *artificial* representation of the people, being once discredited and overturned, all goes to pieces, and nothing but a plain French democracy or arbitrary monarchy can possibly exist.’—*Observations on the Conduct of the Minority*, vol. vii. p. 257.

What wisdom ! what truth ! the eye of a master engineer looking into all the hidden springs and motives of the great political machine ! This harmony—*concent* of powers—was, as Mr. Burke saw, attained in our constitution by what were called the close boroughs, and it was to the loss of this beneficial influence that the Duke of Wellington alluded in his celebrated question—‘ How is the King’s Government to be carried on ? ’ We shall see as we proceed, that this question has become so pressing, and is rapidly growing so much more urgent, that the

\* *Henry V.*, i. 2.

very authors of the Reform Bill are devising means to remedy the mischief which they were thus warned against doing.

And let it not be thought that this collateral interference of the Crown and the Lords was any real encroachment on the power of the Commons. In fact it had existed from the earliest parliamentary times, and was, as we have before said, a *sine quâ non* to the existence of the constitutional balance: the '*burgage tenure*' boroughs, for instance, a large class—not fewer, we believe, than five and twenty, and the closest—were exercising—on the day that the Reform Bill abolished them—the *same* purpose for which they were originally created six centuries ago—that of representing the local and personal interests of the great landed proprietor (of old, the feudal Baron), at whose will they held ancient tenements situated within the precincts and protection of the ancient *burgh* or castle. In a still more extensive and important class of boroughs, the small Corporations, the franchise was limited for the protection of the middle and upper ranks of a concentrated population against the power of numbers; and they too, from the earliest times, were sensitive of and responsive to the influences of adjacent property.

But independently of such considerations (important as they are both in fact and in principle), it cannot be said that the influence of the Crown and the Lords *within* the Lower House was any encroachment on the power of the Commons—quite the reverse. According to the strict legal and constitutional theory, the Commons were but *one-third* of the legislative power, and were liable to be overborne by the union of the other two, and even nullified by the opposition of one: but when the Crown and Peers were admitted to mingle their influence, through the medium of Commoners adopting their opinions, they were no longer constitutional *antagonists*, but voluntary auxiliaries and *contributors* to the power of the Commons—giving up a harsh theoretic claim, the frequent exercise of which would have been dangerous if not impossible, for a lighter but constant influence—never strong enough to overbear or even to impede the action of the greater body, but only to infuse a spirit of accommodation and compromise—the only spirit in which human affairs, public or private, can be permanently and successfully managed. It was the *oil of the wheel*, invisible from without, but counteracting continually the destructive heat that would have been otherwise inevitable; and thus securing the smooth, equable, constant, and successful action of the whole machine.

Such had been the working state of our Constitution, which, with all its anomalies and irregularities, had not only blessed us with as large a share of internal prosperity and of external glory.

as any country ever enjoyed, but had commanded the respect and even emulative envy of every foreign people on whom any idea of rational and regulated liberty had dawned. And we think we may conclude, without fear of contradiction, that the secret of that unparalleled success was not in the theoretic balance of three independent powers (which really never existed), but in the occult union and amalgamation of these elements in that *officina imperii*, in the House of Commons. The Reform Bill of 1831, under the delusion, or we rather believe, the pretence of *restoring* what never had existed, *first* introduced the direct *numerical principle*, and adopting the arbitrary population line of 4000, condemned those boroughs whose inhabitants should be under that number, to lose one member, and those under 2000 to total disfranchisement. We have no desire to revive heats and animosities that accompanied that most unfortunate, and by the not tardy avowal of its own framers, unsuccessful measure; but as the same principle and the same practices are reproduced in the New Bill with which we are menaced—prepared too and presented by the *same hand*—it is absolutely necessary to recall them to, we trust, the sober and more deliberate consideration and as we expect condemnation of the Country.

When the number 4000 was first announced in 1831, no one could conjecture why that number had been selected more than what numerically seemed more obvious—5000, or 10,000—or what magic there was in that number of 4000, or its *half*, that arbitrarily made them the

‘*certi* denique fines  
Quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum.’

It was evident enough, from the *prima facies* of the Bill, that the secret object of its framers was to make the disfranchisement fall as heavily as possible on the Tory boroughs, and as lightly as possible on those possessed by the Whigs; but the motive of this particular line of demarcation was not detected till it was found that in the Population Returns of 1821, on which the scale professed to be founded, Lord Fitzwilliam's borough of *Malton* was returned at ‘*four thousand and—five!*’ We need not remind our readers of the weight and importance of Lord Fitzwilliam to the Whig party; and as soon as it was discovered that *Malton*—‘*fortunate Malton*,’ as it was termed by acclamation—had a population of ‘*four thousand and—five*,’ the enigma was solved, and no doubt existed as to the motive that determined the 4000 line. But, though *Malton* was probably the first and ruling object, a more detailed examination soon proved that the lines of 4000 and 2000 accommodated themselves very aptly to several other cases of favouritism; and even where they did

did not at first sight seem to do so, they were ingeniously twisted and stretched to accomplish the double purpose of Tory disfranchisement and Whig immunity. A large volume would not suffice to explain and expose all these manœuvres; but a few leading cases (most of which also figure in the New Reform Bill) will serve as guides and warnings as to the delusive and hypocritical pretences on which these reforms are proposed and perpetrated.

The population returns of 1821, which the Government professed to take as their basis in 1831, happened to be made on no uniform principle of *local denomination*. In fact, the parliamentary franchise was so little connected with extent or population, that, except in counties, it formed no territorial division of the country. The consequence was that the Returns were made with considerable local diversities. Sometimes the population of the *actual town*, when it happened to be defined, was given. Sometimes adjoining *districts*, greater or less, were added. Sometimes, when an ill-defined town stood in a large parish, the whole *parish* was given without distinguishing the town. Sometimes, when the town stood in *two parishes*, the population of both were given; sometimes that of the *predominant parish* only. All this diversity was of no importance to the object of ascertaining the population of the county; but it was a very different case when it came to be employed as a scale for the partition of rights and franchises amongst contiguous localities. By a dexterous handling of these diversities, which, in truth, were mere clerical discrepancies (which the slightest inquiries would have explained and reconciled), the Ministry were enabled by a secret legerdemain to perform some most extraordinary, but to themselves most important jobs, and to exercise proscription against their opponents, and favouritism towards their friends and supporters.

The first town on the list of proscription, Schedule A, happened to be *APPLEBY*—the *County-town* of, and *only borough* in, the county of Westmoreland—circumstances which, if there had been any doubt about its bonâ-fide place in the scale of population, should have entitled it to special consideration. But no special consideration was necessary, for its right was clear—but it was supposed to be, or likely to be, under Tory influence, and therefore *coûte qui coûte* it must be disfranchised. Appleby stood in two contiguous parishes, called *St. Michael's* and *St. Lawrence's*, both under one corporate government, and having been perambulated time out of mind as one borough—these parishes contained respectively 1341 and 1275 inhabitants; together 2616—it therefore passed the 2000 line, and was entitled to stand in.

Schedule B, retaining one member. How was this to be prevented? The remedy was not very rational, but it was easy and bold—the Ministers cut the Gordian knot, by asserting, without any shadow of proof or reason, that one only of the two parishes, St. Michael's, constituted the whole borough, and as that had only a population of 1341, Appleby was totally disfranchised, and placed at the head of Schedule A. This decision, contrary to common sense, to all evidence, and to general notoriety, was monstrous; but it was nevertheless confirmed by a large majority; who however were soon stultified by a ministerial confession that they were wrong in point of *fact*, and that the borough did actually extend into both the parishes; but, having predetermined that Appleby should be disfranchised, they contrived, by inventing an *imaginary* boundary excluding the larger portion of both parishes, to still keep it in Schedule A.

There was hardly one of the disfranchised Tory boroughs which was not thus moulded and *manipulated*, so as to attain the ministerial purpose; and very few indeed, if they had been dealt with in the same way that the Whig boroughs in the same circumstances were treated, would not have equally preserved their franchise. We solicit our readers' attention to this *Appleby* case—not merely because it was a County-town and the only borough in the county, but because it was the *first case* discussed, and is therefore not, by us, invidiously selected—for it was no worse than many others; but because also it affords a curious illustration of the mode in which Ministers played at fast and loose with their own precedents—for it presented two important precedents. It was disfranchised in the *first Bill* as belonging to one parish only, and when that *fact*, though voted by a large ministerial majority, was eventually admitted by the Ministers to be *false and untenable*, it was disfranchised in the *second Bill*, because, though it stood in two parishes, neither were to be taken into account.

Now let us see how these precedents were subsequently applied to Whig boroughs.

And first as to 'fortunate Malton.' We have seen under what suspicious circumstances MALTON found itself within the *asylum* line; but, going a step farther, we find that it was *screwed* into that *asylum* by the very process that had been denied to Appleby. Malton, like Appleby, stood in two parishes—*St. Michael's* and *St. Leonard's*—there was really no other difference between the cases than that the second parish was called at Appleby, *St. Lawrence*, and at Malton, *St. Leonard's*. But by lopping off *St. Lawrence's* parish from Appleby, it was totally disfranchised, and by including *St. Leonard's* in Malton—'fortunate

*tunate Malton*—it preserved its entire franchise. With what results Mr. Dod's 'Electoral Facts,' a work now it seems of ministerial authority\*—shall tell us:—

MALTON.—'Influence—almost wholly in the hands of Earl Fitzwilliam—there has been no contest for nearly half a century.'—*Dod, loco.* Do we blame this junction of parishes at Malton? not at all—but, it being right *there*, what can be said for the adoption of the direct contrary proceeding at Appleby? A similar case soon followed with similar motives and results.

HORSHAM is a small rural town, little better than a village, but it returned two members, one always, and two generally, at the nomination of the *Duke of Norfolk*. We need not dwell on the weight and influence of that Duke with the Ministers, nor on the motives that existed for maintaining and if possible increasing his Grace's influence. Here is the description of the place given officially by the Government Commissioners, and laid before Parliament by the Ministers themselves:—

'The town is small and inconsiderable—irregularly and poorly built, many of the houses being of timber, and rarely exceeding a single story in height; it is neither lighted nor watched, and very indifferently pared.'—*Boundary Report*, vol. v. p. 71

The population of this poor place was only 1887; but it happens to stand in the midst of a very large parish, eight miles long and four wide; and so, by reckoning in the whole parish, and confounding it with the borough, the population was run up to 6000; and thus this poorly-built village retained its ancient privilege of returning two members, while the County-town of Appleby was reduced, by the exclusion of its parishes, to total disfranchisement.

A similar but more complicated *tour de force* was performed on MORPETH, a corporate borough surrounded by an admittedly-distinct rural district, called the *township*. The population of the borough being under 2000, it should have been disfranchised altogether. This would no doubt have been extremely disagreeable to *Lord Carlisle*, then a member of the *Reform Cabinet*, who had always nominated to one of the seats. This inconvenience, however, was obviated by doing what was rejected at Appleby, and, by reckoning the *township* into the borough, it was raised to the combined total of 3415, so as to retain one member. This would have left the *Cabinet Minister*—Lord John Russell's colleague—no worse off than he was before; but a still better result was discovered. Morpeth, like Horsham, was in the centre of a large parish; it was obviously just as easy to throw in the parish

\* Sir E. Wilmot's pamphlet takes it as the base of all his calculations and suggestions.

as the *township*—‘ in for a penny in for a pound ’—and accordingly the *Reform* Ministry amended their *first* proposition by adding not only the *township* of Morpeth, but *seven other townships, parish and all*, to the borough, and *both* the members were preserved—and with what effect Mr. Dod shall again testify:—

MORPETH.—‘ *INFLUENCE* was *formerly* divided between Mr. Ord, of Whitfield Hall, and the Earl of Carlisle; *but since the Reform Act WHOLLY in the hands of the Earl.*’—*Dod, loco.*

To be sure this was *making things pleasant*, and it must have been an agreeable surprise to the noble Minister to find that his friend and colleague’s bill, which professed to destroy nominations, had, on the contrary, secured him *two* instead of *one*.

Another case requires special notice in contrast to the second Appleby precedent. We have said that in order to insure its disfranchisement the Ministers, by a new legerdemain, gave it an *imaginary* boundary. This was done by drawing through the very body of the town *four straight lines* which they said comprised the sites of all the ancient burgage tenures, and they thus excluded not only the adjacent *parishes* but considerable portions of the actual *town*—a boundary not merely *imaginary* but absolutely unheard of and absurd, and never in any other case so much as attempted, though equally applicable to all the other burgage-tenure boroughs in the kingdom.

Now mark what happened in an analogous case! MIDHURST is a small town, hardly more than a village, and, like Appleby, was a burgage franchise; but at Appleby the burgages were scattered through the town. At Midhurst they were fewer, and collected within a very small but strictly defined space; and if any imaginary line had been drawn round them, as was round those at Appleby, Midhurst had not a pretence to escape utter disfranchisement. Nothing of the kind was done. But even with the addition (denied to Appleby) of the *circumjacent parish*, Midhurst could be carried no higher than 1335, and so in the first *five* editions of the Reform Bill Midhurst stood in Schedule A, like Appleby, totally disfranchised. But as the discussions proceeded, the Ministers found that the inconsistency and errors of their original data were indefensible, and they produced a new one, compounded (by the ingenuity of one Lieutenant Drummond) of several statistical elements into a scheme much celebrated at the time, but for nothing more than its elaborate unintelligibility. By this scheme, however, Midhurst was carried up a little higher than the Drummond line, whatever that was, and in the *sixth* edition of the Reform Bill Midhurst was safely housed in Schedule B, with the retention of one member.

Now

Now comes perhaps the most curious of all those curious circumstances. *Cui bono*, for whose benefit? ·

The small portion of the parish—a very few acres, 30 or 40 we believe—that included the burgage tenures, and of course the borough, had been no doubt originally a dependence on the old castle of Cowdray, belonging to the ancient family of Browne Lords Montecute; but it had in process of time been detached from Cowdray and had become the property of Lord Carrington. His influence was destroyed by the disfranchisement of the burgage tenures, and the votes being thrown into the 10*l.* householders of the extensive *parish*, the *nomination* borough was, of course, and in accordance with the spirit of the Reform Bill, annihilated! Not so fast! It turned out fortunately, almost miraculously, that the ancient Cowdray property (*all except the burgages*) had passed into the possession of *Mr. Poyntz*, a gentleman of large fortune and great respectability, who happened to be a staunch Whig, and more lucky still, *uncle to Lord Althorpe*, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, luckiest of all, was, in conjunction with Lord John Russell, charged with the conduct through the House of the Bill for the destruction of nomination-boroughs—and the ultimate result was, that in right of this Cowdray property Mr. Poyntz found him by the sixth and *final* edition of his *nephew's* Reform Bill created the patron of a new nomination borough as close as Old Sarum; the first member for which in the Reformed Parliament was Captain (now Lord) Spencer, the brother of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, both *Mr. Poyntz's* nephews; and for the three next *Reformed* Parliaments the member was *Mr. Poyntz* himself—who we well remember at the time appeared as much surprised as any one at this sudden accession of patronage, and very candidly exclaimed, ‘Only see! they *have* made me—staunch reformer as I was—a *boroughmonger* in my old age.’

There was, we believe, hardly one—perhaps *not* one—of the 120 boroughs practised upon by the original bill, concerning which we could not produce circumstances as little creditable to the framers of that Bill as the few that we have thus exhibited as *specimens*; and in the selection of these specimens we have been guided, as we shall now proceed to show, not by the flagrancy of the particular cases—not merely to make a *show-up* of the old Reform Bill (though that would be a not unimportant historical object), but for the more practical and, as we hope, the more useful purpose, of exposing the new one. We know that the latter is in the same hands that manufactured the former, and the examination that we have made of it satisfies us that its provisions are liable if not to similar suspicions of favouritism—the times

times are too sharp and keen for such petty frauds—but, in a constitutional point of view, to still more serious objections.

We confess that we cannot look back at the impudent partiality and gross injustice of those old Schedules without indignation—but as Conservatiyes we never opposed nor regretted that portion of the result which preserved those Whig influences, which were as precious in a constitutional view as those of the *Tories*; and it is to the fortunate but dishonest preservation of the Whig boroughs we have alluded to, and of several Tory boroughs whose cases could not be separated from them, that we attribute a great share of whatever degree of stability our government has since exhibited. These nomination boroughs, though so rashly diminished in number, and so unjustifiably garbled as to their limits, do still afford some auxiliary help to the Crown and the Peers, without which Lord John Russell's first Revolution would have already, we are satisfied, made a more rapid movement and taken a much deeper colour.

They are now, however, to undergo a new proscription—the great majority of them are not merely to be destroyed, but, what is worse, their weight is to be thrown bodily into the opposite scale—that is, distributed on the mere principle of numbers. Instead of *Calne*, we are to have *Chelsea*, and for *Knaresborough*, *Kensington*. We will not venture to prophesy what new parliamentary phenomena are likely to be produced by *Cheyne Walk* and *Blackland's Lane*, or by the *Gore* and the *Gravel Pits*—the chief features of this new borough; but we are pretty certain that they will not exceed, in personal character, public services, and historical illustration, the members for *Calne* and *Knaresborough*, which they are thus destined to replace.

On this topic—no inconsiderable one in a comparison of representative systems—we should do injustice to our argument and our opinions if we did not at once declare that we believe that, in the composition of the old House of Commons, the members for nomination seats were as a class—next to the County representatives—the most respectable for station, character, and real independence of any in the House. We remember Sir Francis Burdett once confessing, even while voting for the Reform Bill, that, ‘after all, he never had been his own master, except while he sat for a close borough.’ We could exemplify this view by a long list of illustrious instances, but we shall confine ourselves to the cases of the boroughs we have already mentioned, which will suffice to show the principles on which such men as Lords Lonsdale, Carlisle, and Fitzwilliam, the Duke of Devonshire, and the Marquis of Lansdowne, executed the great trust that had devolved upon them. The weakness with which they

they may be reproached, was lending themselves to the first Reform Bill, but we honour them for the use they had always made of the great and useful power which these nomination boroughs placed in their hands.

We begin by observing the singular coincidence that the first two boroughs that we have been comparing (both *annihilated* in the first Bill)—APPLEBY and MIDHURST—should have had the honour of opening parliament and public life to *William Pitt* and *Charles Fox*. If we have, or hope to have, new Pitts and Foxes, we know not where their young and untried abilities are likely to find an opportunity of making them known—not certainly in *Blackland's Lane* or *Kensington Gravel Pits*. MIDHURST also first introduced *Lord Plunket* to the Imperial Parliament. When *Mr. Burke* was driven from the representation of Bristol for the early expression of those great principles which have immortalised his name, MALTON was indeed ‘fortunate’ in affording him for the rest of his public life a station equally independent of the influences of the Court and the caprices of the people. So also MALTON had the honour of first introducing *Mr. Grattan* to the Imperial Parliament, at a season when he undoubtedly could not have been chosen by any popular constituency. MORPETH first brought forward *Mr. Huskisson*—as well as the late and the present *Lords Carlisle*, men of taste, talents, and character which have illustrated their titles, and the present *Earl Granville*. KNARESBOROUGH returned, for no less than *six parliaments*, two as accomplished men as ever adorned the House of Commons, *Mr. Hare* and *Lord John Townshend*: and, later, one of the ablest men that ever adorned either House—*Henry Brougham*. And CALNE could boast for near  *fifty years* of such names as *Dunning*, *Barré*, *Baring*, *Jekyll*, *Henry Petty*, *Speaker Abercrombie*, and—at the moment of its semi-disfranchisement—for up to the time of the old Reform Bill it returned two members—*Mr. Macaulay*. In the debate of the 16th December, 1831, Mr. Macaulay took the course—strange in a man of his information, stranger still in a man in his peculiar position—of vituperating the nomination system, which he represented as useless even for the purpose of bringing forward eminent abilities; and he enumerated four or five celebrated statesmen who had been chosen by popular constituencies. To this Mr. Croker replied at the time *ad hominem* and *in locum* :—

‘ It was true that the eminent men in question were chosen for popular places. But how did they become known to the electors in those popular places? Did they not all *first* sit for *nomination boroughs*; and was it not by the talents which they displayed while they sat for those nomination boroughs that they recommended themselves

selves to the electors of popular places? Let him ask the learned gentleman which of the names he had arrayed would have been heard of had there been no nomination boroughs? In his (Mr. Croker's) opinion, one of the greatest merits of the nomination boroughs was, that they afforded a preliminary trial, a sort of political apprenticeship, which enabled the electors of large and popular places to ascertain the qualifications of individuals with whom they would otherwise have been wholly unacquainted.

He (Mr. Croker) had said that this answer was in the mouths of all who were familiar with the political history of the country; but he would add that it ought especially to have been present to the mind of the learned gentleman himself. Did not the learned gentleman owe the honour of an invitation to become the representative of the town of Leeds, *should the Bill pass*, to his representing a nomination borough? (*Would to God that so much of the Bill might pass*—separated from the dangers and difficulties attendant upon the rest of its provisions—*as would enable the learned gentleman to represent the town of Leeds! \**) How did the learned gentleman become known in Leeds? How had he an opportunity of showing his great talents? By sitting for one of those nomination boroughs which he now so loudly condemned. Let him not blush at following the traces of those eminent men whose names he had mentioned. If he must blush, let it be at the momentary ingratitude which had induced him to stigmatise with such offensive epithets the very system to which he was indebted for the high station which he himself held in public opinion.—*Hansard, loco.*

Our readers will have observed that in this latter recapitulation we have taken no notice of Horsham, so conspicuous in the contrast between its treatment and that of twenty or thirty Tory boroughs, which would have been preserved on an honest application of the same principles—but we have only postponed it because it has a very particular bearing on the new Bill. Horsham ought to have been in the first Schedule A. It was subsequently jobbed into Schedule B, where it still remains—one, we believe, of the most

\* It is worth notice, perhaps, in reference to this passage, that Mr. Croker, who was so strenuous an opponent of the *wholesale* Reform Bill, was the first and the last of his party to advocate such a *timely and moderate concession* as might safely avert the greater dangers. In 1820 he drew up, at Lord Liverpool's request, a paper of reasons why the franchise of the two then delinquent boroughs of Grampound and Penrhyn should be transferred to *Manchester* and *Birmingham*, and of the two next that might be convicted to *Leeds* and *Sheffield*; and he supported this proposition on two grounds—first, that ‘being borough franchises they would be more naturally and constitutionally transferred to towns than merged in the counties;’ secondly, ‘that if we neglected to draw off the accumulating discontent by the natural sluices that so luckily presented themselves, we were in *danger of a deluge that would sweep all away.*’ And again in February, 1830, he declined to vote with his party for the transfer of East Retford to the county, and wrote to Sir Robert Peel earnestly pressing the transfer of both Retford and Grampound to *Manchester*, *Birmingham*, &c., concluding with this warning, that the anti-Reformers ‘will not be able to prevent a torrent if they refuse to pacify us by the concession of two drops.’

insignificant places in the list ; but by the new Bill we are astonished to find that, while Calne and Knaresborough are to be totally disfranchised, Horsham is to be released from the purgatory of Schedule B, and restored to its full representation. We do not suspect that this strange result is produced by any *additional* foul play in the new schedules—we rather suppose it to be an accidental but absurd consequence of the *fictitious boundary* assigned to Horsham in the first Bill, by throwing in the large *parish*, eight miles long and four wide, of which the borough was really so insignificant a portion ; and, now, proceeding on that fictitious basis, Horsham is passed off as a large substantial town with 6000 inhabitants, 1000 houses, and 350 electors. So that Calne and Knaresborough are to be wholly disfranchised, and such *Cities* and *County-towns* as *Lichfield*, *Chichester*, *Dorchester*, *Guildford*, *Hertford*, *Peterborough*, and twenty-six other considerable *towns*—*bonâ-fide* *towns*—are to be reduced to Schedule B, while this poor village of Horsham, which has not even a nucleus sufficient to admit of municipal government, is to return two members.

Thus this *Horsham* case becomes of most serious importance ; and it is evident that the basis that produces such an absurd, and, to fifty considerable towns so unjust, a distribution of the franchise, cannot be blindly acquiesced in—the boundaries, if the Bill be persisted in, must be revised and rectified by some approximation to sense and truth ; and the cathedral and corporate cities of Lichfield and Chichester cannot be mutilated of *one* member in order that the rural hamlets for eight miles round the poor village of Horsham should be favoured with two.

This case of Horsham and many others of the old Act, some of which are adopted in the new Act, suggest another important constitutional question—are we to have, as of old, representation connected with bodies of men collected and associated by local ties and interests, as in Counties, Cities, and Boroughs ? or are we, under the delusive name of *towns* and *boroughs*, to have *electoral districts* of a scattered population, with no other bond of union or community of interest, or measure of electoral capacity, than the mere *numbers* which may be found within what the Government may please to constitute an electoral district, and call by the old but now fraudulent title of a *borough* ?

A second question, of equal importance, and which is the basis of Sir Eardley Wilmot's plan, and of course of the Government Bill, is whether—throwing over all considerations of ancient rights, prescriptive interests, real importance, and concentration of intelligence—representation is to be ambulatory, and to move every ten years with the varying tide of mere population ? In short,

short, are Chelsea and Kensington, Bradford and Birkenhead, and Burnley and Staleybridge, and in process of time *every other* district in which the Minister of the day may find, or *by arbitrary limits* create, a population of 10,000 'souls, to extinguish the franchises of no less than *seventy* existing boroughs that happen to have a less population? Will even the present House of Commons venture on such a sweeping and disorganising approach to the omnipotence of numerical force?

The first Reform Bill was originally based on mere proportions of population; but when it was discovered that that test would not thoroughly accomplish the secret wishes of its authors, other ingredients were introduced by the Drummond and some similar juggles, and so mixed and combined, often unintelligibly, as to produce the desired result. So, in the present schedules, Lord John proposes a junction of two elements, *either* of which would have been intelligible, and at all events liable to no legerdemain—the number of existing electors or the amount of the population. He totally disfranchises all who have not 300 electors *AND* 5000 inhabitants, and takes one member from those that have not 500 electors *AND* 10,000 inhabitants. Now, if change were necessary, we think assuredly that the best test of the respectability of a place was the number of electors of the class to which the former Reform Bill delegated the representation of the empire; but by the combination with the two arbitrary lines of electors *AND* population the Ministers are enabled to arrive at the following strange results. Of the 19 towns totally disfranchised, 6 have populations over 5000, and 5 have more than 300 electors—so that, if either test had been adopted, those respective numbers of boroughs would have escaped; and, what is additionally curious, if Lord John had adhered to his former asylum line, only 2 of the 19 would have lost even one member, and none have been totally disfranchised. The new Schedule B presents still stranger anomalies. Of the 33 boroughs mutilated, no fewer than 15 have above 500 electors—most competent and respectable constituencies we should have thought; but because they have not a population of 10,000 (of which in such a case a majority must rather be populace), these respectable towns are to be thus degraded.

In fact, the whole of that schedule offers the predominance of the numerical principle on which the other—we might almost call it pretended—gradation of *electoral* respectability has little perceptible effect—or indeed none, and might, in fact as in fairness, have been wholly omitted. This will be explained by the following summary of the *ten cases next below* and the *ten cases next above* the line of demarcation. The *ten cases above the line*,

line, and therefore preserved in their *full franchise*, contain 3404 electors; the ten below, and therefore disfranchised, contain more than double the number—7228: thus by this popular reform 7228 electors are sacrificed to 3404; and, what is still more monstrous, this mutilated Schedule B happens to contain *four* Cathedral Cities and no less than *ten* County-towns—besides such places as Stamford, Tamworth, Tiverton, Weymouth, and Windsor, each of which contains more than 9000 inhabitants. Even the nerves of Sir Eardley Wilmot himself, though tried by seven years' employment under the old Reform Bill, and strengthened by Ministerial confidence and favour, failed him at the aspect of surrendering *four* County-towns to Chelsea and Staleybridge; and he accordingly would have spared Dorchester, Guildford, Hertford, and Huntingdon; but Lord John, who deserves—preferably to the old Demetrius—the appellative of *Poliorcetes*, has with a bolder hand swept them all away. We know very well that Lord John is valorous after a certain Bobadil fashion; but we cannot but think that, in consequence of the exigencies of his Radical allies, very much helped by two defeats by the Chartists of the family interests in *Tavistock*, so elaborately guarded against in the first Bill, he has become personally very indifferent to what he should propose.

We should not trouble ourselves, and still less our readers, with these details, if they did not so strongly show that the great object of the Bill is to transfer all political power not merely to numerical majorities, but to *selected* numerical majorities; and that the checks and limits, here and there apparently applied, are in truth but cloaks to the ultimate design. We will frankly confess that we think it would be less dangerous to see the whole country—counties, cities, and all—carved out into electoral squares, and represented by an avowed and recognised principle of representation proportionate to numbers, than to be at the mercy of such arbitrary if not fraudulent divisions and distribution of the franchise as every clause of this Bill seems to us to make with as little decency as necessity—for certainly in all our reading or experience we do not recollect any measure so entirely uncalled for by the public, and so wholly at variance with the professed principles of its propounders, or so irreconcileable with either the theory or practice of our constitutional policy.

But if these disfranchising enactments are thus both unjust and insidious, the enfranchisement clauses are still worse—they are really insulting to good faith and common sense.

In the first place, there was no call, no pretence for this disfranchisement of  *fifty* boroughs, but just to create a fund of 66 seats, by which the Ministry should be able to purchase favour, not

not only in certain large populations, but with the whole Radical party, who, affecting to be much displeased at some provisions of the Bill, very justly consider the movement as a great increase of their absolute strength at the moment, and a pledge to the future concession of *all* their expectations.

Our first attention is naturally directed to the proposed new boroughs, some of which seem derisory in their details, though all are formidable in the principles they involve.

We entreat our readers not to lose sight of the main fact in this portion of the case—that the *disposable seats* are only obtained by the *arbitrary disfranchisement* of—*inter alias*—no less than *ten County towns* and *Cathedral Cities* which have returned members from the most remote parliamentary times, and which have not been so much as charged with any misconduct whatsoever in the exercise of their ancient trust. If the Ministers had had *ten forfeited* seats to dispose of, we should still quarrel with the distribution that they have made; but the question is much more serious—whether the franchises of Chichester and Poole, which have been enjoyed for upwards of *five centuries*, are to be wantonly confiscated and thrown into a raffle between Chelsea and Staleybridge? What pretence can there be for reckoning Chelsea and Kensington as a *town*? What community of interests and feelings can there be between these districts? Have they any more unity of feeling than Brompton and Barnet? Nay, have they not already shown symptoms of mutual jealousy and complaint? But if such an agglomeration of suburban residences is a principle, why is not Hammersmith included, as Sir Eardley Wilmot proposed? and why not Clapham—Battersea—Fulham—Walham Green—Shepherd's Bush—Bayswater—Pancras—Highgate—Hampstead—and all the other continuous environs of the metropolis? But all in good time—*l'appétit vient en mangeant*—and *Durham*, *Lincoln*, *Hereford*, and *Salisbury* may in Lord John's *next Bill* be all swallowed up in some new metropolitan combination. Why not? Chelsea alone has a greater numerical population than those 'four cathedral cities all together. Where is all this to stop, if these constitutional landmarks, *as old as England itself*, are to be levelled by the usurping deluge of *numbers*?

The two new boroughs proposed for Cheshire, or rather indeed for Lancashire, to which they more properly belong, are specimens of the same handling. Of *Birkenhead*, 'a chapelry near Liverpool,' which in 1841 contained 8222 inhabitants, the Population Returns of that year say:—

'The great increase of population in Birkenhead is attributed to its proximity to the town of Liverpool.'

The

The last Returns (1851) carry it up to 24,284, and add this note:—

‘ The population of the chapelry of Birkenhead has increased in a three-fold degree since 1841, arising from extensive improvements and *building speculations*, which, combined with the facilities of steam communication on the Mersey, have caused it to become *the residence of a portion of the mercantile community of Liverpool*.’

A description not very promising for the construction of a borough, and which would rather point to its political annexation to its natural parent Liverpool; and the rather as we find by another clause of the Bill that Liverpool is to be endowed with a *third* member.

*Staleybridge* is a town adjoining the borough of Ashton, created by the first Reform Bill; and it will be seen in the Boundary Reports of that day that the Commissioners thought that it should have been included in Ashton, but the Staleybridge people declined the honour; they have now, it seems, thought better of it, and *Windsor* must lose a member because *Staleybridge* has changed its mind. The last of these new boroughs is *Burnley*, of which all we know is, first, that in Lord John’s bill of 1852 *Burnley* was wholly disregarded, while a smaller place in the same immediate neighbourhood, called *Colne*, was to be admitted to a share of the representation of the borough of *Clitheroe*. Observe these shiftings and changes within a few months in the same localities—*Colne* was to be enfranchised yesterday—*Burnley* is substituted to-day. What to-morrow? But, secondly, all these places are in the same favoured district of Lancashire which, after having obtained 13 new seats by the first Reform Bill, is also to receive 11 *more* by the new one; and with how little success as to satisfying the appetite of the people, we may judge by the assembling the celebrated ‘ *Wages Parliament* ’—still, we believe, sitting—and all the other symptoms of disorder and disorganisation which that county at this moment unhappily exhibits.

We next come to a distribution of new seats, which proves beyond doubt that the great disfranchisement was made to furnish means for increasing the *numerical* power, even in cases where no one expected and no one desired it. Who ever complained that *Counties* had only *two* members? though since the extension of the numerical principle they might justly have done so; but the County members and their constituencies were equally satisfied—*stare super vias antiquas*—and even received with no great favour the provisions of the last Reform Bill for doubling the representation of certain counties by dividing them into two portions. But this has been followed up in the new Bill by a more insidious and much more dangerous scheme.

scheme. The County constituencies are known to be the *strong-hold of the Conservative party*; and yet Lord John proposes to add about forty members to the County representation: how generous, how elevated above all party feeling, must the Ministry appear who volunteer—nobody asking for or dreaming of—a large and unimportant accession to the Conservative influence! If any Tory was deluded by such a fraud, we can only exclaim—

‘Oh miser, quæ tanta insania, cives?  
Creditis auctos hostes? aut ulla putatis  
Dona carere dolis Danaum? Sic notus *Ulysses*?’

Did they not know *Lord John Russell*? This liberal and impartial proposition was only the precursor of another more liberal and impartial. The proposition is made to a Parliament in which the Conservatives—though decidedly the strongest individual party—are notoriously in the minority, and therefore Lord John announced, with peculiar grace and characteristic sincerity, that the rights of a *minority* should, for the first time in the representative systems or even theories of mankind, be represented. Alas! *sic notus Ulysses*. A very slight consideration detected that the boon was like Sinon’s horse, and meant to ensure the speedier destruction of the very interests it pretended to protect. We do not recollect in the annals of political deception so bold a stroke as this. The plausible scheme was, that *Minorities* were to be represented, and this was to be thus effected. Certain constituencies were to have *three* members, but each man only *two* votes; so that, supposing a majority of even two to one, it would carry but two seats, and the third party would secure the third candidate. Mighty fine! but mark what the practical result would be. In the Counties, *ex hypothesi*, as well as, generally speaking, in fact, the Tories had been in the habit of carrying *all the members*; the *minorities*, therefore, in the counties were Whigs or Radicals, but, by this new sleight of hand, which is to secure one member to the *Minority*, it turns out—we say again *ex hypothesi* (for there will be insulated exceptions)—the Whigs would obtain *thirty-six* members. On the other hand, with that kind of fairness which marks all Lord John Russell’s proceedings, he could not refuse to extend the same privilege to the *towns* in which, *ex eadem hypothesi*, his own party was supposed to be predominant, and which he also proposes to increase to three members, one of which should accrue to the Tory minority. Admirable impartiality! But when this equitable scheme comes to be sifted, it turns out that this tripartite representation is extended but to *eight towns*. So that the Ministers, by this device, would gain at one stroke *thirty-six*

six county members, and lose but eight Borough members; balance in their favour twenty-eight! So impudent a pretence of impartiality, so flagrant an abuse of a pretended principle, never was, we believe, before heard of. It is worse than the schoolboy cheat of 'heads, I win; tails, you lose.'

If the principle—objectionable as at best, we think, it would be—were to be extended to *all* the constituencies of the kingdom, it might have some plausibility; but when it is to act on only selected cases, and that the result of the selected cases is—under the pretence of protecting one interest—really to transfer *at once* twenty-eight seats from *that very interest* to its antagonists, we are really astonished at the boldness of such a proposition.

This application of a principle so startling in itself, to the purposes of such flagrant partiality and usurpation, is, as it seems, too strong for any nerves but those of the Government; and, accordingly, of the many writers who have shown some favour to the principle of protecting minorities, there is *not one*, as far as we remember, who ventures to recommend the special proposition.

The motives of most of the advocates of the cause of the Minorities are just enough—that by the abolition of the small boroughs, and the extension of the general franchise, so great a preponderance has been given to the masses, that the very existence of society seems to require that the force of these masses should be broken and mitigated. Quite true, no doubt; but their remedies would only inflame the disease. What can be said for the political logic and consistency of men who—having created the evil by the disfranchisement of 80 boroughs in 1832, and being now ready to sacrifice 50 more—can find no more rational corrective than that, contrary to the universal practice and common sense of mankind, *both* majorities and minorities should be represented? *In terms it is an Irish bull*, and in practice would be speedily swept away by the power, as well as the right, of the insulted and exasperated Majorities. In what imaginable state of society can you preserve the influence of both majorities and minorities?

The various details suggested by these theorists also are as contradictory and as visionary as their main project.

The plan, so partially adopted in the Government bill, of giving each elector of certain selected localities a number of votes smaller than the number of candidates, was first suggested by Lord Grey in the debates on the Irish Municipal Bill in 1836, namely, that in electing town councillors, &c., each man should vote for *only one-half*, or at most *five-eighths*, of the numbers to be elected. This proposition was plausible, and perhaps

might be advantageous in such cases, *viz.*, of bodies of two or three dozen municipals elected for *administrative* functions within respective districts—but is obviously ill suited to parliamentary representation, and wholly inapplicable where there shall not be *at least* three choices. There was no such case (except only London) in our old parliamentary system: there are but seven under the existing Reform Bill: and when the new bill proposes to bring this scheme into play, it is forced to create—as we have seen—57 more of these triple representations on which it is to operate. It is evident that if it is ever to be *honestly* tried, *all* the constituencies in the empire must be remodelled into groups, none having fewer than three members.

With the solution of that theorem we need not, we suppose, at present trouble ourselves; but we must notice two other modes proposed for solving this *minority* problem. The first is that of Mr. Garth Marshall of Leeds, who proposes what he calls the *cumulative* vote, that is, that every elector should have as many votes as there are vacancies, but should bestow all if he pleases on any one candidate. Mr. Marshall professes to be an ardent reformer, and it is evident he is one of those who cordially concurred in the disfranchisement of the old boroughs, on account of the anomalies which they exhibited to the *strict principles* of representation. Yet observe the main feature of his own proposal—which is, that an elector intrusted by the Constitution with the power of electing three members should be not only at liberty but encouraged to abuse that power by accumulating all those votes upon one. We presume Mr. Marshall, from his connexion with Leeds, may be a man of business, and we therefore venture to ask him what he would think of a trustee or assignee who, having received 6s. 8d. in the pound to be distributed to each of three creditors, should execute this duty by giving the whole sum, twenty shillings in the pound, to one, and leaving the others to shift as they might.

But passing over this abuse of the electoral principle, as gross as anything that can be reproached to Calne or Knaresborough, we confess our inability to see how this scheme would break the power of majorities; for, supposing that each elector was a Cerberus with three *voices*, he would still be but *one* Cerberus; and presuming that he would employ his three voices cumulatively (as is Mr. Marshall's hypothesis), how would the case differ from his having but one?—the numbers would be tripled, but the voters and the results must be the same. To be sure there might be three times the latitude for jobbing, for combination, for conspiracy, for bribery, for all sorts of tricks and frauds; but the final result, as regards the honest protection of minorities, would not—that we can see—be essentially different.

Another

Another scheme admits the absurdity of the *cumulative* vote, and proposes what is distinguished as the *single* vote—that, instead of as many votes as candidates, each elector should have but *one*. This looks more consistent with natural justice, and would certainly be simpler in all its operations. Every elector would vote for the man who came nearest to his own ideas; and, except in those cases created by the last Reform Bill where there is but one member, the minority would be pretty sure of being represented: and if (as we presume the advocates of the single vote would require) these single representations should be done away, it seems the most plausible of any, but yet, quite as impracticable as the others. For at the very root of *all* these plans for the protection of minorities there is this *inherent* inconvenience, anomaly, or, perhaps we might say, danger, that in many cases the majority and minority, even though very unequal in numbers, might be *equally* represented, and that the political weight of the individual place might be thus neutralized, and the general administration of the country brought into such a balance of small majorities and large minorities, as could only be adjusted by *blows*.

This would be peculiarly felt in the *single-vote* scheme, and above all in the places returning three members—for in any such place the majority of the electors, to secure the return of one favourite candidate, must give him a majority of votes—say, for instance, 451 out of 900 electors, while two others of opposite politics might divide the minority between them—249 and 200; and so the constituency might be represented *two to one* against the wishes, and indeed the votes, of the majority. In short, we cannot but conclude that all these schemes are fitter for Laputa than for England, and we should not have thought them worth even the notice we have taken of them if they were not the reluctant confessions of the Government and its advocates of the danger of the numerical preponderance which their own innovations have so greatly inflamed—of the necessity that they feel of inventing some counteracting agency—and of the futility and conflicting absurdities of the expedients hitherto proposed for attaining it. One thing, however, we think that we may safely conclude—that the gross injustice of the application of the minority principle to fifty county seats, and half a dozen boroughs only, cannot be persisted in; and that we shall not have—under the pretence of checking numerical preponderance—so heavy an addition *smuggled* into the already overloaded scale.

For the next class of enfranchisements, called the *Educational*, we are really unable to arrive at any satisfactory motive; they appear so supererogatory—so uncalled for—so little likely to pro-

duce any popular effect, and so sure to produce a ludicrous and eventually an inconvenient one, that we know not what to attribute them. We at first thought—and we are still not sure that we were wrong—that the appetite for the destruction of the small-town constituencies was so great that, rather than not disfranchise them, the Ministers were willing to make, as the phrase is, *ducks and drakes* of the acquired seats: but, on further consideration, we suspect that this may have been a compromise and concession to that coxcombical portion of their supporters who, while unscrupulously helping to extend on every side the brute power of numbers, are glad to interject a few specious and hypocritical commonplaces on the claims of 'intelligence,' 'education,' and 'literature,' just as solemnly as if it were not notorious that every successive advance of the numerical power must, more than proportionably, diminish the weight of literature, education, and intelligence in the representative assembly.

Whatever the motive may be—and we confess that we do not much rely on conjectural reasons for proceedings so apparently unreasonable—the facts themselves are extremely curious, and not a little amusing. Lord John announces that his system of disfranchisement has furnished him with 66 seats to dispose of. Sixty-six seats! *Io triumphe!* What an opening for the *educated* and *intellectual* classes of the *three kingdoms*—what a mine of erudition for the reformed council of the nation! What an ample counterbalance will be provided to the honourable, though perhaps not highly intellectual, members for Kensington and Staleybridge! But, as we proceed in the items, we are somewhat disappointed at finding that this intellectual addition consists—out of 66 seats which have been, as it seemed, *going a begging*—of an allotment of *two* to the Inns of Court and *one* to the London University! 'O monstrous! but one halfpennyworth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!' We cannot in fairness reckon the two *odd* men added to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, who themselves desired no such addition, and on whom they are *forced* only to deteriorate the rank and value of those really intellectual eminences by the proposed rule that is to saddle them with a third-rate representative, the choice of the *minority*. Sir Eardley Wilmot is, as far as we know, the proposer of this educational addition—his distribution, however, was more liberal, and as a special curiosity is worth exhibiting to the admiration of our readers:—

‘TABLE NO. X.  
‘*The additional Educational Members.*

‘Oxford University, additional member . . . . .	1
Cambridge University, additional member . . . . .	1
London University, 2 members . . . . .	2
Edinburgh University, 2 members . . . . .	2
Glasgow University, 2 members . . . . .	2
<i>The Physicians of the United Kingdom, 2 members</i> . . . . .	2
<i>The Surgeons and Apothecaries of the United Kingdom</i> . . . . .	2
<i>The Bar of the United Kingdom, 1 member</i> . . . . .	1
<i>The Attorneys, Solicitors, Proctors, and Writers to the Signet of the United Kingdom</i> . . . . .	1
Educational members . . . . .	14

—p. 68.

Sir Eardley Wilmot’s legal practice must, we think, have apprised him that, before a commissioner of lunacy, two or three instances of decided insanity will convict the patient, even if he appeared rational in ordinary matters. If the same rule were to be applied to Sir Eardley’s pandect of reform, we cannot but think that the four last items of this *table* would raise some doubts as to the political sanity of the proposer. The whole *Bar*—*all* the attorneys, solicitors, proctors, and writers to the *signet*—*all* the physicians—*all* the surgeons and apothecaries of *England, Scotland, and Ireland*—to form each **ONE** Constituency! We hardly know whether the ridicule or the mischief of this scheme predominates,—but we need only deal with the latter, for the Government, afraid of such a schedule’s being laughed out of the House—*solvuntur risu tabulae*—have here abandoned their guide, slipped out of the ridicule, and only adopted the mischief. We are *not*, at present, to have national and provincial *synods* of doctors and apothecaries, nor electoral convocations of writers and attorneys, nor the interminable comicalities that would arise when the revising *barrister* should have to decide on the distinctive qualifications of the various practitioners; but the *Bar* question is more serious. What is the *Bar* that is to constitute the new borough? The terms of the 25th section of the Act would include, and are apparently meant to do so, *all the Judges*—those of the superior courts of Law and Chancery as well as all the inferior Judges—in bankruptcy, insolvency, county and other local courts, recorders, revising barristers, stipendiary and police magistrates, &c.,—a body daily increasing in numbers, in administrative power, and local authority, and whom it has always been hitherto, on general grounds, thought wise to disconnect as much as practicable from political influences, but who

who are now to be, *nolentes volentes*, forced into the vortex of politics. 'Tis true that at present all those Judges may vote, and frequently—particularly the inferior ones—do so; but that occasional, unobtrusive right, exercised in a *private capacity*, and arising out of some *private qualification*, is a very different thing from a vote imposed by law, in right of the *legal*, and consequently of the judicial character, and bringing the voter into direct conflict with all his colleagues of all the Benches, and all his brethren of all the Inns of Court. It is one thing to see a Sir William or Sir Thomas going down to York or Winchester to vote as one of many thousand freeholders in the county of his patrimonial property, and another to see *my Lord Chief Justice* or *my Lord Chief, Baron* coming, as such, to a hustings in *Lincoln's Inn Hall*, and mixing in the parties and the passions to which the relative positions and close professional connexions of both candidates and electors could not fail to give additional heat, if not acrimony.

So far as to Judges: as to the Bar at large, this franchise would be of wider and, even individually, of hardly less injurious effect. At present, or at least till late times, the politics of individual barristers were seldom conspicuous. The limited number of eminent lawyers who aspired to public office found, or were provided with, seats in nomination boroughs, without passing through the embarrassing ordeal of popular canvass, or being subjected to the trammels of popular pledges; and they were in fact, as a class, as independent as any in the House. A great number—the majority, we believe, of the puisne Judges—never were in Parliament at all; and we think it may be safely said that, up to the Reformed Parliament, the *Bar* (whatever might be the personal partialities or the *private* rights and qualifications of individuals) was more free from strong party bias than could *à priori*, have been expected. The curtailment of the nomination boroughs, and the system which has grown out of it of not finding seats for law officers, but being forced to make law officers of those who could find seats for themselves, have given a great stimulus to the political propensities of the *Bar*, and have, of course, carried a rapidly increasing number of political partisans to judicial stations of all degrees—an evil which, if not wholly to be avoided, is always to be deplored, but to which this new legal franchise would give universal and inevitable effect—for the *whole* Bar will be now forced to adopt a party and take a part. A barrister will be no longer free to wait for years—perhaps for his whole life—without committing himself as a Whig or a Tory; he will be driven, possibly before he has had a brief, to give a vote; and the candidate for legal office will no longer pursue it in the higher arena of

Westminster

Westminster Hall, but in the subaltern canvass of the *Blackacre* district extending from Gray's Inn Lane to Paper Buildings. We need not expatiate on the great and injurious change that this would immediately operate on the profession itself, and eventually on the whole judicial economy of the empire. And for what?—to throw away two surplus and superfluous seats on that peculiar class which is already universally thought to possess a more than proportionate share of parliamentary influence.

We say nothing of the neglect in the Government scheme of the Irish and Scotch Bars. It would be—if the Ministers had any faith in their own project—offensive and unjust to them—but we have no disposition to urge the Government to a consistency in its faults or follies. We are for the same reason silent as to the University of Dublin, which we have no doubt congratulates itself on being despised or forgotten. That we may not be suspected of treating the London University in the same way, we will just say that we shall be curious to hear, if ever the Bill should come to a real examination in Committee, how far the numbers, literary distinctions, and general educational importance of that institution entitle it to an equality with the University of Dublin, and a preference to that of Edinburgh.

Besides these clauses creating educational *seats*, there follows another important one for educational *votes*, which we shall presently notice under that head.

We have thus tediously, we fear, though we confess very imperfectly, examined the distribution of *seats*. We now proceed to the creation of new *votes*, which are as absurd, as contradictory, and for any useful purpose as illusory as all the rest.

The first is the most surprising—that every person *enjoying a yearly salary of 100l., public or private, should be entitled to a vote*. ‘This franchise will bring in,’ said Lord John, ‘a very intelligent body of men’; and the reports add that this announcement was received with *cheers*. The *proposition* and the *cheers* may be very justifiable; but at least they are somewhat surprising from the Whigs—the same party that carried Mr. Dunning’s celebrated resolution that ‘*the power of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished*’—a vote equally factious and absurd, for its very success proved its falsity; but it was long a Whig shibboleth—the leading theme of Whig oratory, and the favourite test of Whig principles. As a consequence of this vote Mr. Fox introduced, by the hands of Mr. Crewe, a bill—long trumpeted as a great effort of Whig patriotism—for depriving all officers in the Customs, Excise, and Post-office of their elective franchise. These Whig triumphs—the first false in fact, the last unjust in principle—we are not sorry

sorry to see condemned, however tardily, by themselves—but we cannot suffer it to be done under false pretences. The repeal of these Whig dogmas cannot have been designed for the single object of adding ‘an intelligent class of men’ to the constituencies, because it is accompanied by a large addition of those who must be the least intelligent classes, by lowering the county franchise from 50*l.* to 20*l.* and even to 10*l.*, and the town qualification from 10*l.* to 6*l.*, and the repeal of the *rate-paying* clauses. We have no doubt that it is a double-faced measure. To the democratic portion of Lord John Russell’s followers it has been represented as a large extension of the suffrage; and to those of any Conservative feelings as an accession to the power of the Crown: both views we think are illusory; first, a great proportion of those enjoying salaries of 100*l.* a-year will probably possess some household franchise; and as to the second, if the rest of the bill, or anything like it, is carried, such checks as these would be mere cobwebs which might perhaps facilitate the jobbing of borough interests, but would give no real strength to the Crown in its antagonism with the democracy. It may be worth notice as an additional objection that the making a *private* salary, paid yearly, half-yearly, or *quarterly*, a ground of political franchise, is a novelty which seems contrary to public policy, open to all the worst species of corruption, and likely, where it does not end in corruption, to create oppression and ill blood amongst the parties to whom it may apply.

The next franchise is proposed to be derived by the receipt of 10*l.* a-year from the public funds, or Bank or East India stock;—this we believe to be still more illusory than the former, for how many *men* are there likely to be worth 10*l.* a-year dividends who will not have some household franchise? And what sort of claim to a voice in the government of the country can 10*l.* a-year confer—equivalent to about 7*d.* a-day and 300*l.* capital? Without discussing the principle of making money-value a political test, we may venture to say that, if money-value is taken as a principle, it should at least amount to something that shall denote respectability and independence.

Next comes the grand discovery of two or three years ago, that the Savings-banks might be made a source of political regeneration. We have always been warm advocates for the Savings-banks, and we would make every reasonable effort to extend their popularity and real utility, but not by claptraps of electoral franchises and political power. It is very wise and right to induce poor men to economise their savings; but we believe that a vote once in seven years would be a visionary inducement, unless accompanied by not only a hope, but some practical experience,

experience, that the voter would receive the old *quid pro quo*. Mr. Bright's complaint at the Manchester meeting that, if a man who had banked up the prescribed 50*l.*, should draw out 3*l.* to apprentice his child, he should lose his vote, was a shallow objection in the case, for wherever you draw a line you must abide by it, and whether it be 10*l.* or 30*l.* or 50*l.*, if you fall short of the privileged limit, you must needs forfeit the privilege. The real objection is to any such narrow and fugacious grounds for rights that are public, and ought to be permanent. Lord John was eloquent we think two years ago on the elevating effect on the working-man of the prospect of obtaining a vote by economising his earnings ; we much doubt, as we just said, the effect of such a long-sighted ambition for so dubious and distant an object ; but if such a feeling does exist, and that Lord John really then thought or now expects that the elective franchise should be so strong an inducement to industry and economy, why did he propose to reduce the 10*l.* franchise to 5*l.*, and so destroy the stimulus in the great masses that inhabit houses between 10*l.* and 5*l.* ? and why does he *now* draw his line at 6*l.* and diminish *pro tanto* the poor man's ambition to improve his every-day comfort and permanent respectability by a *better house*, equally accompanied by the incentive, which Lord John Russell considers so powerful, the lottery of a septennial suffrage ? But above all, and this we think will conclusively expose the futility, not to say fraud, of this theory—why does this same Bill that values so highly the incentive influence of the elective franchise, why, we ask, does it in the next page remove all the existing *rate-paying* clauses ? If the incentive be so powerful, is there any more legitimate, more respectable, more effective way in which it could show itself, than in making a man stand in his own neighbourhood as one who is solvent, and able to pay his taxes and his rates ? That feeling ought to be, and would be, the first pride, as if is the first duty, of an independent man ; but *that* natural and honest stimulus Lord John removes, while he relies on its efficacy for a remote and speculative object. In truth this whole scheme of Savings-bank voting seems to us a mere *ad captandum* declamation which cannot stand investigation. The plan if carried would not fulfil its purpose, and the purpose itself is not worth fulfilling : while on the other hand the repeal of the *rate-paying* clauses cannot fail to have a large and injurious effect on the respectability of the lower classes of electors. It is a mere sop to Cerberus, which will only make him more greedy.

Sir Eardley Wilmot closes what he chooses to call his educational views by proposing a wide enfranchisement of what the French more intelligibly call *capacities* :—

‘ In

‘In addition to the above, I would so far confer educational franchise that I would admit *every officiating clergyman of every denomination*, every practising barrister, physician, and surgeon, all officers on full-pay, half-pay, or on the retired list in the army, navy, or East India Company’s service, all fellows and graduates of royal and learned societies, and also every certified schoolmaster.’—p. 44.

To all this we reply that the Constitution of England never recognised any doctrine so vague and disputable as that of *capacities*. Its first principle was *property*—not merely as property, but as the safest and most comprehensive test, under which all the various classes of *capacities* would find themselves eventually included and represented; and accordingly it gave no political power unconnected with some determined locality, some definite duties, some fixed, tangible, and measurable rights. Some at least of the classes above enumerated would make excellent electors, and most of them, we dare say, are already so, under distinct qualifications: if we *professed* to be framing a new theory of constitution, these capacities might be very properly recognised as likely to form a kind of aristocratic nucleus in a popular body. But we are not dealing with such theorems, and the only immediate importance of Sir Eardley’s ‘educational’ scheme is that the Government, not venturing upon this new aristocracy and hierarchy, have contented themselves with introducing the *point of the wedge*, and have adopted only the ‘*Graduates of all the universities*’—omitting, *for the present*, ‘clergymen of all denominations, schoolmasters, and the like, who might have embarrassed their first steps in this ‘capacity’ line, but who are sure to follow in good time if the ‘*Graduates of all universities*’ are to be admitted to equal rights with Freeholders and Householders.

There is another franchise proposed, also, we presume, as a conservative one, which is, in every view, worse than delusive—we mean the payment of 40s. a year in the Income or Assessed taxes. The sum is petty, but the principle is a very large one. In the earlier days of reform the fashionable theory was that taxation and representation should be commensurate, but it soon went out of favour, even with the reforming theorists who broached it, because they saw that, though it tended at first sight to universal suffrage, since every man who eats or drinks is indirectly, even if not directly taxed, its practical application would involve details as to the nature and proportion of the requisite contribution, unfavourable to the mere democratic influence, which was from the beginning, and will be to the end, their ultimate and indeed only object. The Ministerial proposition is the first direct attempt at inoculating our system with this mere money-voting, and is, though so petty in itself, such a wanton

wanton innovation as to require a word of protest. Whatever theorists might allege in favour of the abstract principle, or practical men might expect from such a wide and proportionate application of it as should be of some substantial influence on either taxation or elections, nothing rational can be said for rating a vote at 40s.—not even a voluntary 40s, but a compulsory one, which must be paid whether it confer the vote or not. The *sum* we suppose was chosen from some confusion in the projector's head between a 40s. freehold and a 40s. tax, but he forgot first that the 40s. freehold is but the sign of a territorial interest as old as parliaments, and that secondly, small as the sums are, there is an essential difference between *plus* and *minus*—between 40s. which you have the advantage of receiving, and 40s. which you are forced to pay. These are trifles, which we only mention because, unintelligible as they seem to us, there may lurk under them some *arrière pensée* that we do not detect; but there is a more practical and important observation to be made, which is the permanency which it supposes in the Income-tax, as well as the Assessed taxes. We cannot forget how odious the 'inquisitorial Income-tax' had been to the Whigs—nor the pledges of the Peelites that it was to last but for three years, just to get us out of a special crisis—nor the joint proposition of the Whigs and Peelites just now made, of taking a proposed addition to it for only six months. These grave, and to the payers of the income-tax very disagreeable inconsistencies, Lord John Russell, having no better excuse, endeavoured to meet with what his followers seem to have taken as a capital joke:—

'Those who pay income-tax will receive votes for the present; and when they lose their votes, they will have the compensation of getting rid of the tax.' (*Cheers and laughter.*)

Are these fit grounds, and is this a proper spirit, for the framing and discussing a great constitutional compact?

To all this must be added an arithmetical difficulty, which would be serious if anything in the proposition were serious. What do 40s. mean? When the bill was introduced, a 40s. tax represented about 70*l.* income—before the bill is read a second time, the tax is doubled, and 40s. represents only an income of 35*l.* Perhaps Lord John's answer may be as facetious as his former, and be received with equal 'cheers and laughter'—viz. that *there are no incomes subject to so low a tax as 40s.* So it seems—but then what becomes of the franchise? and why not have at once said that any one paying any income tax should be placed on the register? The same observations apply in principle to the increase or diminution (shall we ever see any, such

such diminution?) of the Assessed taxes. But, after all, what is the value, the meaning of such a rate of franchise? and may we not once more protest against such uncertain and fugitive, as well as insufficient tests of constitutional rights?

The last of the anomalies of Lord John Russell's proposition that we have to notice is of a piece with the repeal of Mr. Crewe's bill—the proposition that Ministers are no longer to vacate their seats on the acceptance of office from the Crown—a measure the most Whiggish that had passed since the Revolution, and the most prominent and decidedly popular exposition of the old Whig jealousy of the power of the Crown. This inconsistency Lord John endeavours to excuse, by, as his speech is reported, essentially misstating the case for the purpose of borrowing, a kind of countenance from what he calls the Tory doctrines of 150 years ago; but he cannot conceal the fact that the existing practice was the proposition of the Whigs, which he now finds it convenient to throw overboard, as he has done the Whig enactments against Popery—Mr. Dunning's Whig denunciation of the overgrown power of the Crown—and Mr. Crewe's Whig disenfranchisement Bill. It is not for us to complain of Lord John Russell's apostacy from the principles of Whigs; on the contrary, we congratulate ourselves at finding him forced to make this tardy and awkward, but complete confirmation of the objection of the Duke of Wellington and of all the Tory statesmen (and of ourselves, if we may be permitted to allude to our humble labours), that the old monarchical government could not be carried on under the first Reform Bill. It is a precious admission from the godfather of that Reform Bill that it cannot work the Constitution that it affected to restore; he finds it too strong for him, and—

‘Half a patriot, half a coward grown,  
He flies from petty tyrants to the throne’—

that is, he flies from the constituencies he has created to the uncontrolled power of the Crown. *Habemus confitentem reum.* The consequence was foretold to Lord John and his colleagues—they denied it; and now we find him, in a Bill that professes to enlarge the constituencies and to increase their power and independence, depriving them of one of their most important constitutional privileges.

We admit to Lord John that this question, like almost every other detail of our Constitution, has been essentially changed and dangerously deteriorated by his Reform Bill, but we are not at all disposed to adopt his remedy—which indeed, so far from being a remedy, is, either through insidious design or a marvellous blindness, an aggravation of the evil.

Lord

Lord John Russell's proposal shelters itself under the ancient dogma—never quite true, but now a notorious fallacy—that ministers are the spontaneous and *mero motu* choice of the Crown. It has never been so since the Revolution, nor indeed since the Restoration—though, up to the Reform Bill, the monarchical power tacitly exerted in the House of Commons, and often backed by the constituencies, had, if not an absolute choice, yet a great weight, and generally a predominant authority in the choice of the ministry: *that*, Lord John admits, is gone, but he does not tell us (though it was no doubt the thing uppermost in his thoughts) whither that power has been transferred: to be sure he need not have told us—everybody sees it; it has passed—not partially—not influentially—but directly and exclusively—to the majority of the reformed House of Commons. Can that fact be questioned? The Sovereign, no doubt, still possesses, from the traditional respect of her subjects and the dutiful courtesy of the heads of parties whom the House of Commons have *hitherto* presented to her as Ministers, some voice in the preference of individual persons and in the distribution of particular employments; but as to the *Ministry as a body*, or as to the general tenour of their policy, she has less choice than any of the leaders of parties or factions—even very small ones—in the House of Commons.

What, then, is this proposition of Lord John Russell for the alleged protection of the old constitutional right of the Crown in the choice of its ministers, but the real annihilation of the last shred of its independent power—the appeal to the people? An incapable, an obnoxious, an offensive Minister may be forced on the Closet—the Closet cannot resist—but a Constituency may; and, by its actual opposition to the re-election, or (which is more common) by the apprehension of that opposition, the Closet escapes the intrusion of the obnoxious personage. *Nous aurons changé tout cela*, and the check which Lord John Russell proposes to remove is, therefore, not on the patronage of the Crown, but on the power of the House of Commons, which has become the real dispenser of that patronage. We see, or fancy we see, not only in the retrospective history of all popular assemblies, but by what is passing under our own eyes, the power of the House of Commons approaching to an absorption of all the other elements of the Constitution—we find its committees busied, day after day, with details which ought to belong to ministerial responsibility—we see them invested with some of the executive and many of the administrative functions of the Government. No one questions that the majorities of the House of Commons have, ever since the

the Revolution at least, made and unmade ministers and ministries; but neither can it be denied that the influences of the Crown and the Lords were, prior to the Reform Bill, powerful ingredients in those majorities, and moderated and counteracted those impulses, caprices, passions, or factions, inseparable from popular assemblies, whom all experience shows to be at once insatiable of power, and incapable of giving it the unity and stability necessary to the good government of a state. The application of these facts and arguments we leave to the judgment of every man who observes the practical working of our present system; and we think that most people will be of opinion that—in the true spirit of the Constitution—the celebrated *Dunning Declaration* ought to have been directed, even at that early day, and would be ~~more~~ finitely more opportune and more necessary in ours, against the power of the *House of Commons* rather than ~~than~~ of the Crown. It is therefore that (in addition to our alarm at the general spirit of innovation now afloat) we should be reluctant to give up the appeal to the constituencies, now imposed on candidate placemen, which, slight as it may seem, has already, we believe, been found, and is likely every day to become more so, a *protection* to the Crown and to its Ministers against personal pretensions and the dictation of parties, which, without this check, it might be difficult to resist.

We have now gone through the chief features and objects of this extraordinary bill, both in its principle and its details. Our objections to the principle appear to us so strong and so decisive that no modification of its details could either have attenuated, nor—we, at first sight, thought—increased them. Our readers will have seen that this last impression was erroneous. *Every one* of the details is elaborately calculated to help the main mischief—every pretence at conservatism turns out to contain an additional germ of destruction—every seeming deference to property, to intelligence, to education, to moral sentiment, resolves itself into a fresh accession to the power of *aggregated numbers*. Where a decent consideration of existing interests or ancient rights was professed, the result is found to be innovation and spoliation. In short, the whole appears to us the most extraordinary and laborious combination of mischief and absurdity—of audacious inconsistency, and gigantic injustice; that we have ever seen or read of; and if it, or anything like it, is to pass, the Revolution, already we fear but too certain, will become not merely inevitable, but *rapid* in its consummation, beyond either the hopes of its advocates or the alarm of its opponents.

But though we see too much reason to fear that the ~~democratical~~ spirit of this bill—*recommended as it is from THE THRONE, and*









